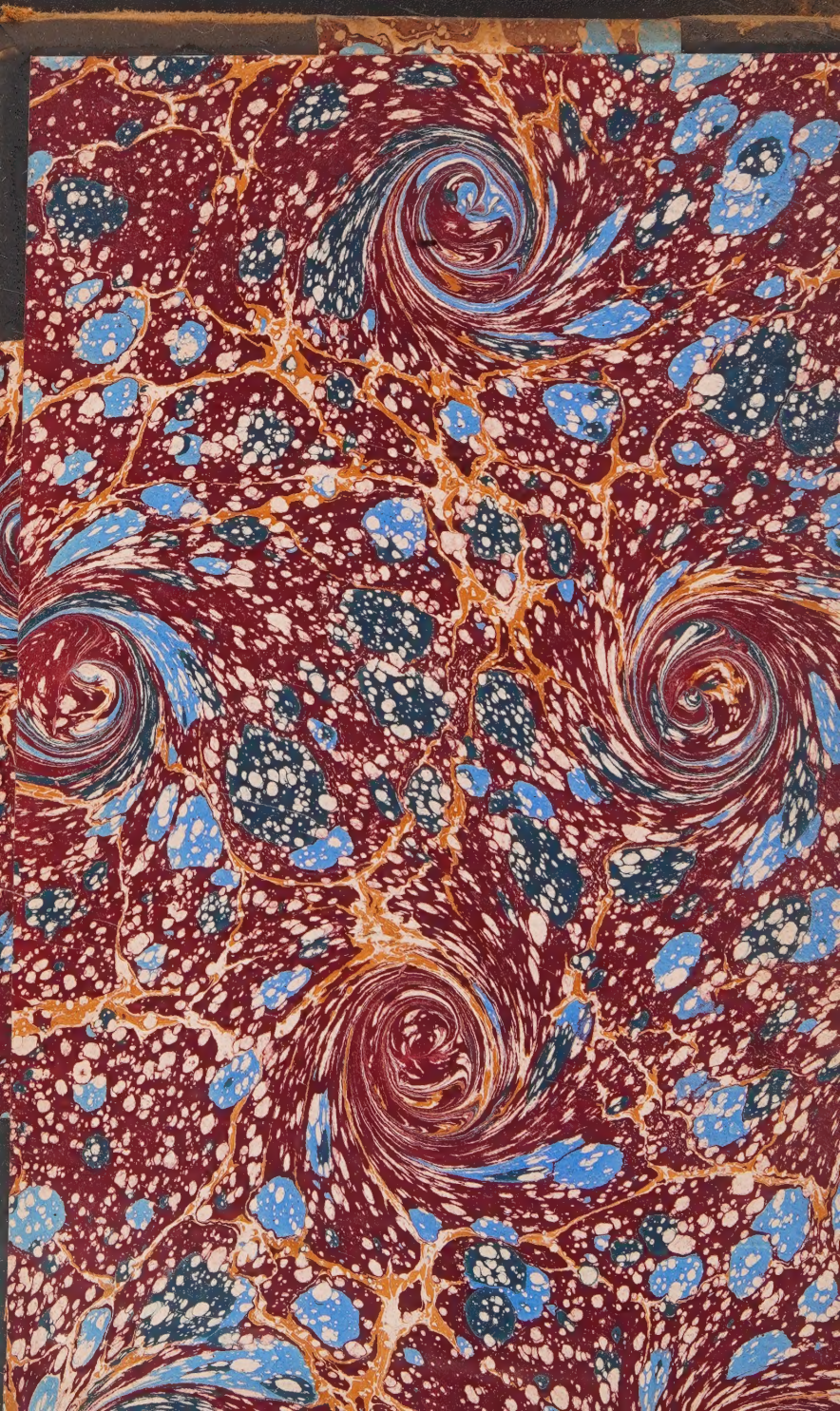

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NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY,

COMPRISING THE PRINCIPAL

POPULAR TRADITIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS

OF

SCANDINAVIA, NORTH GERMANY,

AND

THE NETHERLANDS.

COMPILED FROM ORIGINAL AND OTHER SOURCES,

BY

BENJAMIN THORPE,

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES AT MUNICH.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

NORTH GERMAN AND NETHERLANDISH POPULAR TRADITIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

LONDON:

EDWARD LUMLEY,

SOUTHAMPTON STREET, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE.

MDCCCLII.

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RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.

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NORTH GERMAN POPULAR TRADITIONS.

I.

SCHLESWIG, HOLSTEIN, LAUENBURG[1].

THE CREATION OF ADAM.

From the Old Frisic.

GOD created the first man, which was Adam, from eight things; the bones from stone, the flesh from earth, the blood from water, the heart from wind, the thoughts from clouds, the sweat from dew, the hair from grass, the eyes from the sun, and then blew in the holy spirit; and then from his rib he created Eve, Adam's companion.

See Wodana, p. xix. (from Richthofen, p. 211), and remarks of Grimm from Haupt's Zeitschrift. Compare also the account of man's creation in the "Dialogue between Saturn and Solomon." Analecta Anglo-Saxonica, p. 110, and "Anglo-Saxon Dialogues" (Ælfric Soc. edit. by Kemble), p. 178.

THE EHRENGANG (WALK OF HONOUR).

In many places in the north of Germany, chiefly on

[1] From Müllenhoff, Sagen, Märchen und Lieder der Herzogthümer Schleswig, Holstein und Lauenburg. Kiel 1845, unless otherwise expressed.

eminences or elevated plains, there is found a species of monument, consisting of a large number of granite stones, placed in an oblong square. Four stones stand near to each other, one of which is always much larger than the rest. Such monuments are now known by the name of 'Ehrengang,' or *Walk of honour*, because, in ancient times, princes and chieftains, after a victory, here, it is said, made their solemn processions, accompanied with many ceremonies. Near Nehmten, between Bornhöved and Stocksee, and on the Kremsfeld near Segeberg, these monuments are in the best preservation.

Near Raubierg, in the bailiwick of Apenrade, there is a spot set round with stones, called Kongens Heststald (the King's stable), where there was once a great battle.

THE LIME-TREE IN NORTORF.

On the south-west side of the churchyard in Nortorf [1] there stands a venerable three-branched lime-tree, beneath whose boughs courts of justice, festivals, marriages, contracts, etc. were anciently held and made. All contracts were there made orally, and were sealed, as it was called, with a 'doppen.' This doppen consisted in simply pressing the thumb against the trunk of the tree.

Between Blumenthal and Sprenge, to the south of Kiel, there stood formerly the sacred Schwerk- or Dreieiche (triple oak). In its vicinity lay an enormously huge stone, of which a portion of from 30 to 40 feet long and 20 feet wide was to be seen in the last century. A hill hard by is called the Heiligenberg (Sacred hill). Westphal. Monum. Ined. iv. pref. 216, and the representation No. 21. Schröder Topographie von Holstein, i. 60.

OUR LADY ON HORSEBACK.

When the church of Delve in North Ditmarschen was to be built, the people, being unable to decide on a site for it, caused an image of the Virgin to be tied on a pied

[1] A town not far from Rendsburg.

mare, which they let run whithersoever it would, and wherever it was found on the following morning, there should their church be erected. Next morning the mare was found in a marshy spot thickly overgrown with thorns and underwood. After having cut down and cleared all this, they transferred their village thither, and named the church 'Unse leve Fru up dem Perde,' or, *Our Lady on horseback.*

THE DANCER.

At a splendid wedding in the old noble mansion of Hoierswort in Eiderstedt [1], there was among the company a young girl who was the most enthusiastic dancer far and near; she was, in fact, during the evening constantly engaged in dancing. When her mother warned her against it, she said petulantly: "If the devil himself were to call me out, I would not refuse him!" At the same instant a stranger entered and invited her to dance. It was the devil, to whom she had given her word. He whirled her about so long that the blood at length issued from her mouth, and she fell down dead. The traces are still visible in the saloon, and are indelible. But the girl herself has no rest. Every night as the clock strikes twelve she must rise from her grave and enter the saloon, an infernal music then strikes up, and the whole mansion is in an uproar. Every person, who may happen to pass a night in the saloon, she calls up to dance; but hitherto no one has ventured to dance with her. Yet if any Christian man would venture, she would be released. She once so terrified a young dissipated fellow, that he lost all inclination for merry-making, and whenever he heard a violin, fancied that the spectre had again broken loose.

---

[1] A bailiwick on the west coast of Sleswig.

Two young damsels went together to take the sacrament, having partaken of which, and while still by the altar, one said to the other: "Do you go to the wedding this evening?" "Don't speak of it," said her companion; but she continued: "I shall go, and dance till I am tired: I could dance myself dead to-day." In the evening, while at the wedding-party and in the height of the dancing, a tall, comely young gentleman entered, whom no one knew, who invited her to dance. At first they danced quite soberly, but by degrees more and more madly, and even when the musicians made a pause they continued without intermission. To the rest of the company this seemed mysterious, and they caused a song to be struck up, in the hope of bringing them to a stand. But the stranger danced with the damsel out at the door and vanished. The girl was found in a dung-pit, into which she sank in the sight of all. It was believed that her mother had, while she was a child, sold her to the devil.

THE DEVIL AND THE CARD-PLAYERS.

In the village of Hellewadt, close on the high road leading from Apenrade to Lügumkloster, there is an inn called the Klöveres (Ace of clubs), which name it derives from the following incident. At this house, which did not stand in the best repute, there was formerly much card-playing. One winter evening a company was assembled there, among whom there was no lack of cursing and swearing and unseemly conversation; the devil of course being repeatedly invoked; when quite unexpected and observed by no one, a journeyman mechanic entered the room and seated himself among the players. In a short time all the luck turned to the side of the stranger, whereby the others found themselves not in the best possible humour. A card fell under the table, it was the ace of clubs, and when one of the party stooped to pick it up, he observed that

the stranger had a horse's foot. On this, laying down his cards, he left the room without uttering a syllable. His conduct attracted the notice of the others, and a second person now designedly let a card fall on the floor, when, stooping to pick it up, he saw what the other had seen, and like him silently left the place. Their example was followed by the rest of the company, so that at length the devil was left sitting by himself. The host was in the greatest embarrassment; in his perplexity he sent for the clergyman to exorcise the evil one. The holy man came with three books under his arm, two of which the devil immediately kicked out of his hand, but the third he luckily held fast. The clergyman then requested the people of the house to give him a needle, with which he made a hole in the lead of the casement, through which, by dint of reading out of his book, he forced the fiend to pass and seek the boundless space.

According to one version of the story, the priest, instead of a needle, used a stick.

THE BEACON-BURNING.

On the day of St. Peter in Cathedra (Feb. 22) a great festival was formerly held in North Friesland. It was a spring festival; for then the mariners left the shore and put out to sea. On the eve of the above-mentioned day great fires (biiken) were lighted on certain hills, and all then, with their wives and sweethearts, danced round the flames, every dancer holding in his hand a wisp of burning straw, which he swung about, crying all the time: "Wedke teare!" or "Vike tare!" (Wedke, i. e. Woden, consume!) [1].

As late as the preceding century this festival was universally celebrated in North Friesland; on the second day

[1] That is, consume (accept) the offerings, as in the days of heathenism.

there were great feastings. The clergy had long declaimed against it, though without effect; but one night, before St. Peter's day, the people of Rantum, having according to custom called on 'Wede,' the fires being extinguished, and all gone to rest, were awakened at midnight, and to their astonishment saw an immense fire again burning on the Biikenberg. On hurrying towards it for the purpose of quenching it, they perceived a black monster resembling a large poodle slinking down the hill. The dread was now general that they would for ever have to harbour the devil, or that at least he would be a frequent visitor among them; they consequently made a vow from that day never to repeat the beacon-burning. Nevertheless on Westerlandföhr and Osterlandsilt the children still kindle bonfires on the 22nd February.

On the island of Silt the Spring- or Petrithing (court) was anciently held on the Thing-hill on the 22nd February. The Summer- or Petri-Paulithing took place on the 29th June, and the Autumn-thing on the 26th October. In Ditmarschen, on Walpurgis eve (April 30th) they kindle great fires on the hills and crossways, which they call 'baken' (beacons). The boys and young people bring straw and dry boughs from all parts, and the night is passed amid rejoicing and dancing about the flames. Some of the larger youths take bundles of burning straw on a fork, and run about swinging them until they are burnt out. On the island of Femern (which was peopled from Ditmarschen) they in like manner celebrate the 30th April with the lighting of beacons (bakenbrennen). In the Wilstermarsch the boys and youths, on Easter eve, carry large bundles of lighted straw about the fields; and in East Holstein, both on Easter eve and St. John's eve, they light fires on the hills and roads.

NO SPINNING ON SATURDAY EVENING.

That there should be no spinning on a Saturday evening is a wide-spread belief, as it brings only detriment and punishment. There were two old women, good friends, and the most indefatigable spinners in the village; so that in fact their wheels, even on a Saturday evening, never stood still. At length one of them died; but on the

Saturday evening following she appeared to the other, who as usual was busy at her wheel, and showed her her burning hand, saying:—

Sieh, was ich in der Hölle gewann,	See what I in hell have won,
Weil ich am Sonnabendabend spann!	Because on Saturday eve I spun!

NOR IN THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS.

In these twelve days there should be no spinning, nor any flax left on the distaff, else 'Wode' will gallop through it.

A woman, nevertheless, resolved on making the experiment, and sat down and spun, but immediately sank into a profound sleep, from which she woke only by some one opening the door and entering. The intruder demanded the spinning-wheel to be given him, and began to spin. The woman could do nothing but continually keep throwing to him what flax she had, but which was all immediately spun, wound and rolled up. The devil then demanded more, and the woman brought him all the tow she had in the house, and then all her wool; but he still called for more, and it was yet only four o'clock in the morning and the day far distant. In her tribulation the woman ran to a neighbour, a cunning old crone, who was already aware of what was going forward in the house; for she came out to meet her, and fortunately soon relieved her from her troublesome visitor. Had the devil spun up all, and the woman been unable to supply him till daybreak, it would have cost her her life.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

On New Year's eve the cows and horses speak with one another. A peasant who was sceptical on this point laid himself in the rack and listened. At midnight he heard one horse say to another: "This year we shall get rid of

our master." This so terrified him that he fell sick and soon after died. The same horses drew him to the churchyard.

On the same night, or on the eve of some other festival, at twelve o'clock all water is turned into wine. A woman was so foolhardy as to go one night to a well. While bending over it for the purpose of drawing from it, there came one and said,

All Water is Wyn,	All water is wine,
unn dyn beiden Ogen sünt myn;	and thy two eyes are mine;

at the same time depriving her of both her eyes. Others relate of another woman that it was said to her,

All Water is Wyn,	All water is wine,
unn wat dar by is myn,	and what thereby is mine,

and instantly the woman disappeared.

DIVINE SERVICE OF THE DEAD.

One night an old woman in Kiel awoke and thought it was time to go to morning service; for it seemed to her that she heard the bells and the organ. She rose accordingly, took cloak and lantern—for it was winter—and went to the church of St. Nicholas. But when there she could not find the psalms, as the whole congregation sang quite differently from what stood in her psalm-book; the people also appeared unknown to her, but among them she perceived one woman who exactly resembled a neighbour that had been dead for many years. A woman then approached her, who had also been long in her grave; it was her gossip. This woman told her that she must go out; for the church at that time was not for her; but that she must not look round, else evil might befall her. The woman went out as quickly as she could, and as the church-door was slammed after her, her cloak was caught. At this

moment the clock struck twelve. She unclasped her cloak from her shoulders, with the intention of fetching it away in the morning; but when she returned for that purpose, she found it torn into little fragments, the dead having tripped over it.

THE SPECTRE AT GRAMM.

The countess Anna Sophia Schack became a widow at an early age. At Gramm she passed a life of dissipation and licentiousness, and finally sold her soul to the devil. After a certain number of years the fiend was to fetch her away on an appointed evening, as soon as the wax light on the table should be burnt out. At Gramm things now went on more madly than ever. The appointed evening at length came, and the wax light was standing before the countess, who was now seized with unutterable anguish. She sent for the clergyman and to him communicated her secret. He advised her to extinguish the light and cause the little piece remaining to be enclosed within the east wall of the church. This was done, and the evil one had no power over her. Shortly after a fire broke out in the church. It was early in the morning, and the countess was still in bed when the intelligence reached her. On hearing it she instantly sprang up, and in her light morning attire and without shoes hurried to the church, which stood about a mile and a quarter distant from her dwelling. By her earnest entreaties and promises she encouraged the people to extinguish the fire, so that at least the east wall might be preserved. From that time the countess became an altered person; her cheerfulness and good humour had fled and given place to a gnawing sorrow which brought her to the grave. But at midnight a beautiful female form in snow-white attire is seen in the castle, wringing her hands, with downcast, anxious countenance, pacing incessantly from one apart-

ment to another, and at last stopping in the upper saloon of the centre building, where, standing for some minutes before the fire-place, she gazes motionless on some blood-spots, and then vanishes.

A young countess, who in later times was on a visit to Gramm, was, while sitting at the harpsichord, so terrified by the apparition that she shortly after died. No one enters the old mansion without shuddering.

THE GONGERS.

In Keitum on the island of Silt a woman died before her delivery, and appeared several times to the servant of the clergyman, and had no rest in the grave, until her scissors, needle and thread were placed by her side. This is a common usage in North Friesland.

There are many apparitions there, or 'Gongers'; for whoever is unjustly slain, or has removed land-marks, or fraudulently ploughed off land, finds no rest in the grave. Blasphemers, and those that have cursed themselves, and suicides must in like manner appear again. To such a Gonger let no one hold out his hand; it will be burnt, become black, and fall off.

When any one is drowned at sea, he announces it to his relations. Though the Gonger does not announce himself to his nearest of kin, but to those in the third or fourth degree. In the evening twilight or at night he appears in the clothes in which he was drowned. He then looks in at the house door, and leans with his arm against it, or else wanders about the house, but soon disappears and returns on the following evening at the same hour. By night—usually in heavy, drawn-up boots that are filled with water—he will open the chamber door, extinguish the light, and lie down on the coverlet by the side of the sleeper. In the morning there is a stream of sea-water in the room, that has trickled from his clothes. If the relations are

not convinced by these signs, the Gonger will continue to appear until they believe that he has perished. He also gives other notices: it is related that

A mariner with his two sons once sailed from Amrum with seed bound for Holland. The younger son had no inclination for the voyage, and implored his mother to let him remain at home; but she told him it was his father's will, and that go he must. When on their way to the harbour at Bosk, in passing over the dam, he said to his mother and the others with him: "Think of me when you pass over these stones." In the same night they perished. The mariner's sister dwelt in the same house with him: at night she had laid her white neck-kerchief by her bed, and in the morning found on it three drops of blood. She then knew that her relations had perished and had been with her during the night.

THE STAVEN-WÜFKE[1].

This is a spectre resembling a mourning woman, who appears on old pasture grounds, hills and void places, where houses once had stood, but which now, naked and desolate, are either washed by the sea or surrounded by the sand of the downs. Sometimes she wanders about these melancholy places, and sometimes is seen sitting and weeping on the spot where once had been the domestic hearth[2].

THE LAND-DIVIDER.

At the time of the partition and fencing of the land, there arose between the villages of Alversdorf and Röst, in South Ditmarschen, great disputes about their boundaries. The partition could not be determined until a man of

[1] From Staven, *the place on which a house stands or has once stood*, and Wüfke, lit. *wifekin*, Ger. Weibchen. She is likewise called the Staden-Wüfke.

[2] Kohl, Marschen und Inseln, ii. 289.

Alversdorf declared that he knew it accurately and would settle it on oath. For this purpose he went to the boundary of the Alversdorf land, by the ford at Tensbüttel, where it passes through the Gieselau, filled his shoes with sand, then appeared near Röst, and made oath that he was standing on Alversdorf ground. By this fraud he believed he had avoided perjury. But after death he was doomed to wander on the boundary-line as a fire-sprite. A flame, the height of a man, was there long to be seen dancing about, until the moor was dried up. Whenever it flared up higher than usual, the people would cry out: "Dat is de Scheelvaegt!" (That is the land-divider!) At the spot where he put the sand into his shoes, every one, who passes at night and has not a pure conscience, must for a considerable distance bear the devil on his back like a burthen of a hundred pounds weight.

Between the lordship of Röest and the village of Rabenkirchen in Angeln there was once a dispute about a wood. The lord one morning filled his shoes with earth from his garden, stuck twigs from the trees in his court-yard in his hat, and made oath in the wood, which lawfully belonged to the village of Rabenkirchen, that he was standing on his own ground, and that the boughs above his head were his.

THE BLACK SCHOOL.

Of the Black School there is much to tell both in North Friesland and in the Danish territories. The devil in person is the teacher, and preachers just entering on their career are there instructed. Almost every pastor knows something of the black art, while others are perfect adepts in it; but have therefore assigned their souls to the devil, though under certain conditions. One, for instance, must during his whole life wear one and the same woollen underwaistcoat; another may shave himself only on Saturdays;

a third may wear only one garter; a fourth has bound himself never to enter a church, or never to stay in one longer than an hour or half an hour. If from inadvertence they once only transgress the condition, their soul is for ever lost. Every one who has been in the Black School has power over spirits, and is specially skilled in exorcising the ghosts of the departed and other spectres. With one word they can *wish* themselves from one place to another, and know all that passes at home in their absence.

A certain Pastor Fabricius in Medelbye was particularly skilful. Once, while at a christening in Holt, he compelled a youngster, who was in the act of robbing an apple-tree in the parsonage garden, to sit in it till he returned home and released him. At another time, while in the middle of a sermon, he struck the cushion of the pulpit and cried: "Stop!" and as the people were leaving the church, there stood a man, as fixed as a statue, with a sack full of fresh-cut grass that he had stolen from the churchyard during the service. He had many magical books. One day during church-time his maid-servant was cleaning his study, and through curiosity began to read in a little book she found there. On a sudden all seemed alive in the room, and a multitude of the most hideous forms and spectres made their appearance, approaching nearer and nearer to the girl, who was almost dead with fright. The priest, who in the church was instantly aware of what was going on at home, suddenly in the middle of his sermon said "Amen," hurried to his house, and laid the spirits, who would else have destroyed the girl.

But the devil is always laying traps for those that have made a contract with him, and if the above-mentioned Pastor Fabricius had put on more than one garter, the fiend would have carried him off. But the devil was no match for Pastor Fabricius, who was always on his guard,

when in the morning he saw two garters lying by his bed. The devil would also frequently, in the shape of a flea, torment the maid-servant while knitting stockings for her master, and cause her to err in the number of stitches. The stocking would then generally be too wide and hang loose about the parson's heels, though he cared but little for that. In fact, the devil could never get an advantage over him.

Pastor Ziegler, the author of a Holstein Idiotikon, never wore more than one garter. People said that he had entered into a contract with the devil, and that when it was expired the devil came to fetch him. The pastor would first dress himself decently and was very dilatory, put on his stockings inside out, etc. When tying his second garter, the devil, bursting with vexation, said to him that he would wait only till he had finished tying his garter. "In that case then," said Ziegler, "I will never tie it as long as I live;" and again laid himself down to sleep. The devil was obliged to depart.

FAST-READING.

A man went one day into one of the churches of Hamburg, and found at the back of the altar a book, in which he began to read, and went on reading and reading, till he at length *read himself fast*. He strove to release himself and to give his thoughts another direction, but in vain; he was obliged to stand reading on and on, while a cold sweat stood on his forehead and he trembled in every limb; he would have died, had he not been observed by an old man, who, it is said, was a Catholic priest, who guessing what had befallen him, advised him to read the whole backwards; for that only by so doing he could release himself. The man did so and escaped without further inconvenience.

FAST-WRITING.

In Wilster many persons are masters of what is termed *fast-writing*. Two thieves having one night broken into the house of a rich man, and violently demanded his keys,

he intimated to them that if they would only abstain from violence, he would deliver to them everything, which they might peaceably divide between them; he wished merely that all might be done quietly and regularly. When the thieves had got possession of the money, they sat down at the table and began to divide it; but when they had finished their work and were about to rise, they could neither move their hands from the money nor the money from the table. In the mean while the household was assembled. "Oho," said the master, "we may now go quietly to bed again, they can very comfortably remain sitting." On the following morning, having sent for the police, he loosed the thieves.

Another, whose cabbages were constantly stolen from his garden, *wrote the thief fast* from Saturday night till Sunday, when he was just in the act of passing over the fence with a full load on his back. There he was compelled to sit riding on the fence while all the people were going to and returning from church, so that all might see him. He was then released and allowed to depart.

TURNING THE SIEVE.

During a time of war a butcher of Amrum, having more business than he could well manage alone, took the son of a neighbour to assist him. In this youth he placed so much confidence that he even showed him the place in which he had laid by a few hundred dollars. This the son communicated to his mother, and both were seized with an irresistible desire to get possession of the money; so that on the following morning, when the mother came for a pound or two of meat, the son contrived to place the bag containing the money in the bottom of her basket. When the butcher some days after discovered his loss, his suspicion immediately fell on his assistant; but the other protested his innocence, swearing by all that is holy.

There was at this time in Morsum on Silt a celebrated sorcerer, who could discover thieves and compel them to restore the stolen property. The butcher sent his wife thither, and the sorcerer immediately took his measures. He ordered a flour-sieve to be brought, placed in it a key and a pair of scissors, and set it on a large vessel filled with water. He then uttered some magical sentences, and the woman pronounced several times the names of all suspected persons. As often as she mentioned the name of her neighbour, the key and scissors danced about; and when the sorcerer desired her to look into the water, she plainly saw her husband's assistant in the act of handing the money to his mother. But the sorcerer informed her that it would not be possible to recover the money, because the thieves had already crossed the water with it.

In Ditmarschen, for this process with the sieve, they use a family bible and family key. The latter is laid for a few minutes in the former, for the sake of sanctifying it; the cunning man then takes the key, causes the sieve to turn round upon it, pronouncing at the same time the several names, when that person is the thief at the mention of whose name the sieve falls.

In Meklenburg the process is somewhat different. They there take a sieve, that has been inherited from relations, lay it on the rim, open a pair of *inherited* scissors, and stick the points so deep into the rim of the sieve that it may be supported by them. Two then, of opposite sexes, go with the sieve into a perfectly dark place, hold the middle finger of the right hand under the ring of the scissors, and so raise up the sieve. It is very clear that the ring will slide from the finger on the slightest motion, and the sieve fall down, it being hardly possible to hold it level in the dark. One then asks the other: "In the name, etc. I ask of thee; tell me truly and lie not: who has stolen this or that? Has Hans, Fritz, Peter, done it?" On naming the guilty one, *the ring slides off, the sieve falls to the ground*, and the thief is detected.

According to other accounts the operation is performed in the light, and the sieve does not fall, but turns. Grimm, D. M. p. 1062.

In England, "the vulgar, in many parts, have an abominable practice of using a riddle and a pair of scissors in divination. If they have had any thing stolen from them, the riddle and shears are sure to be resorted to. A similar mode of discovering thieves or others suspected of any crime prevailed among the Greeks." Vide Potter's Gr. Antiq. i. p. 352, Brocket,

cace Riddle. Grimm, D. M. p. 1062, also vol. ii. p. 269, No. 8. Kuhn und Schwartz, Norddeutsche Sagen, p. 523.

A MURDERER CITED.

In a public-house in Tondern some profane persons were sitting at cards during divine service. The game became more and more exciting, and in the dispute which followed, one stabbed the other with his knife. The murderer fled. When the dead was to be buried, the coffin was borne to the market-place and there set down; it was then struck on the lid with a hammer, and the murderer was cited. He was at the time in Riga, and afterwards discovered himself to a friend who came thither, to whom he told the hour in which those hammer strokes struck into his heart.

THE MAGIC KETTLE.

There was once in Oppendorp a young serving-man, who was a very strong, useful fellow. This was at the time when all the talk was about giving the serfs their freedom. The young fellows were overjoyed at the prospect, but could not await the day of their emancipation. Among the rest, to our serving-man also the time seemed too long, so one morning, when he ought to have been at the plough, he was far away over the hills. His master was vexed at thus losing his best man, and did all he could to get him back, but not a trace of him could be obtained.

After some time there came a Jew up to the farm, to whom they related the story. The Jew said: "We can very well get him again." This the people told to their master, who let the Jew come to him and asked him if what he had said were true? The Jew said, "Yes," provided he had what was requisite for the purpose and also good payment. The payment was soon agreed on, and the Jew undertook to get the man back, if he had a piece of any stuff that he had worn for a year. The master

ordered search to be made, and an old under-jacket was found. The Jew then ordered a black cock and a black he-cat to be caught; these he killed, and then took some other things, but which he kept quite secret. At night he set a large kettle on the fire, into which, at midnight, he put the jacket, the black cat, the black cock, and the other things, and began boiling them. And he boiled and boiled all night and the following day, so that he boiled twice twenty-four hours. When it was evening there came a man running up the yard, covered with mud from head to foot and breathless, who on reaching the house-door fell down senseless from exhaustion. It was the runaway servant. On coming to himself, his first words were: "Heaven be praised that I am again in Oppendorp!" He said that he had been in Amsterdam, that he woke one night and was so excited as he had never been in his life. He felt obliged to dress himself, he knew not why; and then he was forced to run without cessation both by night and by day. How he crossed the water he knew not; tired and hungry as he was it mattered not, he was forced to run on and on, being unable to stand for a moment still.

THE DEVIL'S CAT.

A peasant had three beautiful, large cats. A neighbour begged to have one of them, and obtained it. To accustom it to the place, he shut it up in the loft. At night the cat, popping its head through the window, said: "What shall I bring to-night?" "Thou shalt bring mice," answered the man. The cat then set to work, and cast all it caught on the floor. Next morning the place was so full of dead mice that it was hardly possible to open the door, and the man was employed the whole day in throwing them away by bushels. At night the cat again put its head through the aperture and asked: "What

shall I bring to-night?" "Thou shalt bring rye," answered the peasant. The cat was now busily employed in shooting down rye, so that in the morning the door could not be opened. The man then saw that the cat was a witch, and carried it back to his neighbour, in which he acted prudently; for had he given it work a third time, he could never have got rid of it. In one respect, however, he did not act prudently, to wit, in not saying the second time: "Thou shalt bring gold;" for then he would have got as much gold as he did rye.

MÖNÖLOKE.

There was in former times a spirit known among the people under the name of Mönöloke; so that when any one became unexpectedly rich, it was said of him: "The Mönöloke peeps out of his pocket." The Mönöloke was a puppet made in the devil's name of white wax, and was clad in a petticoat of blue taffety, with a vest of black velvet; the legs and feet were bare. Those who would derive aid from it must preserve it carefully and keep it clean.

WITCHES IN FRIESLAND.

The people of Donsum, in the island of Föhr, are accounted sorcerers; the women in particular are all said to be witches. On this account no one cares to hold any intercourse with them, and no one marries out of the village. On a Friday no woman is to be found at home; because on that day they hold their meetings and have dances on a barren heath. In the evening they ride thither on horses, though usually they have wings on their shoulders and fly. In their flight they are often unable to stop at the right time, so that if a church steeple is in their way, they fly against it. From hurts received in their fall, on the following day they lie sick. Where their dances have been held, there may be found on the next

day rags and tatters of all kinds and colours, pieces of riband, needles with which in bewitched wax they have pierced many a one's heart, blood and matter. They can transform themselves into cats and horses, swans and eagles. A young man once went to visit his betrothed; when about to enter the house, there lay a white horse in the door-way. This was just on a Friday evening. A man, who had been much annoyed by witches, going once out a shooting, saw a bird with a plumage of surprising beauty. He aimed at and shot it, when the bird became a woman. As a bridal pair were passing by a lake near Donsum, there were some swans sailing on the water, seeing which the bride said: "I will just go to the swans for a moment." She went, and the swans proved to be her sisters. She also became a swan, and they all fluttered and beat with their wings. The bridegroom had to go home alone. The witches often change themselves into seals, and follow the mariners and fishermen. They frequently enter houses in the shape of toads. Children are to be carefully protected from their look. If a riband or a small cord with a knot in it is found lying in the way, let no one touch it, for the witches have placed it there. No one may lend to the witches any sharp instrument, as scissors, a knife, and, least of all, needles. A man's cow died: he set the heart with the other entrails on the fire and boiled them, when the witch (who had killed the cow) was obliged to come. When no butter will come, it is usual to stick knives round the cover of the churn; the first woman that then enters is the witch. Houses and stables may be protected from witches by nailing a horse's foot over the door, or burying a lizard alive under the threshold. Asa-fœtida is also used for the same purpose[1].

The foregoing holds good not only of the women in Donsum, but also of

[1] See vol. ii. p. 75.

those of Silt, Amrum, and the other islands. On the 1st May they all ride to the Blocksberg.

WITCHES.

Whoever desires to become a witch yields herself to the devil and abjures God in these words:

Hier trete ich in dieses Nest,	Here enter I in this one's nest,
Und verlasse unsern Herrn	And forsake our Lord Jesus
Jesu Christ!	Christ!

Then will the sorcery succeed, in which they instruct one another, and which they learn from the devil, who comes to them. On St. John's eve and on the 1st May they have their meetings and dances. From these assemblies they return home sick almost to death. Of all witches it is related, that on Wolber's (Walburg's) eve they ride to the Blocksberg. On that evening no one may hinder them, and whoever makes a cross over the door through which they must pass, will afterwards feel their vengeance, and get a severe beating. They pass through chimneys and holes, and ride on brooms, he-goats, cats, cocks, old sows, asses and spotted dogs, which the devil frequently sends them.

Of their merry-making on the Rugenberg it is related, that as soon as the witches, each in her own fashion, are all arrived, they prepare a repast, either of geese or fresh (i. e. unsalted, unsmoked) beef sprinkled with mustard, with which they eat bread baked in an iron pot, and drink beer out of wooden or tin cups. The devil brings the kettle with him from Lütjenbrode. Then the dancing begins, when each witch dances with a devil, while an old woman sings and two kettles are beaten. On the surrounding mountains fires shine forth. Whoever approaches is drawn into the circle and whirled about till he sinks down breathless. When day dawns they all vanish. On the following morning are to be seen on the mountain

traces of fowls and of horses' and goats' feet, and in the middle lies a heap of ashes.

If an old woman is suspected of being a witch, it is the custom to throw a handful of salt after her, when, if she really is a witch, she will look round. When any one who is thought to be a witch will enter a house, it is merely necessary to place a broom inverted in the door-way: if she is a witch, she cannot enter. Some young men once adopted the following plan. On St. John's eve they went to a meadow, where they rolled themselves naked in the dew. On the Sunday following they went to the church, and saw that every woman who was a witch carried a milk-pail on her head[1]; and the number of these was very great, both women and girls.

A couple of young peasants once resolved to watch the witches on St. John's eve, and for this purpose put the horses to a pair of patrimonial harrows, with which they drove out on one side of the village, one going to the right, the other to the left. They went round the village till they met on the opposite side. The circle which they thus drew round the place the witches could not transgress. They left one small opening where they awaited the witches, and placed the two harrows aslant against each other, beneath which they laid themselves. At midnight all the witches flew out from their several chimneys on pitchforks and broomsticks. They all had to pass by the two, and among them one of them recognised his own wife. "Are you there too, my old woman?" cried he, and thus betrayed himself; and the witches all rushing upon him, drove the sharp spikes of the harrow into his body; for he had been so thoughtless as to turn them inwards. He did not escape with life.

[1] See vol. ii. p. 275, No. 54.

Whoever desires to see the witches dance, must take an old plank from a coffin lid, from which a knot has been thrust, and peep through the hole.

THE WITCHES' PRESENT.

Late one night as a musician was on the road from Todendorf to Puttgarden, he was met by a number of witches, who immediately surrounded him, and said: "Play us some tune." Fright prevented him from speaking, but at length he contrived to tell them that he had no violin. "That makes no difference," answered the witches, "for we have one." When he began playing, they danced wildly around him, springing as high as a house. At last they were tired, and gave the man for reward an apronful of 'kröbels' (a sort of apple-cake). On reaching home, he laid the violin and the kröbels on a shelf and went to bed. On the following morning, when he went to look at his presents, the violin proved to be an old cat, the bow a cat's tail, and the kröbels nothing but horse-dung.

WIND-KNOTS.

At Sisceby on the Slei there dwelt a woman who was a sorceress and could change the wind. The Sleswig herring-fishers used frequently to land there. Once when they would return to Sleswig, the wind being west, they requested the woman to change it. She agreed to do so for a dish of fish. She then gave them a cloth with three knots, telling them they might undo the first and the second, but not the third until they had reached land. The men spread their sails, although the wind was west; but no sooner had the oldest of the party undone the first knot, than there came a beautiful fair wind from the east. On undoing the second knot they had storm, and arrived at the city with the utmost speed. They were now curious to know what would follow if they undid the third knot;

but no sooner had they done so than a violent hurricane assailed them from the west, so that they were obliged to leap into the water, in order to draw their vessel on shore.

THE ST. JOHN'S-BLOOD.

At Klostersand near Elmshorn there was formerly, between the Pilgerberg and the Kuppelberg, the so-called Hexenkuhle. Here on certain days, particularly on St. John's day, between twelve and one o'clock, old women may be seen wandering about in search of a plant which grows only on the Pilgerberg. This plant has in its root grains containing a purple-red juice, which they call St. John's blood. This the old women collect in tin boxes and carefully preserve it. But it is only when gathered at noon that it can perform miracles[1]; when the clock strikes one, its virtue is passed.

THE WAXEN IMAGE.

A man in Amrum lay for a long time sick, and nothing afforded him relief. While he so lay, a miller observed from his mill that a woman was in the daily habit of going to the 'Dönk'am.' He one day followed her footsteps, dug, and found in the sand a little waxen image of a man with a pin stuck through the heart. He drew the pin out, took the image home, and burnt it. From that hour the man became well.

THE WITCHES STUFF IN DISSENSION.

When a bridal bed is to be stuffed, great caution is necessary; for the witches can stuff into it either harmony or dissension, according as they may be affected to the bridal pair. For a young couple, who fondly loved each other, but against whom certain old women bore a grudge, they stuffed in dissension. Both bride and bridegroom

[1] "These flowers were cull'd at noon."—Moore.

had passed a happy wedding-day, but scarcely were they in bed when they began to quarrel, till at length they came to blows. The parents of the bridegroom, who lay in a bed near, heard the noise, but could not restore peace between them. They then advised the young couple to transfer themselves to their bed, which they did and passed the night amicably. But no sooner had the old folks laid themselves in the other bed than they began quarreling, though they had never before had a difference between them; and this lasted till morning. They then examined the bed, when, on taking out the feathers, they found them all twisted together in wreaths and rings with silken threads of all colours. Now it was manifest that the old women who had stuffed the bed were witches, and had twisted dissension into it.

In Amrum a man lay sick and bewitched to death. While placing him in the coffin one of his legs fell off. On opening his pillow, a bewitched wreath of feathers of all sorts and colours was found in it.

WITCHES TAKE BUTTER.

There was a time when the witches were particularly mischievous. It was then indispensable for every housewife to have a handle made of the wood of the service (quicken) tree to her churn; else she could never be sure of getting butter. A man one morning early, on his way from Jägerup to Hadersleben, heard, as he passed by Woiensgaard, that they were churning in the yard; but at the same time he observed that a woman whom he knew was standing by the side of a running brook and churning with a stick in the water. On that same day he again saw her selling a large lump of butter in Hadersleben. In the evening as he again passed by Woiens, they were still churning; whereupon he went to the house and assured them that their labour was all in vain, for the butter was already sold at Hadersleben.

THE SEVERED HAND[1].

In Eiderstedt there was a miller who had the misfortune to have his mill burnt every Christmas eve. He had, however, a courageous servant who undertook to keep watch in the mill on that portentous night. He kindled a blazing fire and made himself a good kettleful of porridge, which he stirred about with a large ladle. He had an old sabre lying by him. Ere long there came a whole regiment of cats into the mill, and he heard one say in a low tone to another: "Mousekin! go and sit by Hanskin!" and a beautiful milk-white cat came creeping softly to him and would place herself by his side. At this, taking a ladleful of the scalding porridge, he dashed it in her face, then seizing the sabre, he cut off one of her paws. The cats now all disappeared. On looking at the paw more attentively, he found, instead of a paw, that it was a woman's delicate hand, with a gold ring on one of the fingers, whereon was his master's cypher. Next morning the miller's wife lay in bed and would not rise. "Give me thy hand, wife!" said the miller. At first she refused, but was obliged at length to hold out her mutilated limb. When the authorities got intelligence of this event, the woman was burnt for a witch.

A WITCH AS A HARE.

In Bödelsdorf there dwelt, and perhaps still dwells, a very old woman, in whose service no one would ever continue; for when the servants were employed in the fields she always knew exactly what they had done and said, as she was ever present among them. Sometimes she would be a duck and swim on the water; then, if the men and girls pelted her with stones, she would merely dive down and rise immediately afterwards. At other times she would be a hare and run through the corn when it was

[1] See vol. ii. p. 32.

cut, and never received a hurt, however often the men shot at her. But once, when they were going out to mow, one of the men provided himself with a silver button, with which he loaded his piece and shot the hare. On his return in the evening he found the old woman with a wound in her arm which would never heal. With inherited silver a person may hit whatever has been rendered invulnerable by sorcery. Both muskets and rifles can be bewitched, and there are persons who can cause bullets to glide off from them in another direction. When a gun is bewitched, the best remedy is to put a living snake into the barrel and shoot it off; then will the sorcery be neutralized. Inherited silver is, moreover, useful in numerous other cases. If a little be scraped off and given to a sick person, the paroxysms will abate. If any one has an inherited ear-ring, and wears it, it will relieve the most violent tooth-ache.

When a witch is wounded with such a silver button or bullet, she must resume her natural form.

WERWOLVES.

On a hot harvest day some reapers lay down in the field to take their noontide sleep, when one who could not sleep observed that the one next to him rose softly and girded himself with a strap, whereupon he became a wolf.

By addressing a werwolf thrice by his baptismal name, he resumes his human form.

A young man belonging to Jägerup returning late one night from Billund, was attacked, when near Jägerup, by three werwolves, and would probably have been torn to pieces, had he not saved himself by leaping into a rye-field; for then they had no more power over him.

THE LONG HORSE.

Some young persons belonging to Kassöe, a village near

Apenrade, being one Sunday evening on their way to a dance at Hüdewad, when they came to a brook that runs between the two villages, found themselves unable to cross it, in consequence of the recent rains that had greatly swelled it. While looking about them, they perceived an old horse standing close by, and resolved on mounting him and riding through the rivulet. But when one pair had mounted, they saw there was still room for another; and when another mounted, there was place for a fourth; till that at length the whole party seated themselves on his back. When in the middle of the rivulet, one who sat foremost happening to look round, and seeing so many persons sitting on the horse's back, cried out in astonishment: "Cross of Jesus, what a long jade!" But scarcely had he uttered the words, when the goblin horse's back snapped asunder, the riders all fell into the water, and the horse vanished with an appalling howl.

THE MANNIGFUAL OR GIANT SHIP.

The North Frisic mariners tell of a gigantic ship, the 'Mannigfual.' This ship is so vast that the captain always rides about the deck on horseback, for the purpose of giving his orders. The sailors, who climb up the rigging when young, come down again stricken in years with grey beards and hair. While so employed they keep themselves alive by frequent visits to the blocks of the cordage, which contain rooms for refection.

This monstrous vessel once steered its course from the Atlantic ocean into the British channel; but being unable, on account of the narrowness of the strait, to pass between Dover and Calais, the captain had the lucky thought of having the whole larboard side smeared over with white soap. This operation proved effectual; the Mannigfual passed through safely and entered the North sea. From that time the cliffs of Dover got their white, soapy appear-

ance, from the soap that was rubbed off, and the foam raised by the motion of the vessel.

Once the giant ship (we are not told how) found itself in the Baltic; but the crew soon discovered that the water was too shallow. To get afloat again, they found it necessary to throw the ballast together with the dirt and ashes of the galley overboard. From the ballast the isle of Bornholm derives its origin, and from the rubbish the little neighbouring isle of Christiansö.

THE BASILISK.

When a cock is seven (according to others twenty) years old, it lays an egg, out of which comes an animal, which is the basilisk. All living things, on which it directs its look, must instantly die, and even stones burst asunder. There have been people who have kept such an animal for many years in a dark cellar; but durst not open the cellar, lest the light should enter. If a mirror be held before a basilisk, and it thus gets a sight of itself, it must die like another being[1].

THE NIGHTMARE.

When seven boys or seven girls are born in succession, one among them is a nightmare, that visits those sleeping, sets itself on their breast, oppresses and torments them.

A man had got such a nightmare for his wife without knowing it; but he was soon sensible that many nights she had disappeared from his bed. One night, therefore, he kept himself awake in order to watch her, and saw how she rose from the bed and, as the door was fast bolted, slipt through the hole for the strap by which the latch was lifted up. After some time she returned by the way she went. Next morning the man stopt up the opening in the door, and now always found his wife by his side.

[1] See vol. ii. p. 212.

When a considerable time had passed, the man thinking she had cast off and forgotten her bad habit, drew out the peg, in order to use the latch again; but in the following night, the woman was missing and never came back[1]; though every Sunday morning the man found clean linen laid out for him.

The mistletoe is recommended as a remedy for the nightmare; it is, therefore, sometimes called marentakken (mare-branches), or alfranken (elf-tendrils). Thunder-stones are likewise considered a remedy.

THE HEL-HORSE.

At Jordkirch, in the neighbourhood of Apenrade, this creature frequented a lonely way called Langfort, making a noise like that of a horse, well shod on all its four hoofs, on a stone pavement[2]. He is said to be headless. In Tondern an old, three-legged, grey (or white), blind horse goes clattering through the streets every night. In every house before which he stands, or into which he looks, somebody must die. Old people have often witnessed this, and thus been enabled to foretell a death. This horse is called Hel, and is said to have no master, though some assert that an old woman in black rides on him.

FLAMES IN THE WATER.

Fishermen relate that by a bridge in Rendsburg a whimpering is often heard in the water like that of a young child; sometimes, too, small flames dart up, which are always a sign that some one will perish. The Eyder is, generally speaking, a bad river; every year it requires a sacrifice. The same may be said of the bay of Kiel and the lake of Ploen.

OF THE UNDERGROUND FOLK.

When our Lord was on earth, he came one day to the house of a woman who had five comely and five ugly chil-

[1] See vol. ii. p. 169.

[2] The Danish Hel-horse has only three legs. See vol. ii. p. 209.

dren. On his entering the house she concealed the five ugly children in the cellar. The Lord then desired the children to be brought before him, and when he saw the five comely ones, he inquired of the woman where her other children were. She answered: "I have no other children." The Lord then blessed the five comely children and cursed the ugly ones, saying: "What is beneath shall remain beneath, and what is above shall remain above." When the woman went again into the cellar, the five children had disappeared. From them spring the Underground Folk[1].

Under the earth, particularly in barrows of the dead, there dwell little people called by the Holsteiners Dwarge (Dwarfs) or Unnererske (Subterraneans).

They have been in the country from time immemorial. At Heinkenborstel, in the bailiwick of Rendsburg, there once dwelt such people. These asserted that they had lived there before the invention of beer-brewing[2].

It is quite certain that there are such underground people. An old woman in Angeln had been told by her grandfather, that once when ploughing in his field, in which there was a giant's mount (Riesenberg), he saw a little underground woman in a white sark come out of it, but who, on seeing him, instantly fled.

In the district of Pinneberg, whenever there is a wedding feast, it may be observed that the underground people sit among the guests at table and help to eat the dinner; for on the side of the table at which they sit, double the quantity vanishes of what is consumed on the opposite side[3].

[1] See vol. ii. p. 115.

[2] This is very characteristic. What an idea such people must entertain of remote antiquity!

[3] See vol. ii. p. 134.

They are said to wear many golden chains, and to have many golden vessels, which they hang out on the bushes, on which they also spread their linen to dry.

They can be very mischievous. From a man in Süderstapel they took a horse, and only returned it when it became lame.

When a child falls and cries, it is told that it could not help it; that the underground folk had caught it by the leg.

A man and his wife passing one night by a mount near Krumesse in Lauenburg, saw a long procession of underground folk, none of them higher than the leg of a chair. One who rode foremost on a little horse, wore an enormously high peaked cap. At this sight both cried out: "All good spirits praise God the Lord [1]," when instantly the foremost rider began to grow higher and higher, and at last became a giant. The whole procession then turned about and entered the mount.

THE ÖNNERBÄNKISSEN IN FÖGEDSHOOG.

The Önnerbänkissen (Subterraneans) in Amrum live chiefly in the Fögedshoog by the Downs (Dünen). They have been seen at night dancing round it in the moonlight, and spreading their linen out on it by day. In the winter they have been known to skate on the water of Merum. A wanton fellow once resolved on destroying their habitation. He dug far into the hill, and fancied he had found the dwellings of the Önnerbänkissen, when to his astonishment and horror he saw his own dwelling standing in a blaze [2]. Throwing aside his spade and mattock, he ran with all speed to the village, on reaching

[1] Alle guten Geister loben Gott den Herrn.

[2] See vol. ii. pp. 119, 152, *et passim*.

which he found the fire was a delusion. The fright, however, taught him a lesson, and from that time no one has disturbed the Önnerbänkissen in Fögedshoog.

THE SUBTERRANEAN POTTERS.

On the Morsumkliff in Silt are found a great quantity of all kinds of smith's and potter's ware, in the shape of pipes, boxes, balls, pots, etc. On Silt they call them Önnererskpottjüg (subterranean crockery ware), on Amrum, Traaldaasker (Troll-boxes), because they are made by the Underground folk.

In Holstein it is believed that the corn found in the urns from the old graves, thrives, when sown in the fields and gardens, better than any other. Milk also becomes richer and yields more butter when it has stood in such pots. If the poultry drink out of them, they will not become ill.

THE UNDERGROUND SMITH.

A man riding one morning past the Dreiberge, on the road between Apenrade and Jordkirch, heard smiths there at work, and cried out that he wished they would make him a chaff-knife. In the evening, when he was returning, he actually found lying on the hill a spick-span new knife. He laid down as much money as was equivalent to the usual cost of such a knife, and took it with him. It proved to be of excellent temper and keenness; but wounds caused by it were incurable.

KETTLES BORROWED.

Close to Geltorf near Sleswig there is a hill called the Hochberg, and hard by is another, the Brehochberg. These were inhabited by underground people. In former times the country folks were on quite friendly terms with

the subterranean. When there was to be a wedding in the village, and kettles, pans, pots and the like were wanted, they would go to the door and knock. "What do you want?" the underground people would then ask. "We want to borrow a kettle of you; for Hans and Trina are to be married to-morrow." "How big must the kettle be?" And the peasants could then get a kettle and pottery ware of just the size they required, which they must fetch away on the following morning before sunrise. In return for this accommodation, they needed only to give the fragments remaining of the viands that had been cooked in the vessels, which they left before the hill.

THE DRAGEDUKKE.

As a man was once ploughing, he observed a broken bread-peel and a broken oven-rake lying on the ground. He took them home, mended them, and again laid them in the same place. For this service he was rewarded with a 'Dragedukke,' which is a box, in which there is always only a little money, but out of which a person may take as much as he will.

THE GOSSIPS.

A man went to a mount and called to the dwarf that dwelt in it, praying him to give him a son, and then he would invite him to stand godfather. The dwarf promised to grant his request, if he would keep his word. But when the man's wife had given birth to a son, he was loth to invite the dwarf, yet was, nevertheless, obliged to go to him for that purpose. The dwarf considered himself highly honoured and promised to come; but as the man was going out, he called after him: "What company are you to have besides?" "Our Lord, Mary and St. Peter are the other gossips," answered the man. "You must

excuse me then," said the dwarf, "if I don't come." He gave, however, a handsome christening present.

In the Jutish version of the story (Molbech, Eventyr, p. 359), instead of Christ, etc. Tordenveir (Thunder-storm) is named; and in the Swedish, Thor himself.

DRUM-MUSIC.

In the field of Mellerup, on the high road to Apenrade, there is a barrow. As a man, who was to give a wedding entertainment on the following day, and had been to the town to buy all things necessary, was passing by, a little man sprang from the mount and invited himself to the wedding, promising to bring with him, for a present, a lump of gold as large as a man's head. "Then you shall come," said the man. The little man then asked what music they were to have? "Drums and kettle-drums," answered the man. The dwarf thereupon begged leave to recall his words, as he could not endure drum-music [1].

THE MILL-STONE SUSPENDED BY A SILKEN THREAD.

One hot summer's day a lad and a lass were at work in a hay-field near the Stellerberg. They were betrothed to each other, and would have been married, but were wretchedly poor. While thus employed, they saw a large toad stealing by them. The young man was on the point of killing the ugly animal with his hay-fork, but the girl seizing his arm prayed him to spare the poor creature's life. The young man, however, enjoyed his sport for a while, by appearing as if bent on killing the toad, until it had disappeared. On their return home in the evening, their employer told them they were invited to be gossips at a christening on the following day, a voice to that effect having been heard, though no person was visible at the

[1] See vol. ii. p. 152.

time. The pair knew not what to think of the matter, but early on the following morning, when rising, the young man found grits or sawdust strewed by his bedside; at the entrance, too, and before the house he also found grains of corn, and, proceeding in their track, he came at last to the Stellerberg. There he heard a voice from the hill, desiring him to come again at noon and bring his betrothed with him; for they should stand gossips. The young man having given his lass due notice, they made themselves ready, and at twelve o'clock went together to the hill. They found it standing open, and were received by a little man in a grey coat, who conducted them in through a long passage. Within all was magnificent and costly: the walls, flooring and roof glittered with gold and precious stones; a sumptuous table, with gold and silver plate and the most delicious viands, stood in the centre; but the whole apartment swarmed with little grim-looking beings, all pressing round the bed of the lying-in woman. When the young man and his betrothed entered, they brought to the former the child he should hold at the font, and conducted him to the spot where the sacred ceremony was to take place. During the performance of the holy rite, happening to cast a look upwards, he saw exactly over him a mill-stone suspended from the roof by a silken thread. He endeavoured to move from the spot, but could not stir a step. In agony he awaited the end of the ceremony, and then drew back in haste. The little man in grey then approached and thanked him. With respect to the mill-stone, he told him that he might now perfectly well imagine what his wife must have suffered in mind, when on the preceding day he was about to stab her with his fork; for she was the toad. The pair were then well entertained by the little folks, and after they had eaten, the grey mannikin conducted them out of the hill, but previously gave the girl an apronful of

shavings. These she was inclined to throw away instantly, but her sweetheart desired her to keep them, as they would serve to light the fire. On their way home the burthen became so heavy that she threw away the half of it, and when they reached the house the remainder proved to be all bright ducats. Thereupon the young man ran back for the purpose of gathering up all that had been thrown away, but it had disappeared. They, however, got enough to enable them to build a farm-house and be married, and lived happily together for many years [1].

PINGEL IS DEAD!

In Jagel, near Sleswig, there was once a host who observed with vexation that his beer always ran out too fast, without his knowing how. But one day, when on his way from the city, where he had been to fetch a fresh supply, he heard, on passing the Jagelberg, where there is a giant-grave, a voice crying in a tone of lamentation: "Pingel is dead! Pingel is dead!" On his return home he related what he had heard to his wife, and had scarcely uttered the words when a little underground man came rushing out of the cellar, and crying :—

Ach, is Pingel tot, is Pingel tot,	Ah, if Pingel 's dead, if Pingel 's dead,
So hab ich hier Bier genug geholt,	Then have I fetched beer enough,

and then ran off. A jug was afterwards found in the cellar standing by the beer-cask, which the little man had left behind; for it was for the sick Pingel that he had stolen the beer.

One version of the story has the name of Pippe instead of Pingel; ac-

[1] The above version of the story is given in preference to one from Swinemünde (Kuhn and Schwartz, p. 321), the latter containing some details more characteristic of the good old times than delicate and edifying. See also vol ii. p. 132.

cording to another the jug is of silver, and the dwarf runs away crying, "Is King Pippe dead? Is King Pippe dead?" Another has: "As Pilatje duad?"

THE BUILDER ZI.

A man had undertaken to build the church at Eckwadt by a certain day, but was soon sensible that it was not in his power to fulfil his contract. One night, while wandering about out of humour and pondering as to the course he should pursue, a little hill-man accosted him, and offered him his services. The builder at first listened contemptuously to the little man's magniloquent speech, but at length it was settled between them, that the dwarf should erect the church within the given space, and that the builder should by that time ascertain his name; if he failed in so doing, he should, body and soul, belong to the little man. Rejoiced at heart the builder went home; for he thought: "If he himself will not tell me his name, I can, at all events, extract it from his work-people." But it fell out quite contrary to his expectations; for the little man used neither workmen nor labourers, but finished everything himself with incredible rapidity; so that the builder clearly saw that all would be complete by the time agreed on. Sadder than the first time, he was again wandering about the fields, when, in passing by a mount, he heard a crying within it, and on listening more attentively, distinguished the following words:—

Vys! vær still Baen mint,	Hush! be still, my child,
Maaen kommer Faer Zi	To-morrow comes thy father Zi
Mæ Christen Bloi te dæ.	With Christian blood for thee.

Now was the builder overjoyed, for he well knew to whom the words alluded, and hastened home. It was just the morning of the day on which the church should be ready, and the dwarf was busied on placing the last stone,—for

he worked only during the night—when the builder called to him from a distance :

God Maaen, Zi ! God Maaen, Zi !	Good morning, Zi ! Good morning, Zi !
Sætter du nu den sidste Steen i ?	Are you now placing the last stone ?

When the goblin heard himself addressed by name he was furious, and hurling away the stone that he was in the act of placing, retired within his cave. The hole which was thus left could never be filled up. In the night everything was cast out. A mason, that once endeavoured to build it up, was attacked by a wasting malady. At a later period, a window was placed there, which the goblin suffered to remain [1].

The church at Munkbrarup, in Angeln, was built in like manner. The miserable builder hears a child crying under the earth, and the mother saying to it : " Hush, thou little creature ! This evening thy father Sipp will come, and give thee Christian blood to drink."

FATHER FINN.

In very old times the dwarfs had long wars with men, and also with one another. When they were absent in the wars, their wives at home sang by the cradle a particular kind of song. North of Braderup, on the heath, there is a giant-mount, from which was once heard the following :

Heia, hei, dit Jungen es min.	Heigh ho, the child is mine.
Mearen kumt din Vaader Finn	To-morrow comes thy father Finn
Me di Man sin Haud.	With a man's head.

THE HOUSE WITH NINETY-NINE WINDOWS.

The house of a peasant in Eiderstedt was burnt to the ground. The man sorely afflicted was walking about his field, when he was accosted by a little man in a grey coat and with a horse's foot, who inquired the cause of his

[1] See vol. ii. pp. 39, 101, 248.

sadness. The man told him of his misfortune and that he was without the means of rebuilding his house; whereupon the little man promised to build him one with a hundred windows, and to have it ready in one night, before the first cock-crowing, if the man would promise him his soul. The peasant agreed to the condition, and in the night the devil began to build. The house was soon all but finished, the windows alone remaining to be put in. While the devil was busy about the last window, the man began to crow and clap with his hands, at which the devil laughed. But the cock in the stable had heard the crowing, and answered it just as the devil was fitting in the last pane. Finding himself thus outwitted, the arch-fiend took his departure, though not till he had wrung the neck of the cock. No one has ever been able to put in the pane, nor will any furniture remain in the apartment where it is wanting; all flies out. The room requires no cleaning, being always as neat as broom could make it.

EKKE NEKKEPENN.

The dwarfs are particularly fond of human females. One was once in love with a young girl of Rantum, and was even betrothed to her. After some time, however, she changed her mind and would break off the engagement. The dwarf said to her: "I will teach you to keep your word; and only if you can tell me how I am called, shall you be free." The girl now made inquiries in all quarters after the name of the dwarf; but no one could inform her. Vexed and sad she wandered about and sought the loneliest places, the nearer the time drew nigh when the dwarf should fetch her away. But as she one day was passing by a mount, she heard within it the following lines sung:—

Delling skell ik bruw,	To-day I shall brew,
Mearen skell ik baak,	To-morrow I shall bake,
Aurmearn skell ik Bröllep haa:	After to-morrow I shall be married:
Ik jit Ekke Nekkepenn,	I am called Ekke Nekkepenn,
Min Brid es Inge fan Raantem;	My bride is Inge of Rantum;
En dit weet nemmen üs ik alliin-ing.	And this no one knows but I alone.

When the dwarf came on the third day to fetch her and said: "What am I called?" she answered: "You are called Ekke Nekkepenn." He then disappeared, and never returned.

So, in the story of the Dwarf in the Schweckhäuserberge (near Göttingen), he is overheard repeating the lines:

Hier sitz ich, Gold schnitz ich,	Here I sit, gold I carve,
Ich heisse Holzrührlein, Bonneführ-lein.	I am call'd Holzrührlein, Bonne-führlein.
Wenn das die Mutter wüsst,	If the mother knew that,
So behielt' sie ihr Mägdlein.	She would retain her daughter [1].

Of the same class with the foregoing are the stories of Rumpelstilzchen (Grimm, K. and H. M. 55) and Fru Rumpentrumpen (Müllenhoff, p. 409).

THE CARVED IMAGE.

A peasant, who a hundred years since dwelt on a plot of land at the foot of the Bügberg, near Felsted, on his way to the mill, while his wife was lying in child-bed, heard, when not far from the mill, a voice from the hill, saying: "Carve Liese with her long nose." He thought: "That can be no other than my wife; but their project shall not succeed." So as soon as he returned home, he placed two women to watch by his wife, and went to bed, being extremely drowsy, yet, nevertheless, was by anxiety prevented from sleeping. At midnight the women, who ought to have watched, had fallen asleep; but the man heard a noise, and saw how the underground people came in at the window, lifted wife and child out of bed and laid

[1] From Harrys, Sagen, Märchen u. Legenden Niedersachsens, i. p. 16.

a wooden figure in their place. He instantly started up, was just in time to catch his wife by the leg, and cried: "Stop! leave me mine and take your own!" The subterraneans were then obliged to retreat with their wooden Liese, and the man retained his own.

A SUBTERRANEAN CHILD CAUGHT.

Some young peasants once resolved on catching one of the subterraneans. These people never appear by day, and but seldom by night; to catch one was, therefore, no easy task. They waited till St. John's eve, and then some of the boldest lay in wait, for the purpose of kidnapping one. But these creatures are nimble and their places of retreat small. They would all have escaped had not the most active of the young men caught a young girl by the apron. Full of joy he conveyed the little damsel home with him to his wife, who placed her in her lap, caressed her, gave her sugar and all sorts of nice things, asked her her name, age and so on. But the little creature neither cried nor laughed, nor ate nor drank. And thus she continued from day to day; neither by promises nor threats could a sound be extracted from her lips. At length there came an old woman who advised them to set about everything wrong; for that the underground folk could not endure, and she would immediately begin to speak. Thereupon the young woman took the little one with her into the kitchen and desired her to wash the turf nicely for soup, while she cut up the meat to light the fire. The little one did not move. The woman then took the turf herself and washed it three times. The little one stared, but did not move. But when the woman had cut up the meat, and appeared as if about to make a fire with it, she said: "Woman, you surely will not sin against God?" "No," said the woman, "if thou wilt speak, I will do right; but else, wrong." From that time the little one

spoke; but shortly after found means to escape. Some time after, when the woman had given birth to a daughter, there lay one morning a changeling in the cradle.

CHANGELINGS.

Before the custom was introduced of having new-born children immediately blessed by the midwife, the dwarfs were in the constant practice of changing them for their own, in doing which they showed much cunning. When a child was born they would pinch the ear of a cow that was near, and when the people, hearing the animal's bellowing, ran out to learn the cause of it, the dwarf would slip in and change the child. It happened once that a father saw how his infant was being dragged out of the apartment. He grasped it just at the right moment and drew it to him. He, moreover, kept possession of the changeling, which was found in the bed by the side of the lying-in woman, in spite of all the attempts of the subterraneans at least to recover their own child. By placing on his head the hat of the subterranean infant, he could see the dwarfs sitting round the table among the women, and regaling themselves with coffee.

The dwarf child continued long in the house, but would never speak. But some one having advised the foster-parents to make a brewing in a hen's egg, and then pour the beer into a goose's egg, the dwarf, after making all sorts of manifestations of astonishment, at length cried out:

Ik bün so oelt	I am as old
As de Behmer Woelt,	As the Behmer wold,
Unn heff in myn Läebn	And have in my life
So'n Bro nich seen.	Such a brewing not seen.

The 'Wichtelmanner' had stolen a child out of its

cradle, and left a changeling, with a huge head and staring eyes, in its stead, which ate and drank voraciously. In her distress the mother applied to a neighbour, who advised her to carry the changeling into the kitchen, set it on the hearth, kindle a fire, and boil water in two egg-shells: that would cause the changeling to laugh, and as soon as he laughed it would be all over with him. The woman did as her neighbour advised. As she was placing the egg-shells on the fire, the clodpate exclaimed: "I now am as old as the Westerwald, and have never till this moment seen anything boiled in an egg-shell!" and then began to laugh. While he was laughing there came in a multitude of Wichtelmannikins, bringing with them the woman's own child, which they placed on the hearth, and took the changeling away with them [1].

A person once saw a female dwarf going across a field with a stolen child. The sight was a singular one; for she could not hold the babe sufficiently high, on account of its length, and therefore kept constantly calling to it:—

Bær op dyn Gewant,	Hold up thy robe,
Dat du nich haekst	That thou be not hook'd
In den gälen Orant.	In the bitter orant.

Orant or dorant (antirrhinum or marrubium) scares away Dwarfs (Wichtel) and Nikkers. See Grimm, D. M. p. 1164.

In Eiderstedt a woman one night kindled a huge fire in the middle of the barn, and placed upon it an exceedingly diminutive pot. When a Kielkropf (changeling) that she had was fetched, it clapped its hands in full astonishment, and cried in a shrill voice: "I am now

[1] Grimm, K. and H. Märchen, No. 39. Wichtel (Wichtelmann) is the Frankish name for *elf*.

fifty years old, and have never seen the like!" The woman would have thrown the kielkropf into the fire, but it was snatched from her, and her own genuine child stood there before her.

Similar stories are almost innumerable in Germany, but the foregoing, together with the two following, will amply suffice to show the resemblance between the German traditions of changelings and those of Scandinavia.

Before going to bed, a pair of open scissors must be laid in the cradle of a new-born child, until it is baptized. If it sleeps by its mother, at the last swathing a cross must be made on its breast and forehead; else the subterraneans will change it.

There was once in Amrum a woman whose youngest son was stolen by these beings; but the child they left in place of the stolen one so closely resembled it, that the mother at first was not aware of the deception. But afterwards their own child came back, and the parents were wholly unable to determine which was theirs, until an accident settled the difficulty. It was in the harvest, and the woman going one day to the thrashing-floor, took up a shovel and began casting aside the thrashed-out corn; both boys being present. One of them fell a laughing, and in answer to the woman's question, why he laughed? said: "My father just came in and fetched half a ton of rye, and in going out fell and broke his leg." Thereupon said the woman: "Thou art the one; go therefore to the place thou camest from." She then seized the boy and flung him through the window of the thrashing-house, and never again set eyes on him.

It is to be observed that a thrashing-floor should always be swept *with* the sun, and never in the opposite direction; otherwise the subterraneans will steal the corn. The woman, it evidently appeared, had taken this precaution.

THE KIELKROPP.

Not far from the town of Lauenburg there is a village called Böken, in which, many hundred years ago, there stood a chapel, where there was an image of the holy mother, made of wood. This image was at that time held in the highest veneration; for if any persons were sick, the people would carry them to the image and let them lie before it for some time, when they would be cured.

Not far from the above-mentioned village there lived a peasant, who, although he had been married for many years, was childless. This afflicted him sorely: he stormed and raved, maltreated and maledicted his wife the whole livelong day, until she at length unexpectedly said to him: "You may cease your ill-usage, you will soon have your wish; for I feel that I shall be a mother." At this intelligence the peasant was overjoyed, and thenceforward treated his wife more kindly. But that which gave him so much delight was to be his greatest affliction. When the child was born it was all right and proper as to its body and limbs, but its head was larger than that of the largest man. Such children the people at that time called *Kielkropps*, and believed that the devil himself, or one of his associates, was their father, and that they brought only misfortune into a house. But be all that as it may, our peasant had got his Kielkropp and must keep it. During a space of three years the child's head grew larger and larger, and looked like a great basket, while its other members continued as diminutive as they had been from the first, so that it could neither go nor stand; nor could it utter a word, but only moaned and screamed both by day and night.

One evening as the woman was sitting with the Kielkropp on her lap, and was lamenting over it, she said to her husband: "A thought just strikes me which may

probably be of good to us. To-morrow is Sunday: put then the child into a basket and take it to the holy mother Mary of Böken, lay the basket before her, and rock the child in it for some time: that will, perhaps, be of service." The peasant willingly followed her advice, on the following morning put his basket in order, laid fresh hay in it together with some bedding, placed his Kielkropp in it, and went his way. When on the bridge that crosses a water near Böken, he heard, just as he reached the middle, a voice behind him, crying: "Where now, Kielkropp?" which the child in the panier answered by: "I'm going to be rocked, that I may thrive[1]." On hearing the child begin to speak the man was greatly terrified, but instantly recovering himself, he dashed the basket, Kielkropp and all, into the water, saying: "If thou canst speak, thou monster, then go to where thou hast learned." At once a loud cry was heard from under the bridge, as when many people call out together, at which the man was not a little frightened, and made all possible haste home, without once looking behind him, where he told his wife in what manner he had got rid of the Kielkropp.

THE UNDERGROUND FOLK EMIGRATE.

The grandfather of a watchmaker still living in Hohn, was when a boy one day tending cows in a neighbouring field, and to protect himself from the rain, had thrown his father's large coat over his shoulders. While standing under a tree, he found himself on a sudden surrounded by a multitude of underground folk, holding each other's hand, and thus forming a circle about him. They told him they were about leaving the neighbourhood, and that he should go with them. To his question: Why they were going? they answered, that they could not endure the ringing of the bells in the village[2]. But the young

[1] See vol. ii. p. 151.

[2] See vol. ii. pp. 154, 155.

man not liking to be detained by them, broke through the circle, leaving the coat behind, which they stript from his shoulders. On the following day, however, he found it in the same place hanging on a bush.

THE WOLTERKENS—NISS-PUK—BÜSEMANN—NISKE.

The Wolterkens appear to be identical with the Scandinavian Nisser. In Meldorf the school-children have a festival, when the girls decorate the school-room with flowers. In the afternoon and evening they dance, and then say: "We have Nesskuk," or "We celebrate Nesskuk."

The Nisken always frequent dark, concealed places in the house or stable, and even in the pile of wood. They disappear before every one that approaches them. At night the people of the house must clear the hearth, and place a kettle of pure water for the use of the little officious people. The Niss-Puk, moreover, always requires a mess of sweet porridge with butter to be set for him in a certain place.

Persons from the district of Stapelholm, who have seen the Niss-Puk, describe him as not larger than an infant of a year or a year and a half old. Others say that he is as large as one of three years. He has a large head and long arms, and small but bright, cunning eyes[1]. He wears red stockings and a long grey or green tick coat, on the head a red, peaked cap. He delights in a pair of soft, easy slippers, and when he gets such he may be heard at night slipping about the floor in them.

These beings sometimes appear in a hideous form, to the great terror of the inmates, at which they testify their delight by a loud laugh.

[1] The people of Silt say he has very large eyes; whence of inquisitive persons it is said: "He stares like a Puk."

People frighten children with the Büsemann, who dwells in the stable; in Föhr they are kept in awe by the blind Jug; in Ditmarschen by Pulterklaes. And who knows not the formidable Roppert (Ruprecht)? The domestic goblin was formerly known under the name of Chimken.

In some respects the Niss-Puk resembles the Galgenmännlein or Alraun of South Germany, who is enclosed in a bottle, can be sold by his owner, but always for a price less than the sum he paid for him. The soul of the last owner belongs to the Galgenmännlein. See the tale of 'Das Galgenmännlein' in Binder's Schwäbische Volkssagen.

THE SUBTERRANEANS LICK UP MILK.

About seventy years ago little underground beings were seen in many farms in the Wilstermarsch, who did little more than accompany the maids and men home in the morning after they had been milking, and sedulously lick up the drops of milk that had been spilt. But when in measuring out nothing was spilt, they would overturn all the vessels and run away. These people were about a foot and a half high, wore black clothes and a peaked, red cap. Wherever they came, people thought they brought a special blessing on the house.

In the Frisic islands the housewives have frequently observed, when brewing, that the little people usually came in the shape of toads, and licked from off the floor the new beer that had been spilt. No one does them any harm, and the beer so spilt must be left for them, as well as the crumbs of bread that fall from the table.

THE KLABAUTERMANN.

The Klabautermann sits under the ship's capstan, and is a little fellow with yellow breeches, horseman's boots, a large, fiery-red head, green teeth, and a steeple-crowned hat. If a ship is doomed to perish, the Klabautermann

may be heard running up and down the shrouds in a state of disquietude, and making a noise among the rigging and in the hold; so that the crew leave the ship, and the sooner the better[1].

When such a goblin is on board of a ship, and on friendly terms with the crew, the vessel will not sink and every voyage will be prosperous; if he abandons it, things will go ill. Every thing that is broken during the day in the ship he sets to rights in the night, and is therefore often called the Klütermann (joiner)[2]. He also prepares many things for the sailors, and even performs them. If he is in a bad humour, he makes an awful noise, throws about the fire-wood, spars, and other things, knocks on the ship's sides, destroys many things, hinders those at work, and unseen gives the sailors violent cuffs on the head. From all this uproar it is supposed that he derives his name[3].

OF THE RANZAUS.

I.

Of the very old and ducal-Sleswig family of Ranzau it is recorded, that to an ancestress of their house there came one night, as she lay in bed by her husband's side, a little man bearing a lantern, who having waked her, prayed her to follow him. She did so (every door and gate opening spontaneously as they passed) and arrived at length in a hollow mount, in which there lay a little woman in the pains of labour. When the said noble dame Von Ranzau, at the earnest entreaty of the little woman, had laid her hand upon her head, she was instantly delivered. The lady, who had been standing in great fear, now hastened

[1] Kuhn and Schwartz, p. 423.

[2] From klütern, *to make or mend small delicate works, particularly of wood.*

[3] From klappen, *to make a noise, clabauder (clabauderie)?*

back, and was attended home by her said diminutive companion. At parting she received from the little man, in recompense for her service, a large piece of gold, of which, at his suggestion, she caused to be made fifty counters, a herring, and two spindles for her daughter. At the same time he gave her also this notice: That her posterity must carefully preserve those articles, if, from being affluent, they would not in time become needy persons; for that as long as none of them were lost, they would increase in honour and repute. I think that the person who related to me this remarkable anecdote, at the same time informed me, that either the herring or one of the golden counters had disappeared from among these treasures.

According to an oral tradition in Thiele (i. 134), the little man conducts the countess into the cellar of the castle of Breitenburg. She receives from him a golden spinning-wheel for her daughter and a golden sabre for her son, together with the prediction, that as long as those things were preserved in the family, it should flourish in wealth and consideration. Both presents are, it is said, still preserved in the mansion.

According to another account, the gifts consisted in a table-cloth, a spool, and gold, of which a chain was made, and some coined into money. Dame Sophia Ranzau of Seeholm related this of her grandfather Henry Ranzau's wife.

The tradition of a Frau von Hahn, who was fetched by a water-nix, agrees (as I have heard it related) with the Ranzau tradition. The countess is conducted into a cellar, receives a present of shavings, which turn to gold, a large beaker made from which is still shown at Neuhaus. Other things made from the same are lost.

II.

The newly married countess, who was of a Danish family, was sleeping by her husband's side, when a noise was heard, the bed-curtains were drawn aside, and she saw a little woman of extraordinary beauty, not more than a cubit high, standing before her holding a light. "Fear not," she said, "I will do you no harm, but bring you good luck, if you afford the assistance which I require. Rise up and follow me; but take heed to eat nothing that

may be offered you, nor accept any other gift than what I shall present to you, and which you may safely receive."

The countess accompanied her, and the way led under the earth. They came into an apartment that was resplendent with gold and precious stones, and full of little men and women. Before long their king appeared, and conducted the countess to a bed, in which lay the queen in the pains of child-birth, beseeching her to give her assistance. The countess did her best, and the queen was safely delivered of a son. At this there was great rejoicing among the guests; the countess was led to a table covered with the choicest viands, and pressed to partake of them; but she touched nothing, neither would she accept any of the precious stones, which lay in golden dishes. At length she was led forth by her first conductress, and brought back to her bed.

The little woman then said: "You have rendered a great service to our realm, for which you shall be rewarded. Here are three wooden staves; lay them under your pillow, and to-morrow morning they will be changed to gold. From the first of these let there be made a herring; from the second, counters; from the third, a spindle; and reveal this whole affair to no one in the world, except your husband. You will have three children, who will form the three branches of a house. The one that gets the herring will be very successful in war, both himself and his posterity; the one that gets the counters will, together with his children, fill high offices of state; the one that gets the spindle will be blessed with a numerous offspring."

After these words the little hill-woman departed, and the countess fell asleep. When she woke she related to her husband the events of the night. The count laughed at her, regarding the whole as a dream; but when she put her hand under the pillow, there lay three gold bars.

Both were astonished, and employed them precisely in the manner prescribed.

The prediction was accurately fulfilled: those branches of the house which carefully preserved the treasures, still exist, while others, who were less careful, are extinct. Of the branch that got the coined money it is related, that a king of Denmark once desired to have one of the pieces; but at the moment the king received it, the individual who gave it to him was seized with a violent stomach-ache.

In 'L'Amant oisif,' Bruxelles, 1711, 405–411, the foregoing tradition is told under the title of 'La Comtesse de Falinsperk.'

III.

A benevolent countess (Ranzau) at Breitenburg, who was frequently herself the bearer of her household medicines to the sick, was one stormy evening called to the house of an old woman, who dwelt at the other extremity of the village. She was in the act of going, but was prevented by her husband. While sitting alone in the twilight, she heard a noise, and before her stood the house-goblin with herbs and potions, who bade her take them and carry them to the sick, and rather to obey the voice of her own heart than the prohibition of her husband. The countess followed the goblin's bidding, and through her care and the medicaments the sick woman speedily recovered. On the following evening, as the countess was again sitting alone in the twilight, she saw the goblin standing by the hearth and stirring the fire. When the fire had blazed up, he threw into it an apronful of shavings, and said to the countess: "When the fire is burnt out, look among the ashes, and what you find there preserve carefully. As long as those things continue in your family, so long will fortune favour the counts of Ranzau." When the fire was out the countess made a search, and

found a golden spindle, a golden beaker, and something besides. The last-mentioned fell to a younger branch, who lost it, and is now without property; but the spindle is still at Breitenburg, and the beaker at Rastorf.

At Breitenburg fifty golden pennings are carefully preserved in a silver box, on which are the arms of John Ranzau and Dame Anna Walstorf, his wife. The inscription on these pennings is engraved and filled in with black.

JOSIAS RANZAU'S MAGIC SWORD.

As Anna Walstorf was one night in pious prayer making mention of her absent husband, she was humbly besought by a subterranean mount-man to give aid to his wife who was in the pains of child-birth. She followed the little man through many cellars and vaults of her castle of Breitenburg that were quite unknown to her, until she came to a bright crystal rock. On a touch from her companion it flew open, and in a spacious hall she saw an innumerable multitude of similarly little men collected round an elevated spot. She advanced and found the queen in the pangs of labour and at the point of death. Dame Anna, who was well skilled in the preparation of medicines, mixed a potion for the patient, through the virtue of which she was soon delivered of a son. Their joy was beyond expression, and the grateful husband presented their benefactress with some gold, which appeared like shavings, enjoining her to preserve it as the greatest treasure; that the fortunes of her house depended on it. At a subsequent period she caused to be made from it three things, viz. some small pieces of money, a distaff and a herring, which were afterwards divided among the several branches of the family.

The herring at a later period fell to the share of Josias Ranzau, who, full of military ardour, caused it to be made into a sword-hilt. He entered the French service, in which he shared in many battles, and at length attained

to the rank of field-marshal. He was one of the most desperate duellists, and even when he had arrived at an advanced age, and was possessed of the highest dignity, he would go disguised among the soldiers and pick quarrels with them. He once fought with an esteemed friend, because he had written his name incorrectly. But so long as he carried his magic sword, he was never, in any battle, either struck by a bullet or wounded by a stroke. No one had for a long time placed any confidence in him, it being evident to every one that there was some sorcery in the matter, so that when Caspar von Bockwold, a Holstein nobleman, had divulged the story of the goblin, in a company at Strasburg, many persons denied him the praise of valour, and ascribed all his feats to the herring. At this, maddened with rage, Josias, in the presence of all, cast his sword into the Rhine. Still victory did not forsake him, though he had to pay dear for it; so that at last, of all those members of which a man has two, he had lost one, and had besides sixty severe wounds on his body.

WE ARE REMOVING!

Cases have been known of houses in which whole families and swarms of Puks or Nisser have taken their abode, and have thereby been rendered uninhabitable. In Husum there once lived two families of these beings, one at a baker's, the other at a brewer's. At night they turned everything topsy-turvy, made the most horrible noises, ran up and down the stairs; sometimes they were in the cellar, sometimes in the chambers; from the baker they stole his flour, from the brewer his beer. They were so little, that when pursued, like spiders and worms, they would creep into the smallest crevices, where they would make an incessant outcry. The people at length could endure them no longer, and resolved to remove. Their moveables had all been carried out, and the maid-servants

from both houses came the last, carrying the brooms on their shoulders. They met together, when Ann inquired of Susan where they were going? But before she could answer, many little voices cried from one of the brooms: "We are removing!" The girls at first were frightened, but soon recovered their presence of mind. There was a pond close at hand; into this both plunged their brooms, and left them in the water. They then betook themselves to their new habitations, and were no more annoyed by these noxious beings. But it was soon remarked that all the fish in the pond grew sick, and by degrees died; and women, who late in the evening fetched water from the pond, declared by all that was holy that they had repeatedly heard small voices in the water crying out: "We have removed! We have gone away!"

In Neumünster a man had offended a Niss, because he had put no butter in his porridge. In revenge the Niss played such pranks and caused so much annoyance that the people were obliged to remove. When the last person with the broom was crossing the threshold, the Niss, who was sitting in the broom, called out: "I too am here," and removed with them.

At a place also in Angeln, some people left their house, on account of a Niss. When the last cartload was just ready to go, he was sitting behind, and laughing said: "We move to-day."

The reader will have already seen in the Danish Popular Traditions stories nearly identical with the three foregoing, which are here selected from many others as striking examples of the close resemblance existing between the superstitions of North Germany and those of Scandinavia.

THE SNAKE-KING.

A girl working in the field once found a bunch of four-

teen or fifteen snakes, all hissing together; one of which had a golden crown. The girl untied her white apron and laid it on the ground near the group, when the largest of the snakes, the one that had the crown, came and laid his crown on the apron. It was of pure gold and set with many precious stones of a green colour. The girl instantly sprang forwards and snatched it up; seeing which the snake-king cried so horribly that the girl was deafened by the noise. She afterwards sold the crown for a considerable sum[1].

In the ruins of the old Duborg, near Flensborg, there lives a bluish snake that wears on its head a small crown of the finest gold. It appears but once a day, at the hour of noon, and then for a moment only. Whoever can catch it, or get its crown, is fortunate. The king would instantly give twenty thousand dollars current for the crown; for whoever wears it is immortal.

THUNDER.

In Silt, if any one finds a thunderstone, he carefully preserves it; because thunder will never cause any injury in a house where there is such a stone[2].

THE STARS.

Old maids and bachelors, according to the North Frisians, are curiously employed after death. As soon as the sun is sunk below the horizon, the old maids must cut stars out of it, which the old bachelors, during the night, must blow up in the east, going all the time up or down a ladder.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

At the time when wishing was of avail, a man, one Christmas eve, stole cabbages from his neighbour's garden.

[1] See vol. ii. p. 217. [2] See vol. i. p. 54, *note*.

When just in the act of walking off with his load, he was perceived by the people, who conjured (wished) him up in the moon. There he stands in the full moon to be seen by everybody, bearing his load of cabbages to all eternity. Every Christmas eve he is said to turn round once. Others say that he stole willow boughs, which he must bear for ever.

In Silt the story goes that he was a sheep-stealer, that enticed sheep to him with a bundle of cabbages, until, as an everlasting warning to others, he was placed in the moon, where he constantly holds in his hand a bundle of cabbages.

The people of Rantum say that he is a giant, who at the time of the flow stands in a stooping posture, because he is then taking up water, which he pours out on the earth, and thereby causes the flow; but at the time of the ebb he stands erect and rests from his labour, when the water can subside again.

HANS DÜMKT.

Of Charles's Wain, or, as it is more usually called, the Great Bear, it is said, that it is the wagon, in which Elias, our Lord, and other saints journeyed to heaven. But the very small star above the centre one in the pole is the wagoner, Hans Dümkt. He was in the service of our Lord, and had a very comfortable place; but by degrees he did his work more and more negligently. Our Lord often warned and chided him; but Hans cared very little for that. He was particularly careless in cutting chaff; none that he cut could be used, being cut much too long. At this our Lord was at last so angry that he set him on the pole of the celestial wain, where he may be seen every evening, as a warning to all serving-men that cut chaff too long.

According to one tradition, Hans Dümken (or Dümkt) was a carrier,

who conveyed our Lord, who in remuneration promised him the kingdom of heaven; but the man said he would rather drive to all eternity, from sunset to sunrise. Grimm, D. M. p. 688.

THE WANDERING JEW.

For many years the Wandering Jew has been a wanderer from city to city. He is never hungry nor thirsty, and never grows old. He takes rest always out of doors, and may not sleep under a roof. It is said that he was some years ago in Lüneburg, where he slept on a stone just without the city.

A few years since he was seen in Sundewith, not far from Beuschau. He carried a basket, out of which there grew moss. He rests only on Christmas eve, when he finds a plough in the field; for on that alone may he sit.

THE WODE.

Many persons have, in the twelve nights of Christmas and particularly on Christmas eve, seen the Wode on his progress. He rides a large white horse, a huntsman on foot and four-and-twenty fierce dogs follow him. In every place through which he passes, the hedges fall with a crash, and a road opens itself before him; but towards morning they are all erect again. Some assert that his horse has only three legs. He always rides on certain ways, past the doors of the houses, and with such speed that his dogs are not always able to keep pace with him: they may be heard panting and howling, and sometimes one has been left on the road. One of them was once found in a house at Wulfsdorf, another at Fuhlenhagen, lying on the hearth, incessantly howling and panting, until the next Christmas eve, when the Wode again took it with him. At Christmas eve no linen ought to be left out, as the dogs tear it to tatters. There should also be no baking, as it would cause a Wild-hunt. Everything in

the house must be quiet. If the door is left open, the Wode and his dogs will pass through and consume all that is in the house, but particularly the dough, if baking be going forwards [1].

The Wode once entered the house of a poor peasant, and his dogs devoured everything. The poor man made great lamentation, and asked the Wode what compensation he was to have for the damage he had sustained. The Wode told him that he should be paid. Shortly after he came dragging along a dead dog, which he told the peasant to throw into his chimney; when he had done so, the skin burst, and there fell from it many bright gold pieces.

The Wode has a certain road, through which he rides every night during the twelve days of Christmas. At his approach the subterraneans must flee before him, as he is bent on extirpating them from the earth. An old peasant one night late saw the subterraneans running along: they did not appear terrified and cried out: "He can't catch us to-day, he must let us go, he has not washed himself this morning." On proceeding a little further, he met the Wode, who asked him what they had been saying. "They said," answered the old man, "that you have not washed yourself this morning, and must therefore let them go." When the Wode heard this he stopped his horse, let it stale, dismounted and washed himself therewith; then remounted and continued his chase after the subterraneans. After a little while the peasant saw him returning, having with him many bound together by their yellow hair [2], besides a number hanging down on each side

[1] Woden here appears as sadly fallen from his former high estate. This and the following story might not inaptly, in a twofold sense, be also titled 'The Descent of Odin.'

[2] The subterranean folk have not yellow hair. Those alluded to above must be the *moss-folk* and *wood-wives*, who resemble children of three years, and are friendly to mankind. See Grimm, D. M. p. 881 *note*.

of his horse. Thus did he pursue the subterraneans until they all have disappeared: he therefore hunts no longer on the earth, but only in the air above. The Wode is known throughout Lauenburg, and people everywhere close their doors against him at Christmas time.

A Meklenburg tradition places the connection between Odin and the Wild Hunt beyond a doubt.

When, as it often happens, the dogs bark on the heaths, in the woods and cross-ways, the countryman knows it to be *Wod* that is leading them, and pities the wanderer that has not reached his home.

A drunken peasant passing one night through a forest on his way from the town, heard the Wild Hunt, and the noise of the dogs and the cry of the huntsmen in the air. "In the middle of the road! In the middle of the road[1]!" cried a voice, but to which he gave no heed. On a sudden a tall man on a white horse precipitated himself from the clouds before him. "Art thou strong?" said he. "Let us try which can pull the strongest. Here take hold of this chain." The countryman took hold of the heavy chain, and the wild hunter soared aloft. The countryman wound the chain round an oak, and the huntsman tugged in vain. "Thou hast surely wound the chain round the oak," said Wod, descending from the clouds. "No," said the countryman, who had hastily loosed it, "see I am holding it in my hands." "Then thou shalt be mine up in the clouds," cried the huntsman, again mounting. The countryman now quickly fastened the chain again

[1] The reason of this warning appears from the same superstition as current in the isle of Usedom. When the Wild Hunt passes by, the cry is frequently heard of

Ho ho! blîw innen Middelweeh, Denn bîten dî de Hunne nich.

Hallo hallo! keep in the middle way, Then will the dogs not bite thee.

Kuhn und Schwartz, p. 427.

round the oak, and Wod was as unsuccessful as before. "But hast thou not fastened the chain round the oak?" said Wod, again descending. "No," said the countryman, "see I am holding it in my hands." "If thou wert heavier than lead, thou must up with me in the clouds, notwithstanding." Saying this he darted up like lightning, but the countryman had recourse to his old process. The dogs barked, the carriages rolled, the horses neighed up aloft, the oak cracked at its roots and seemed to turn; the countryman felt far from easy, but the tree stood its ground. "Thou hast pulled capitally," said the huntsman; "many men have I made mine: thou art the first that has withstood me. I will reward thee." Now loud was the uproar of the hunt, "hallo, holla! wol, wol!" The countryman sneaked away towards home, when from an unseen height, a deer fell dying before him, and there stood Wod, who, springing from his white horse, cut up the game. "The blood shalt thou have and a haunch besides," said Wod. "Sir," said the countryman, "thy servant has neither pail nor pitcher." "Take thy boot off," cried Wod. He did so. "Now march home with blood and flesh to wife and brat." Fear at first caused his burthen to seem light, but by degrees it grew heavier and heavier, so that he could scarcely walk under it. Bent almost double, and dripping with sweat, he at length reached his hut, and behold! the boot was full of gold, and the haunch turned out to be a leather bag filled with silver[1].

THE MAN WITHOUT A SHADOW.

Many preachers and sacristans in former times visited (and still visit) the Black School, and are there instructed by the devil in the black art, by means of which they can exorcise spectres, spirits of the dead, and even the devil himself. The devil gives the instruction, though not

[1] Lisch, Meklenb. Jahrb., quoted by Grimm, D.M. pp. 876, 877.

gratis. The condition is, that whosoever, at the termination of the lecture, when the course is ended, of all the pupils that frequent the school, goes last out by the door, shall belong to him. By many, who proved more cunning than their master, he has been outwitted, among others, by the sacristan of Brōns, in the west part of the bailiwick of Hadersleben. He was the last of all that left the school, but he knew how to help himself, when the devil would lay hold on him. The school-door was to the south, and it happened that the lecture was finished in bright sunshine, exactly at noon ; so the sacristan very justly said, that not he, but his shadow was the last to go out ; *that*, if he liked, the devil was welcome to keep. The devil could object nothing to this reasoning, and let the man go, but detained his shadow. From that time the sacristan has been shadowless ; and many who have seen and known him can testify, that even in the brightest sunshine not the faintest appearance of a shadow accompanies him.

It hardly need be mentioned that Chamisso's 'Peter Schlemihl' is founded on a similar tradition. According to a Spanish tradition, there was a cave at Salamanca in which the devil always maintained seven pupils, under the condition that when they were fully instructed, the last must pay the reckoning. One day when he was dismissing his scholars, and had ordered the last to remain, the scholar pointed to his shadow, saying: "That is the last." The devil was obliged to be content with the shadow, and the pupil continued for the rest of his life shadowless.

Jamieson, speaking of the Scottish superstition, says : "Losing one's shadow arrives to such as are studying the art of necromancy. When a class of students have made a certain progress in their mystic studies, they are obliged to run through a subterraneous hall, where the devil literally catches the hindmost in the race, unless he crosses the hall so speedily, that the arch-enemy can only apprehend his shadow. In the latter case the person of the sage never after throws any shade, and those who have thus lost their shadow always prove the best magicians." See Grimm, D. M. p. 976. Most readers will recollect Walter Scott's lines, in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, when speaking of the lady of Buccleuch's father, who had studied in "Padua, far beyond the sea" :—

For when in studious mood he paced
St. Andrew's cloister'd hall,
His form no darkening shadow traced
Upon the sunny wall.

DEVIL AGAINST DEVIL.

A cross painted on the principal door of the house is a safeguard against witches; it is also good to have in the house a wafer that has been purloined at the communion. If cattle is bewitched and no butter can be produced, the cows, churns and pails must in the evening be silently smoked. The witch will then usually come and ask admission, but no one may be let in, however hard they may knock at the door.

At a house in Wilster a child was sick. A cunning woman said there was some sorcery in the case, and that the child must be smoked at twelve o'clock at night, every door being closed. The person that had bewitched it would then come, when blood must be drawn from him or her on a cloth, and the cloth burnt. At the hour specified every door was carefully closed; before the windows, and reaching almost to the top, sheets were hung, all precisely as the cunning woman had directed. But the house had window-shutters after the old fashion, made to turn up, so that under every window they hung like a sort of flap, on which, when not turned up, a person might contrive to stand and look through the window. And so it was here; for while they were smoking the child, and before it had struck twelve, the witch suddenly peeped over the sheet into the room. On seeing her, the man rushed out, struck her in the face, and received the blood on a cloth, which being burnt, the child recovered.

In the neighbourhood of Büsum there dwelt a wealthy peasant, who had an only daughter whom he tenderly

loved. But his old mother-in-law was a witch. People knew that she had on several occasions transformed herself to a cat or other animal; in companies, too, she has caused the whole room to be filled with ravens, so that the guests were forced to withdraw. She did harm to both man and beast. If any one passed a night in her house, and his slippers stood the wrong way, she would, when she thought that every one was asleep, enter the chamber and turn the slippers[1]. This is a certain proof that she was a witch; for so they constantly do; otherwise they would have no power over the sleeper. But witches must always have one person in their family on whom to exercise their malice. The old mother-in-law grudged the peasant his good fortune, and at length bewitched his daughter most wickedly. She presented the young maiden with a beautiful new dress, which she, suspecting no guile, put on on the following Sunday, intending to appear in it at church. But it was hardly on her back before her hair stood on end, her eyes rolled wildly, and for internal burning she could not contain herself. She dashed herself against the windows and doors like a savage cat, raved and raged at everybody, but without knowing any one, and it was not without much difficulty that she could be undressed and placed in bed. The raving fit then passed, but was succeeded by the greatest debility and exhaustion. And thus she lay for a length of time, and was daily dwindling away. No physician could afford her relief, for they all confessed that they were ignorant of her malady. Her parents were inconsolable. Some sagacious persons, to whom they had recourse, told them at last that an old woman had bewitched their daughter, but that they were powerless against her. Only in Hamburg there lived a man who could probably relieve her; if he failed, all attempts would

[1] See in vol. ii. Sw. Pop. Belief, p. 111. No. 50, and Dan. Pop. Belief, p. 272. No. 34.

be vain. Her father, resolved on leaving nothing untried, instantly set out for Hamburg, and spoke with the man, who, after he had heard a full state of the case, opened a large book, written in characters which nobody but himself understood. At the expiration of a quarter of an hour, the man told the peasant that his daughter was certainly under the influence of witchcraft, but that he would give him a pot of medicine, that would most probably afford her relief, if only he could carry it home whole; as the evil spirit would use every endeavour to break it. On the following day the peasant received the pot from the doctor, and soon arrived without impediment at Büsum. But now all must go wrong. The ship's boy was ordered to carry the basket containing the pot on shore and to the house of the peasant; but hardly had he set foot on dry land, when the sand rose like a water-spout, threw the youngster down, and dashed the basket out of his hand, so that the pot was broken in a thousand fragments. Thus was the journey in vain. After a very short delay, the man was again on his way to the wonderful doctor, when, having related his mishap, he was informed by the sage that the task was now much more difficult, but that he must come again in two days. The doctor had in the interim made everything ready, and packed up the pot, and now enjoined the peasant to keep the strictest watch over it; adding that there was still one other method of saving his daughter, but one that he should very reluctantly have recourse to, even if her father would consent. This time the peasant returned home by land, having the basket with the pot under the seat of his vehicle, and arrived within sight of his house in safety, and was even on his own ground, when, on the level earth, the vehicle was suddenly upset, and although the peasant himself sustained no injury, the pot was broken in pieces. The man, who had his daughter's recovery much at heart, allowed himself no

rest, although his wife, and more especially his mother-in-law, would retain him, telling him he ought to take some repose after his great toil; but all was to no purpose; he mounted his horse, and in twelve hours was again in Hamburg. The doctor now informed him that one course alone remained, which was to boil the old witch in oil; but before commencing this process, he would show him the person who had bewitched his daughter. He then went into an adjacent apartment, muttered, with all kinds of hocus-pocus, some unintelligible spells, and in a quarter of an hour came back with a large mirror under his arm. This he placed on the table, and desired the peasant to look into it. The man did so, and instantly recognised in it his old mother-in-law. He was deeply grieved at the sight, yet on calling to mind what his daughter had suffered, and that if her malady continued, it must soon terminate her existence, he formed his resolution, and said to the doctor that he might do what he thought proper, let whatever might come afterwards. The doctor appointed him to come again at noon on the following day. At the time fixed the peasant was in attendance, when the doctor led him into a detached apartment, and then withdrew. At the expiration of an hour he called him into the kitchen, where he had a large kettle on the fire, into which he poured oil and other things, under all sorts of spells and ceremonies, and then shut it close with a heavy lid. What was in the kettle now began to work and boil, the noise in it grew louder and louder, and the peasant thought he could distinguish the moans of a human being. Whatever it was, it seemed resolved to remain no longer, but to get air, and strove with all its might to raise the lid. "Now is the time," said the doctor, springing forwards and holding down the lid with all his strength; and shortly after called to the peasant for his assistance; and only with the utmost difficulty could they succeed in preventing it from

running over. When the boiling ceased, all gradually grew more quiet, and was at length quite still. "Now," said the doctor, "your daughter is saved, and the old woman is no more." The peasant felt ill at ease, and although pleased at the intelligence, the doctor appeared to him as something unearthly. He instantly paid him his due, hastened back to his inn, and on the following day, as early as possible, mounted his horse and rode home. On entering his dwelling, his daughter, quite healthy and cheerful, came to meet him, and related to him that her old grandmother had died a horrible death on the previous day. At noon she was attacked by an internal burning, which from one minute to another became more intense. In bed she could not remain, had torn open the doors and windows, thrown off her clothes, rolled and writhed about the floor, crying and moaning the whole time so that she might be heard at a considerable distance. Not till the day was far advanced did she become gradually more calm, and at length uttered not a sound. Until then no one could remain with her, but now on entering, they found on the spot where she had lain a small heap of ashes and some burnt bones. From that hour the daughter recovered her health, and lived several years after.

WITCHES TAKE AWAY BUTTER.

When the dew falls on May morning it will be a good butter year. On such a morning a witch, before sunrise, went into her neighbours' fields, took up the dew with large linen cloths, then wrung them out, and so collected the dew in a vessel. Of this, every time she wished to make butter, she took a spoonful, and poured it into the churn, saying at the same time: "From every house a spoonful[1]." By this process she took every time so much

[1] Uet elk hues en Läpel vull.

butter from those neighbours to whom the fields belonged. On one occasion her man had to churn, but, not rightly understanding the matter, said when taking the dew: "From every house a bushelful[1]." He then began to churn, when there came so much butter, that it ran over the whole house, and the people were at a loss what to do with it.

The appellation of Daustriker (Thaustreicher), *dew-striker* or *scraper*, for a witch, is no doubt derived from the above superstition. See more on the subject in Grimm, D. M. p. 1026.

CALVES BEWITCHED.

A farmer could never rear a calf; as often as he attempted it, the animal fell sick, and seemed unable either to live or to die, so that he was obliged to kill it. In his trouble he had recourse to a cunning man, who advised him, when the like happened again, to take the sick animal into his yard and shoot at it. "You will not be able to kill it," added he, "but continue to load and fire; somebody will then soon come, and the matter will be settled." After a time another calf fell ill, when he did as the man had recommended. After he had fired several shots without killing the calf, a female neighbour came in running and crying out, "Stop your shooting; you will shoot all my oxen dead in the meadow." Every shot had killed an ox. The man ceased from shooting, and from that day could rear his calves.

FORESEEING.

In Owschlag, near Sleswig, there were formerly some remarkable men. Among them there was one who could foresee and foretell funerals, weddings, etc. He must, when anything passed by his house in the night, rise from his bed and look at it; and if he lay too long and the

[1] Uet elk hues en Schäpel vull.

thing was passed, he must run after it until he got sight of it. The cause of this was, that he had once trodden on the tail of a howling dog and looked between his ears. At first this wonderful faculty afforded him much amusement, and to many persons he foretold a variety of incidents most accurately; though as he grew old it became burthensome to him. But he could not get rid of it or sleep in quiet, until he had worn his shirt turned for a whole year.

THE COMMUNION-CUP AT VIÖL.

As an inhabitant of Viöl was one night riding from Flensborg, he passed by a grave-mound where the underground folk were celebrating a great festival, and just in the act of sending round a large golden beaker, in which was a beverage in appearance resembling buttermilk. The peasant drew up his horse and knavishly entreated them to let him have a draught from the beaker. In the most cordial manner they handed it to him; but he, having got possession of it, cast the liquor behind him and galloped away. He soon heard a subterranean cry: "Dreibein (Three-legs) come out!" and on looking back, saw a monster close behind him; but his horse was swifter than Dreibein. He then heard many voices at once crying: "Zweibein (Two-legs) come out!" and saw another monster much more frightful and much swifter than Dreibein; yet was unable to overtake him. Then he heard them with one voice crying: "Einbein (One-leg) come out!" On turning again, he saw a third monster far far more hideous and larger than the preceding one, which came after him with gigantic springs, head over heels; and would have caught him, had not the door of his house luckily stood open; for scarcely had he slammed it to, when there stood Einbein banging against it; but was, nevertheless, forced to remain outside. On the following morning the

peasant found that the drink had singed off half of his horse's tail. The beaker he presented to the church, in fulfilment of a vow he made in his fright on seeing Einbein[1].

WHITE WOMEN.

Beneath the village of Sahrensdorf, in Femern, there dwelt in former times White-women, who gladly stole unbaptized children. As a protection against them, a light was burnt immediately after the birth of a child, which must constantly burn in the chamber until the child was christened.

[1] See vol. ii. pp. 140, 144, *sqq.*

NORTH GERMAN POPULAR TRADITIONS.

II.

MEKLENBURG, THE MARK, SAXONY, THURINGIA, BRUNSWICK, HANOVER, OLDENBURG, WESTPHALIA[1].

FRU GODE.

In the twelve days of Christmas Fru Gode makes her tour, and has been met by many a one. As a man was once busy with his horses in the stable, Fru Gode came, and handing him a stake, requested him to make a point to it. At first he refused, but, on her promising him a good reward, did what she required. When it was finished, she told him to gather up the chips that had fallen, which he did, and found them all pure gold.

Formerly much was related of Fru Gode, how she rode through the air with her dogs. When she had one day passed over a farm-yard, the farmer happening to go out,

[1] From Kuhn and Schwartz, Norddeutsche Sagen, Märchen u. Gebräuche. Leipsig, 1848, unless otherwise expressed.

found a little dog lying before his door. He took it in, and together with his wife fed and cherished it. But in the following year, and exactly at the same time, the dog suddenly disappeared, and in his bed there lay a large lump of gold. That must have been intended by Fru Gode for the farmer, who until then was a poor man, but now at once became rich.

The name of Fru Gode, though applied in the middle age to a female being, Grimm (D. M. p. 231) considers a corruption from Fro Woden (Dominus Woden). In her annual tour and transformation of the shavings into gold, she resembles Berhta. Fru Gauden was, as we are told (D. M. p. 877), a lady of consideration and wealth, who was so enthusiastically fond of the chase that she uttered the sinful words: "If I might always hunt, I would never wish to enter heaven." She had twenty-four daughters, all as mad as herself. One day, when mother and daughters were dashing in full gallop through field and forest, and in their wild joy uttered the profane words: "The chase is better than heaven!" behold! before the eyes of the mother the daughters' clothes are turned to hair, their arms to legs, and four-and-twenty hounds bark round the hunting car of the mother; four of which take the duty of the horses, the rest accompany the carriage, and away goes the wild group up into the clouds, there, between heaven and earth, to hunt, as they had wished, without cessation, from day to day, from year to year. Long have they been weary of their wild amusement, and deplore the sinful wish; but they must bear the consequences of their crime, until the hour comes for their release. Come it one day will, but when? no one can say. In the twelve days of Christmas (for at other times we mortals are not aware of her presence), Fru Gauden directs her course to the habitations of men; on Christmas night, or the last night of the year, she likes to traverse the streets of the village, and where she finds a house-door open, she sends in a little dog. In the morning a little dog comes wagging its tail to the inhabitant; it does no harm beyond disturbing the nocturnal quiet by its whining. It will be neither appeased nor driven away. If any one kills it, it will by day be changed into a stone, which, if thrown away, will return to the house and again become a dog. This dog will whine and moan during the whole year, bring disease and death to man and beast, and peril of fire on the house; and not till the return of the twelve days will the house regain its quiet. Hence every one takes especial care, both morning and evening, to keep the house-door well-closed. Some people were once foolish enough to kill the dog, but from that day they never prospered, and at length their house was burnt to the ground. More fortunate are they who render a service to Fru Gauden, who, in the darkness of the night,

sometimes misses her road, and finds herself in a crossway. Now a crossway is a stumbling-block to the good lady, and whenever she finds herself in one, she contrives to break some part of her chariot which she is unable to repair. On such an occasion she once came, clad like a stately dame, to the bedside of a serving-man, waked him and implored his aid. The man complied with her desire, followed her to the crossway, and found that one of the wheels of her vehicle had flown off. Having set her conveyance to rights, she desired him, by way of remuneration, to put into his pocket what appeared like ordure. The man was indignant at such a proposal, but allowed himself to be somewhat pacified on her assuring him that worthless as the present appeared, it would not prove so. On the strength of this assurance he was induced to take some with him, when lo! to his no small astonishment, by daybreak it began to glitter like burnished gold, and was in fact the purest gold!

THE KLABAUTERSMANNEKEN OR PÛKSE.

These beings take up their abode in houses, but particularly in mills and ships, where they live on the milk that is placed for them, in return for which they render all kinds of services: they milk the cows, curry the horses, work in the kitchen, wash the ship, help to weigh the anchor, and do a variety of other jobs. There is nothing to be more feared than the Klabautersmanneken leaving the ship. On which account great care must be taken not to leave a coat for them, or a pair of shoes, for then they would instantly leave the vessel. They wear a short red jacket, not in the best condition, and not always quite covering their nakedness, so that the heart sometimes melts at the sight of them. In houses they like to live in the timber-work, on which account, when pulling down a house, the beams ought not to be thrown away, but employed, as far as possible, in building the new house.

THE HORSE-MARE.

In Usedom there once lived a man, who had a horse that had always been vigorous and in good condition, but at once became meagre and lost strength; and notwithstanding that it was well fed, never could recover. This

appeared very singular to the owner, and he thought the matter over and over, but could not satisfy himself. At length he sent for a cunning man, who, on seeing the horse, said that he would soon find a remedy. He remained there that night, and at midnight went to the stable, stopt a knot-hole in the door, then fetched the owner of the horse, and they both entered the stable. To his great astonishment he there saw a woman of his acquaintance sitting on the horse, and, although she strove with all her might, unable to descend from it. It was the Horse-mare that was so caught. She besought them most earnestly to set her free, which they did, but only after she had promised never to repeat her visits[1].

A WOMAN-WERWOLF.

At Caseburg, on the isle of Usedom, a man and his wife were busy in the field making hay, when after some time the woman said to the man that she had no more peace, she could no longer stay, and went away. But she had previously desired her husband to promise, that if perchance a wild beast should come, he would throw his hat at it and then run away, that it might not hurt him. She had been gone only a little while, when a wolf came swimming across the Swine, and ran directly towards the haymakers. The man threw his hat at it, which the animal instantly tore to rags. But in the mean time a boy had run up with a pitchfork, and stabbed the wolf from behind, which in the same moment became changed; and all were not a little astonished, when they saw that it was the man's wife, whom the boy had killed.

THE HECKETHALER[2].

In Swinemünde there lived many years ago a man who

[1] See vol. ii. p. 170.

[2] From hecken, *to produce, hatch.*

had a 'Heckethaler,' which he obtained in the following manner. On New Year's night he went to the church door, having with him in a bag an entirely black he-cat, without even a single white hair. Taking the cat on his back, he walked backwards from the church door round the church, and his round being completed, knocked thrice. A man then came forth and inquired whether he would sell the cat?—"Yes"—"For how much?"—"For a dollar"—"That's too much; I'll give eight groschen"—"He is not to be had for that." Thereupon he went a second time in the same manner round the church, knocked again, the same man stept out, he repeated his question, and the man now offered sixteen groschen—"He is not to be had for that."—And now he went a third time backwards round the church, knocked again, the man again came forth; he demanded, and now received his dollar. Then throwing the bag with the cat in it on the ground, he ran as fast as he could back to his house. From that time let him pay out the dollar as often as he might, the moment the last groschen was spent, he had the entire dollar again in his pocket.

According to another account from Cottbus, we are informed that, if any one desires to have a Heckethaler, he must in the longest night put a black he-cat into a bag, which must be bound fast with ninety-nine knots. He must then go thrice round the church, and every time he comes to the door, call to the sacristan through the keyhole. At the third time the sacristan (and he is the devil) comes, when the man asks him whether he will buy a hare? and for the cat in the bag receives a dollar. He must then hasten to get into a house; for if the devil looses the knots and overtakes the seller, he is a lost man. The dollar so obtained is the Heckethaler, and is to be got rid of only by placing it in salt. From this superstition is evidently derived the proverb *to buy a cat in a bag*. The act of walking thrice round the church, in religious and superstitious ceremonies, is of remote antiquity.

MILK ABSTRACTED.

In Cascburg there was once a peasant whose cows would

yield no milk, however well he might feed them, so that he at last saw that they must be bewitched, and sent for a cunning man to aid him. The man came, went into the cowhouse, looked at the animals, and saw at once how matters stood—they were bewitched. He then took a walk about the village, in order to discover the witch, and in a neighbour's cowhouse, saw his wife standing close by the wall, which joined the aforesaid peasant's outhouses. Into the wall she had driven a broomstick, on which a pail was hung, and was milking the broomstick, which yielded milk like a natural udder. Thus was the witch discovered. He threatened to have her punished; and from that day the peasant's cows yielded milk.

Notwithstanding the burlesque character of the above, a superstition very near akin to it was known in Scotland, where witches were supposed to have it in their power to supply themselves with milk, by pulling at a hair-rope, as dairy-maids tug the teats of cattle, and using the following conjuration:—

"Mear's milk, and deer's milk,
And every beast that bears milk,
Atween St. Johnston and Dundee,
Come a' to me, come a' to me[1]."

WITCHES DISCOVERED.

At Neppermin, in Usedom, there lived two peasants, one of whom had been sick for three years and unable to rise from his bed; for on placing his foot on the ground, he suffered the most excruciating pain. The servants of the two peasants had strong suspicions that the wives of their masters were witches. To ascertain the point, they hid themselves on Walburgis night in the stove of the woman whose husband was sick. They had not been long there when six witches came, one as a swine, another as a cat, another as a hare with three legs, and the others under various forms; among whom were the two peasants'

[1] Chambers's Pop. Rh. p. 34.

wives. When they were all assembled, one said: "I am so hungry to-day, and know not how to satisfy my craving." Whereupon another answered: "Our neighbour opposite lies in childbed, let us fetch her infant and kill it;" and at the instant one hurried away, and soon returned with the babe. But now a knife was wanting. The sick man's wife then said: "For these three years past I have had a knife inserted in my husband's thigh, which I draw out every Walburgis night: I'll fetch that. If he but knew it, he could rise up." She then went into an adjoining room, and immediately returned with a knife not much less than a foot long. This they were just in the act of applying to the breast of the infant, when one of the men in the stove exclaimed "Lord Jesus!" at which the witches were scattered in all directions; but the man hastened to his master and related to him all that had passed. At first he was incredulous, but on rising he found he could walk without pain. On entering the room, they there found both the child and the knife, which the witches had left behind. The man then went and denounced his own wife, who confessed who the other witches were, and they were all condemned to the flames.

HÜNENSTEINE (GIANT-STONES).

All over the Ukermark are these gigantic stones to be found; but the neighbourhood of Prenzlau more particularly abounds in them; for it is there that the first church (the Marienkirche) was built in the country, for which reason the Hünen[1] hurled immense blocks of stone in that direction. Such a block lies in the vicinity of Sternhagen and Buchholz, on the heath, in which there is the impression of the five fingers of a giant, who would cast it from

[1] In these traditions a Hüne is identical with a Riese, Dan. Jætte, all signifying *giant*. The tradition of giants casting stones at churches is universal over all the North. See vol. ii. p. 158.

the Rhine to the above-named church. Many other similar stones lie about the fields of Wichmannsdorf and Berkholz, all of which are fragments of a huge block that had been hurled at Prenzlau by a giant, but burst in shivers on its passage.

A HORSE COMES OUT OF THE WATER.

In the neighbourhood of Jagow, as a peasant was ploughing late one Saturday, when the sun was already gone down, there came suddenly, out of a lake that lay close by his field, a horse with traces complete, which harnessed himself to the other horses, and then trotted off at such a rapid pace that one furrow after another was cut in the twinkling of an eye. The peasant followed breathless, the sweat running from his hair and face, and his horses were white with foam. In this way the horse continued for a full half hour, without a moment's rest, until he vanished by the same way that he came. The peasant then hastened home, and never again ploughed on a Saturday.

The above-mentioned being is evidently a German Nök. See vol. ii. pp. 20–22.

OLD FRICK.

Old Frick, or Fuik, is the devil's grandmother, and has frequently been heard making a great noise in the night. Many also have seen, and at once recognised her by the large dogs, which she always has with her; for when they barked, pure fire has issued from their mouths and nostrils.

In former times, when the Mill-laws[1] were in force, the people of Naugarten were obliged to send their corn to be ground to the mill at Boitzenburg. A peasant had once

[1] The *thirlage* of the Scottish law, by which every tenant was forced to take his grain to be ground at the lord's mill.

driven his corn thither, but having staid till it was rather late, did not reach home with his wagon-load of flour before dark. On his way he heard on a sudden a tremendous uproar, and immediately after, Old Frick with her dogs came thundering along. In his fright, the only way to save himself that occurred to him was to pour out the contents of his flour-sacks to the dogs, which instantly set to work, and in a twinkling most ravenously devoured every atom of flour. Had he not so done, it would have gone hard with him. Frightened and sad he hastened home, with his empty sacks, and said to his wife: "Mother, it has gone ill with me; I have met with Old Frick, and as quickly as I could have thrown out all the flour to her dogs, in order to get clear of them." "As the sacks are empty," said the wife, "they may be thrown aside." The man did accordingly, but what was his surprise, when, on coming to the same place on the following morning, there stood his sacks well-filled, just as when, on the preceding evening, he brought them from Boitzenburg!

THE WITCHES' RIDE.

There was once a peasant that had an old wife, who had a great partiality for her man Hans. One night, when the peasant was gone to bed, but the wife was alone in the kitchen, in came Hans, as usual, and saw how she was anointing first her grey he-cat and then her own feet with some ointment or salve. "What art thou doing there?" said he (for in his master's absence he always *thoued* her). "I am going to the Blocksberg," answered she, "and if thou canst keep from babbling, thou mayest go with me, and be my servant." Thereupon she desired him to fetch the black cock, and when both animals had been smeared with the ointment, there in one instant stood before them a

grey horse and a black stallion. The woman then seating herself on the grey, said:

"Up und davon,	Up and away,
nirgends an!"	nowhere run foul!

and away it went with her through the chimney. Hans now mounted his steed, and as she had told him he must do exactly as she did, he would also repeat her words, but had not well remembered them, and said:

"Up und davon,	Up and away,
alle weg an!"	all the way run foul!

then away went he also through the chimney, but during the journey bounced now against a tree, then against a rock, till he was bruised and excoriated from head to foot; but at length arrived at the Blocksberg. On their arrival the woman dismounted, and ordered Hans to hold the horses and remain with the other servants, of whom there was a considerable number. Hans did as he had been ordered, and after some time, was with all the others admitted to the feast, where he ate and drank to his heart's content; but when their orgies were about to commence, he and the rest were obliged to quit the place. At last, when all was over, Hans and his mistress again mounted their horses and returned home.

Some time after, Hans quarreled with his mistress and went to live with another master. When the time came round again for visiting the Blocksberg, he thought he would play the old woman a trick, and said to his companions: "If you would like to see how my old dame rides to the Blocksberg with the old alehouse-keeper, come with me." And saying this he led them to a cross-way, where a couple of harrows were standing, which they placed aslant against each other, and sat down under

them[1]. They had not been there long when a tramp of horses approached them. "See, see!" cried Hans, "that's the old woman on the grey, and the one behind on the black horse is the old alehouse-man." All now saw her, as they sat under the harrows, and at the same time remarked that she rode at first directly to the crossway, but then took a direction along one of the ways, as she could not pass across them. On the following day Hans was in the field, and on a sudden remarked that the old woman was on the point of making an attack upon him. In vain did he look around for a place of refuge, but there was no escape for him. Just in time, however, a way occurred to him: he took a cord, which he had at hand, wound it round his body, drew it between his legs and up over his back and shoulders to his front, and then tied both ends in a strong cross-knot; so that, both before and behind, he was *cross-bound*, and the old woman could do him no harm. When she drew near, and saw how he was secured, she gave him fair words: That he might again enter her service, and all should be forgotten. Hans, however, manifested no desire to return; and then she begged him at least to tell his companions that she did not ride on the grey horse the preceding night, and if he promised to do so, he should have twenty dollars. To this Hans consented, and received his money, and at night, while sitting with his companions over a jug of beer, he said: "Hear! I told you yesterday that the old woman rode on a grey horse; but that's not true; she rode only on her grey cat."

KOBOLDS, OR GOBLINS.

The Krampenbude, a fisher-house, about a German mile from Köpenick, on the Wendish Spree, is also called the

[1] See p. 22.

Kobold's house, because a Kobold formerly played his pranks there. His chief amusement was, when the fishermen at night were lying asleep, to lay them even. For this purpose, he would first draw them up till their heads all lay in a straight line; but then their legs would be out of the line, and he had to go to their feet, and pull them till the tips of their toes were all in a row. This game he would continue till broad daylight [1].

In the neighbourhood of Köpenick a man had a Kobold that had become troublesome to him. To get rid of him, he had resolved on changing his abode and leaving his unwelcome guest behind. On the evening previous to his removal, in passing along by the gutter, he saw the Kobold sitting by it, and asked him what he was doing? "Why," answered the Kobold, "I am washing out my rags, as we move to-morrow." The man then seeing that he must still keep the Kobold, took him along with him.

Of the Kobolds it is related that they take their abode in the unfrequented parts of a building, or in wood-houses. Their method of communicating to the master of the house their wish to live in his family, and to serve him, is somewhat remarkable. At night they bring shavings into the house, and put dung of every kind of cattle into the vessels filled with milk. If, on seeing all this, the master of the house neither sweeps away the shavings nor casts the dung out of the milk-vessels, but, together with his family, partakes of the foul milk, then will the Kobolds appear to him and abide with him. The grateful, modest, well-fed Kobolds bring to those that feed and harbour

[1] See vol. ii. p. 164.

them, corn, which they steal from the barns of their neighbours[1].

JACK O' LANTERNS WITH LONG LEGS.

As a peasant of Hermsdorf was returning home one evening late, he saw a Jack o' lantern, and being of a courageous nature went up to it. The Jack o' lantern, without much deliberation, took to his heels with the peasant close after him, who observed that he had most wonderfully long legs, and from top to toe consisted of glowing fire; but in the same instant he vanished, and the man could hardly find his path again in the thick darkness.

JACK O' LANTERNS DRIVEN AWAY BY CURSING.

In the neighbourhood of Storkow, as a clergyman with his servant was driving home one night late, they saw, on reaching a certain spot, a Jack o' lantern coming towards them, which merrily danced along before the horses. Sometimes there were several of them, and at last there came so many, that the horses became quite shy and fearful, and would not stir from the spot. The clergyman also felt uneasy, and began to pray aloud; but the more he prayed the more Jack o' lanterns came, so that the servant at length said: "Just leave that off; so they will never go; but I'll send them packing;" at the same time roaring out: "Will ye be off in the devil's name!" In a moment not a Jack o' lantern was to be seen.

A JACK O' LANTERN CAUGHT.

A cowherd near Rathenow, who had been all day on the heath with his cattle, on his return home at dark was not aware that one of his cows was missing. On dis-

[1] Dobeneck, vol. i. pp. 125 *sqq*.

covering his loss, he immediately went in search of her; but after seeking her here and there and all over the forest, without finding her, he sat down, overcome with fatigue, on the stump of an old tree, and prepared to smoke his pipe. While he was thus sitting there came all at once a countless multitude of Jack o' lanterns dancing wildly around him, so that he would have been not a little terrified, had he not been a courageous fellow. He remained, however, sitting quietly and filling his pipe, but just as he was about to light it, they began to fly about his head, so that he expected every moment they would singe his hair. He therefore seized his stick and began to strike about him; but the more he struck the more Jack o' lanterns came. At last he made a grasp at one of them, and found that he held in his hand a bone. This seemed to have scared the others, as they instantly disappeared; but the man put the bone into his pocket, lighted his pipe, and returned home. On the following morning he again drove out his herd, and also found the missing cow; but on his return in the evening, when it was already dark, he saw a couple of lights before his window, and supposing that a neighbour with a lantern was come to consult him about a sick cow, he opened the window and saw the entire village street full of Jack o' lanterns, which came in large bodies dancing and whirling about, and crying: "If you don't give us our comrade, we will burn your house!" He now first recollected the bone, and said: "Don't make such a stupid hubbub; surely the bone cannot be your comrade." But they cried yet more loudly: "If you don't give us our comrade, we will burn your house!" Thinking then the matter serious, he took the bone, laid it on the palm of his hand, and held it out of the window, when it instantly became a bright, flickering Jack o' lantern, and danced away, all the others surrounding it as in joy, and then merrily hopping and springing out of the village.

FRAU HARKE.

In former times Frau Harke had her abode on one of the highest of the Camern hills, which after her bears the name of the Frau Harkenberg, from whence she often descended, through the Frau Harkengrund (also named after her), to the lake of Schönfeld, for the purpose of fetching water. She was of immense stature and strength, and once took a ploughman, who was ploughing in a field near the mountain, together with his oxen and plough, up in her apron, to play with them. But when she showed them to her father, he ordered her to carry them all back to the place where she found them: "Because," said he, "if the little ones below yonder do not plough, the big ones up here cannot bake."

Once when carrying an apronful of earth, her apron-string gave way, and the earth fell on the ground, and that is now the Collenberg, the highest mountain in the neighbourhood, on which lay the huge block of granite, which she hurled at the church of Havelberg.

When the old oaks disappeared from the mountains, Frau Harke migrated to Thuringia. She is known also in Lower Saxony.

THE NICKELMANN, OR NICK.

Children should not go too near the water, because under its surface the black Nickelmann sits, who snaps at them. Above he is formed like a man, but below like a fish, and has very sharp teeth. His usual food is fishes, though he not unfrequently drags down human beings. In Thale they were formerly obliged annually to throw a black cock into the Bode; for if they omitted to do so, some one would certainly die within the year. The little black figures, in wooden boxes, which spring up when the box is opened, are in Ilseburg called Nickelmännlein (Nickelmannikins).

As the midwife in Westerhausen was sitting one evening in her room, some one tapped at her window, and requested her to come out. She went out, and there stood a Nick, who desired her to follow him. They both proceeded to the rivulet, where the Nick taking a rod, beat on the water, which immediately separated into two parts, and they went down dry-footed. Here she assisted the Nickel-wife in her hour of difficulty, who in gratitude told her, that if the Nick should ask her what remuneration she wished, she must not ask for money, but for some of the sweepings. She then went and took the infant to the bath, and heard the Nickelmann's children, five of whom were running about, ask their father: "Shall we break her neck[1]?" but their father forbade them. When the midwife had finished, the Nick asked her what remuneration she required, when she requested, as the wife had enjoined her, a little of the sweepings behind the door. "God has counselled thee to speak thus," said the Nickelmann, and gave her what she asked. He then conducted her home. When in her own house, she looked at the sweepings, and they had all become pure gold[2].

THE PRINCESS ILSE.

On the Ilsenstein there lived in ancient times a knight, who had a daughter of surpassing beauty named Ilse. She loved the knight that dwelt in the castle on the Westerberg opposite to them; but at that time the two mountains were not separated from each other by the present intervening valley. The father of the princess Ilse would not consent to her union with the knight, and as they saw each other daily, in spite of his prohibition, he, who was a mighty giant, struck the rock through the middle, and thereby caused the valley. In her despair Ilse cast herself down into the raging flood beneath, and

[1] See Grimm, D. M. p. 463.

[2] See vol. ii. pp. 128, 130.

gave it its name, and from that time she often appears in a long white robe, with a broad black hat, and is usually now known by the simple appellation of 'the Jungfer.' Formerly she was to be seen daily descending to a stone by the second Ilse-bridge, in which there was a deep hollow containing water, even in the driest seasons, in which she bathed. But the stone is no longer there, and she appears no more in the valley. Her last appearance is said to have been three hundred years ago, on Ascension day, in commemoration of which a festival was long held there on that day, to which people from all the neighbourhood flocked together, when a great fair was also held. There were also two bands of music, one on the Ilsenstein, the other on the Westerberg, in which the enchanted prince is confined; but the festival has fallen more and more into desuetude, and there is now only a little music on that day in the hostel ycleped 'The Trouts' (Zu den Forellen). But the general belief is, that the princess will mount to heaven on an Ascension day, and it is only a few years since that the peasants awaited the event from hour to hour. In Ilseburg Ascension day is held so sacred, that it is thought whoever sews or mends on it will be struck by lightning.

As a shepherd was once driving his flock over the Ilsenstein, and had stopt to rest for a while by a spring, leaning on his staff, the mountain suddenly opened—for in his staff, though without his knowledge, there was a *Springwurzel*,—and the princess stood before him. She commanded him to follow her, and when he was within, said to him that he might take as much gold as he desired. The shepherd crammed his pockets full, and when he had taken enough, was about to depart, when the princess called to him: "Do not forget the best!" But he, think-

ing she meant that he had not taken gold enough, filled his hat, while she alluded to his staff with the Springwurzel, which on entering he had placed against the wall. So that when he was going out, the rock suddenly closing, severed him in two.

A horse-boy lost a couple of his horses, and while he was out seeking them, and was sitting on the Ilsenstein crying, because he could not find them, the mountain suddenly opened, and before him stood the princess, who asked him why he was crying. He told her of his loss, and she ordered him to follow her. They then entered the mountain, and came into a vast stable, containing many horses, among others his own two. He was overjoyed at seeing them, and was leading them out, but the princess told him that he could not have them again, though she would give him for them gold enough to buy a hundred others. Saying this she filled his wallet, at the same time enjoining him not to open it before he had passed over the third Ilse-bridge. But being an inquisitive fellow, he was impatient to see how much she had given him, and on reaching the second bridge, could no longer withstand the temptation, opened the knapsack and——found in it nothing but horsedung. "What," thought he, "canst thou do with that?" at the same time throwing it into the Ilse; but hearing it go kling kling as it fell, he quickly looked into his knapsack, to see if any remained behind, and found some genuine pistoles.

Goethe, in Faust, makes one of the witches, on her way to the Blocksberg, pass over the Ilsenstein:

1*st W.* Welchen Weg kommst du her?

2*nd W.* Uebern Ilsenstein!
Da guckt' ich der Eule ins Nest hinein.
Die macht' ein Paar Augen!

Which way comest thou hither?

Over the Ilsenstein!
There I peep'd into the owl's nest.
She made a pair of eyes!

"The Springwurzel is a plant, that may be procured in the following manner: The nest of a green or black woodpecker, when it has young, must be stopt with a wooden plug. The bird on seeing it flies away, knowing where to find a wonderful root, which men would seek for in vain. This the bird bears in its bill, and holds it against the plug, which, as if driven by the most violent blow, instantly springs out. If the party has concealed himself, and at the bird's approach makes a great noise, it will be frightened and let the root fall. Some spread a white or red cloth under the nest, on which the bird will cast the root, after having made use of it." This superstition was known to Pliny.—See H. N. x. 18[1].

HANS VON HACKELNBERG.

Hans von Hackelnberg was chief huntsman in Brunswick, and loved the chase above all other worldly things. He rode a grey horse, the wildest animal that was anywhere to be found. From the Harz he went to the Hakel, and while there dreamt that he would come to his death through a wild boar. On the following day there was to be a great hunt, when he related his dream to his companions, adding scornfully, that it would, indeed, be something strange, if he were to perish through a wild boar. He then proceeded to the hunt and found a boar exactly resembling the one he had seen in his dream. He eagerly pursued it, and at length slew it, and shortly after returned home. While the boar was being cut up, Hackelnberg held the head aloft to contemplate that which was to occasion his death; but the head slipped out of his hand, and one of the tusks wounded him so severely in the leg that it eventually cost him his life. From that time he hunts, with the cry of "hallo," and followed by his associates, up and down the Hakel.

[1] Grimm, D. M. p. 925.

According to another version of the story, the hunt was in the Harz, and Hackelnberg, yielding to the persuasions of his friends, stayed at home. On receiving the wound, Hackelnberg is made to say: "If I am to die from such a scratch, I would rather hunt for ever." But the wound became worse and worse, and he hastened back to Brunswick, but came only as far as the inn called the Klipperkrug, near Wülperode, where he laid himself down and died. His steel cap and the iron headpiece of his mule are still to be seen there. In the garden of the inn, which was formerly a churchyard, lies his gravestone, having on it the representation of a knight on a mule, with a short flowing mantle and high ruff, holding a riding-whip in his hand; near him two little dogs appear in the act of running. On the edge of the long-quadrangular stone is an inscription only partially legible, viz.——Domini 1581 den 13 Martii——. From that time Hackelnberg hunts, followed by a number of little dogs, up and down the Harz. Some say he is seen with two large bloodhounds galloping away; and it is further related that his love of the chase was so great, that he prayed that his portion of bliss might consist in being permitted to hunt for ever.

A man once mocked Hackelnberg, as he heard him riding through the air with his "hoho!" and was pursued by him to his own door, which he entered, and went rattling after him even into the hayloft, to which he had fled for security. There Hackelnberg threw a horse's leg to him. On the following morning the man died.

Another time some horse-boys, watching on the common by night, called after him as he came rushing by with his dogs; when rending a horse in pieces, he took one piece for himself, threw another to his dogs, and also gave a part to each of the horse-boys, saying:

Hast du helfen jagen,	If thou hast help'd to hunt,
sollst auch helfen knagen!	thou shalt also help to gnaw!

and then rode away. The boys who ate of the roast continued alive, but those who did not died shortly after.

Some others lying by a fire in the field one night as Hackelnberg passed by, called to him: "Half a horse!" whereat he threw a horse's leg down into the fire. They

then called to him to bring them some salt, which he was unable to do, and the horse's leg vanished.

At Rocklum, not far from Wolfenbüttel, there are several earth-mounds on an eminence, of one of which it is related, that Hackelnberg with the Wild Hunt once passing by, felt a grain of sand in his shoe, which he shook out, and thus formed the hillock. According to one tradition, Hackelnberg returns every seventh year, and makes his tour.

The following are the Westphalian traditions of Hackelnberg[1]:

Hackelbärend (as he is called) was a huntsman who hunted on Sundays, on account of which profanation he was, after his death, banished to the air, where, with his dogs, he must hunt both by day and night without any rest. According to some, he hunts only in the twelve nights of Christmas; according to others, always when the storm-wind howls; for which reason some call him the *Joljäger* (from jolen, *to howl*, or Yuletide?). On one of his progresses, Hackelnberg left one of his dogs behind in a barn at Isenstädt (bishopric of Minden). There the animal lay a whole year, every attempt to remove him proving fruitless; but when, in the following year, Hackelnberg with his Wild Hunt again passed by, the dog suddenly sprang up, and ran barking and yelling after the troop.

Two young fellows going one night from Bergkirchen, through the forest, to visit their sweethearts, heard in the air above them a wild noise of dogs and a voice at intervals crying "hoto, hoto!" This was Hackelblock, the wild huntsman, with his company. One of the young men was so rash as to call out, mocking him, "hoto, hoto!" at which Hackelblock approached, and with his

[1] Grimm, D. M. p. 873, from Weddigens Westfäl. Mag., Redekers Westfäl. Sagen, etc.

whole pack rode over him. Of the unfortunate young man not a trace could be found.

Hackelnberg rides in rain and storm through the Thuringian forest, but in preference through the Hackel (a forest between Halberstadt, Gröningen and Derenburg). On his deathbed he would hear nothing about heaven, and to the priest's exhortation said, that our Lord God might keep his heaven, provided only that he might continue to hunt. At which the priest exclaimed: "Then hunt until the last day!" A malediction now in the course of fulfilment. A faint barking or yelping in the air announces his approach; a screechowl flies before him, called by the people the *tutosel*. Wanderers, who fall in his way, throw themselves on their faces, and let him ride over them. Tutosel, it is said, was a nun, who after her death associated herself with Hackelnberg, and mingled her "uhu!" with his "huhu!"

Hackelnberg (according to another tradition) hunted on Sundays, and compelled all the peasants dependent on him to accompany him. One day there came two horsemen galloping up beside him, who commanded him to go with them. One of them, on his right, was fierce and wild of aspect, and from his horse's mouth and nostrils there sprang forth fire; while the rider on his left was of gentler and milder mien; but Hackelnberg turned to the wild one, who galloped off with him, and in whose company he must hunt until the last day. Others say that Hackelnberg lived in Sölling, not far from Uslar; that he led a pious life, but was so devoted to the chase, that on his deathbed he prayed to God that he would allow him, for his share of heaven, to hunt in Sölling till the day of judgement. His prayer was granted, and often in the forest is to be heard at night the baying of dogs and an appalling blast of horns. His grave is in Sölling; near him lie two black dogs.

The inconsistent diversity of place evidently shows that Hackelnberg is a mythic being; a name occurring in so many parts must be more than historic. The Westphalian form of the name, Hackelberend, I consider the oldest and most genuine. Hakolberand is unquestionably an Old Saxon denomination of Wôdan, which has been gradually corrupted into Hakkelberg, Hakkenberg, Hakkelblok, etc. The Meklenburg tradition of "Wod" (see p. 61) places this connection of the Wild Huntsman with Woden beyond a doubt[1].

WITCHES IN GITTELDE.

In Gittelde there were formerly many witches, and the houses which they inhabited might be known by fire often to be seen over the chimneys; for then Urian was sitting above, and brought them whatever they required.

There was once a witch there, who had a serving-man named Hans, who was always driving in great loads of wood, but yet never observed that any was ever burnt, and that, nevertheless, eatables were always at hand. He resolved on knowing how this came to pass; so while the others were gone to church, he feigned to go with them, but returned and entered the house by a back-door, and then hid himself under a tub in the kitchen. He had not been there long, when one came, and called: "Hei kucket, hei kucket." "They are all at church," said the mistress; but the call was repeated: "Hei kucket, hei kucket, shall I wring his neck?" "Ah, what is it you want?" said the woman, "I tell you they are all in church." The voice now asked: "What will you eat?" "Baked pears," answered the woman, and instantly they were hissing in the dish which she held out. She next requested to have dumplings, then sauerkraut, both of which were immediately given to her. Hans was a witness of all this, but kept quite still, and at length stole out. When they were all at table he said: "I am so unwell, I am so unwell," and would eat nothing, but was afterwards forced to take something. When they had eaten, the woman drew him

[1] Grimm, D. M. p. 875.

aside and asked him why he had refused to eat, when he told her he had witnessed all that had passed, and would go and inform against her. But she prayed him not to do so, promised to give him a good sum of money, and also to instruct him in witchcraft. Hans accepted the money, and yielded to her persuasions. The woman then ordered him to go and buy a new pot. He did so, and on his return she told him to sit on it and say: "I believe in this pot," etc. But Hans, placing himself upon it, said: "I believe in God," etc. At which the pot burst into shivers and a large frog appeared sitting beneath it. Hans thereupon went instantly and informed against the woman. An immense pile was then raised, whereon to burn the old witch, who, when placed upon it, cried out to Hans: "Thou hast eaten mice instead of baked pears, thou hast eaten spiders instead of dumplings, thou hast eaten worms instead of sauerkraut!" The flames then closed upon her.

THE MONK OF THE MINES.

In the mines about Clausthal and Andreasberg a spectre was formerly seen, who was denominated the Bergmönch. He was clad as a monk, but was of gigantic stature, and always carried in his hand a large tallow candle, which never went out. When the miners entered in the morning, he would stand at the aperture with his light, letting them pass under it; in the shafts, too, they often met him.

The Bergmönch was formerly a bergmaster or director, who took such delight in mining, that, when at the point of death, he prayed that, instead of happy rest in heaven, he might wander about till the last day, over hill and dale, in pits and shafts, and superintend the mining. He appears to the men in the dress of a bergmaster, with a silver mining lamp. To those towards whom he is well-disposed he renders many kind services, and appears to them in a human form and of ordinary stature; while to others he appears in his true form. His eyes sprout forth flames, and are like coach-wheels; his legs are like spiders' webs[1].

[1] Harrys, ii. No. 2.

THE DEMONS OF THE MINE.

As a miner was one day working in a shaft, there came to him a little man clad in white, with a light in his hand, who beckoned to him to follow him. He did so, and they came into a spacious hall, where a number of persons were sitting, all attired like the little man, and eating and drinking. A cup of wine was also handed to the miner, to whom, when he had been hospitably treated, the little man gave a gold pin, telling him, that if any one should take it from him, he had only to let him know, and he would wring the neck of him who had taken it, and get the pin for him again. He then conducted him out of the mountain and vanished. When the miner returned home, all appeared strange to him, he knew no one that he met, and no one knew him; he then went to the clergyman, who looked through the church book, when it proved that he had been three ages of man down in the bowels of the earth with the spirits, though to him it seemed but a few hours. But the chief officer of the mines, when he heard the man's narrative, was seized with a longing after the gold pin, and when the man refused to give it him, had it taken from him by force. The miner then returned to the mine and made his complaint to the little white man, who went immediately, wrung the officer's neck, and restored to the man his pin, by which he became so wealthy, that he had enough for his whole life.

THE NIGHT-RAVEN, OR ETERNAL WAGONER.

In the night the 'hor, hor,' or 'hrok, hrok' of the night-raven is frequently to be heard. This bird is much larger than the common raven, and almost as large as a full-grown hen. By some he is called the Eternal Wagoner, who also say that he wished, for his share of heaven, to drive to all eternity; and he accordingly drives without cessation, sitting on the middle horse of the celestial wain,

of which the four large stars behind are the four wheels, but the three foremost stars, which stand in a crooked line, the three horses; and the little star over the middlemost is the eternal wagoner. He guides the horses, and as the wagon always goes in a circle, they do not stand in a right line with one another, but in a curve, being always on the turn. Before midnight the wagon is said to be going out, when the pole inclines upwards; and after midnight it goes home, and then the pole inclines downwards[1].

FRAU HULLE (HOLDA, HULDE).

In the popular traditions of Germany, Holda (Hulda, Holle) appears as a superior being, favourably disposed towards mankind, and angry only when she perceives any disorder or neglect in housewifery. The German traditions relative to Holda are current chiefly in Hesse and Thuringia. She is believed to influence the atmospheric phenomena. When the sun shines, Holda is said to be combing her hair; when it snows, she is making her bed[2]. She likes to dwell in lakes and fountains. At noon she is to be seen as a beautiful, fair woman, bathing in the stream and then vanishing. Mortals arrive at her dwelling through a fountain. She rides in a chariot, which she once caused a countryman to repair for her, the chips from which, when collected, proved to be solid gold. Her annual visit, which takes place during the twelve days of Christmas, when spirits are said to wander, and animals, such as the wolf, are not to be mentioned by name[3], brings fruitfulness to the land. Like Woden, Holda also traverses the air, and, like him, belongs to the Wild Hunt. Hence the notion that the witches ride in company with Holda. According to the popular belief, the souls of unbaptized children are received into the Wild Hunt,

[1] See p. 58. [2] Kinder und Hausmärchen, 24. [3] See vol. ii. p. 83.

and fall to the share of the heathen deities, Woden or Holda.

To this idea of Holda it is, no doubt, to be attributed, that, instead of a divine form, she is made to assume that of an ugly, long-nosed, long-toothed crone, with matted, shaggy hair. "He has been riding with Holle" is said of a person whose hair is uncombed and bristling.

Holda is also described as an encourager of spinning. To industrious lasses she gives spindles, and in the night spins their spool full; while she burns or dirties the wheels of idle spinners. An industrious, good girl, whose spool fell into her fountain, she rewarded with a shower of gold. When she goes her round at Christmas all the spinning-wheels are plentifully furnished, and left standing for her; but by Shrove-tide, when she returns home, all must be spun off: at which season the spinning-wheels are put out of sight; because flax spun at Shrove-tide turns out ill, it being a holy time of rest. If she finds everything as it should be, she gives her blessing: "So many hairs so many good years;" in the opposite case, her malediction: "So many hairs so many bad years."

According to another German tradition, no flax should remain on the distaff during the twelve days of Christmas, lest Frau Holla should come. This is akin to the Danish superstition, that, from Yule-day to New year's day, nothing that runs round may be put in motion, consequently neither reel nor spindle[1].

Out of her fountain children come, and women who go down into it become healthy and fruitful. She appropriates to herself those that are drowned.

On account of these multifarious attributes, Holda was generally considered a divinity of much importance. Burchard, bishop of Worms, mentions it as the popular belief

[1] See vol. ii. p. 270, No. 10.

that on certain nights women rode with her on all kinds of animals, and were supposed to belong to her train[1].

As a woman was once going up the Kyffhäuser, in Thuringia, for the purpose of gathering brushwood, she saw, although it was only April, an old woman sitting and collecting cotton capsules, of which she had a large heap lying by her. But it being usual to collect these only in the height of summer, the woman was surprised, and asked the crone what she intended to do with them, as they were not yet fit for use. The old woman told her she might take with her as many as she wished, and that she would soon find a use for them; but the other would not believe her. She then gave the woman a whole apron-ful, and also put some into her basket. The woman then went to gather hazel-twigs, but on opening her apron, found she had pure gold pieces in it, as well as in the basket. Thereupon she ran back to the spot where the old woman had been sitting, but both she and the heap of capsules had disappeared.

As a man was going over a mountain late in the evening, he saw Frau Hulle sitting, busily occupied in stripping off flax capsules, of which she had a large heap lying before her. The man wished her a good evening; she thanked him courteously and said, he might put some of the capsules into his pocket and take them home. The man thanked her for her good will, but said he had plenty already, and therefore would not encumber himself. He had proceeded only a little way further, when something in his shoe began to give him pain, and on examination, he found in it some large particles of gold. These were the capsules, a few of which had fallen into his shoe.

[1] Grimm, D. M. p. 245. Müller, Gesch. der Altd. Relig. p. 122.

TRADITIONS OF THE KYFFHÄUSER.

In the Kyffhäuser the emperor Frederic Barbarossa exists in a state of enchantment. There he sits, with all his knights and squires, at a large table, through which his beard has grown. Beneath the mountain all is splendid and radiant with gold and precious stones; and although it is a subterranean cavern, it is as light as in the sunniest day. There are the most magnificent trees and shrubs, and through the middle of this paradise there flows a brook, from which if a handful of mud be taken, it will instantly become pure gold. Here a horseman constantly rides up and down; but others say he sits on a cock, and is very probably the evil one himself, who has effected all this enchantment. A shepherd one St. John's day entered the mountain when it was standing open, and beheld all its splendour with amazement. The horseman before-mentioned then made a sign to him to take some of the horse-meal, which he did, and which proved to be all gold.

Some musicians returning from a wedding, had to pass over the Kyffhäuser, when one among them, a mad-brained fellow, said: "Listen, friends—as we have played so much, we will play up something to the old emperor Frederic." The others at first refused, saying they were tired, but he talked them over so humorously, that they at length all struck up. When they ceased a young damsel stept out from the Erfurt gate, who brought them the old emperor's thanks, and gave to each, as a remembrance, a horse's head. All stared with astonishment as the young damsel disappeared, and began to reproach their mad companion for having stopt them for the sake of such a paltry reward, and threw their horses' heads far away from them. But their companion was as merry as ever, and kept his head, saying: "If it's good for nothing else, it will serve as a

joke with my old dame." They then went home, and the merry one clandestinely laid the head under the bolster. On waking in the morning he said to his wife: "Just look what a handsome present I have brought you from old Redbeard." She raised the bolster, and the man thought, now she will be finely frightened, but to his unutterable astonishment she drew forth a lump of gold, so heavy that she could hardly lift it.

Some say that the emperor Otto sits in the Kyffhäuser, and that a musician having one day met him near the mountain, the emperor ordered him to strike up a march, and gave him, when he had played it, three bones as a reward, which he was not to look at before he reached home, and then he found them turned to pure gold.

In the Kifhäuser, in Thuringia, sleeps Frederic Redbeard. He sits at a round stone table, supporting his head on his hand and nodding. His beard grows round the table, and has already made the circuit twice; when it shall have grown round a third time, the king will wake. On issuing from the mountain he will hang his shield on a withered tree, which will then become green, and a better time will ensue. Some have, however, seen him awake. Of a shepherd, who had played him a pleasing tune, he inquired: "Do the ravens still fly round the mountain?" and on the shepherd answering in the affirmative, he said: "Then must I sleep a hundred years longer." This shepherd was taken into the king's armoury, and was presented with the foot of a hand-basin of pure gold[1].

[1] Grimm, D. M. p. 907. The original sleeper both here and in the Odenberg was, no doubt, Odin (Wuotan), as appears from the inquiry about the ravens, which could hardly be objects of interest to the emperor Frederic Barbarossa.—Ib. Vorrede, p. xvi.

THE SMITH OF JÜTERBOGK [1].

In the little town of Jüterbogk there once dwelt a smith, of whom both young and old relate a wonderful story. This smith when a youth had a very strict father and faithfully observed God's commandments. He had travelled much and passed through many adventures, and was, moreover, skilful and active in his art beyond all belief. He possessed a chalybeate tincture that made every harness or mail coat impenetrable that was washed with it. He had been with the army of the emperor Frederic II., in which he had borne the office of imperial armourer, and had made the campaign of Milan and Apulia. There he had captured the standard of the city; and, after the death of the emperor, had returned home with a considerable treasure. He had seen good days, and afterwards evil ones, and was more than a hundred years old. Once, when sitting in his garden under an old pear-tree, there came a little grey man riding on an ass, who had previously often proved himself the smith's guardian spirit. The little man took up his quarters with the smith, and had his ass shod, which the smith willingly did without requiring any remuneration. The little man then said to Peter (for so the smith was named) that he should wish three wishes, but in so doing *not forget the best*. So —because his pears had often been stolen by thieves—he wished that whoever climbed up into his pear-tree might not be able to come down without his permission; and—because thefts had often been perpetrated in his apartment—he wished that no one might enter it without his permission, unless it were through the keyhole. At each of these foolish wishes, the little man reminded him *not to forget the best*; whereupon the smith uttered his third

[1] From Bechstein's Deutsches Märchenbuch. Leipzig, 1848, p. 44, and his Kiffhäusersagen.

wish, saying: "The best is a good *schnapps* (dram), and therefore I will wish that this flask may never be empty." "Thy wishes are granted," said the old man, then drew his hand over some bars of iron that were lying in the smithy, mounted his ass and rode away. The iron was found changed to bright silver. The smith, who had been so poor, was now rich again, and lived on and on in considerable comfort; for the never-failing cordial drops in the flask were, unknown to the smith, an elixir of life. At length, however, Death, who seemed to have forgotten him, knocked at his door. The smith, according to all appearance, was perfectly ready to go with him, and begged him to allow him a little refreshment, and to have the goodness to get him a few pears from the tree, which he could no longer climb on account of the weakness of age. Death then mounted the tree, but no sooner was he up than the smith cried out: "There stay!" for he felt a wish to live a little longer. Death now devoured every pear on the tree, and then began his fasts, until from hunger he consumed himself, even to his skin and hair, whence it is that he is now such a horrible dry skeleton. In the world no more beings died, neither men nor beasts, whereby no slight inconvenience was occasioned. But at length the smith went to Death, who was rattling in the tree, and agreed with him for a further respite. He then let Death loose. Urged by all the furies, Death now flew away and began to make a clearance in the world. Being unable to wreak his vengeance on the smith, he set the devil upon him, that he might fetch him. The fiend instantly commenced his journey, but the cunning smith smelt the brimstone at a distance, closed his door, held with his workmen a leather bag to the keyhole, and as Master Urian passed through—for by no other way could he enter the smithy—tied up the mouth of the bag, laid it on the anvil, and then with the heaviest hammers began

beating so unmercifully on the poor devil that he lost all sense of hearing and seeing, was become quite tender, and swore never to come again.

The smith now lived long in peace, until, when all his friends and acquaintance were dead, he became weary of living on earth. He therefore set out on his journey and proceeded to heaven, where he humbly knocked at the gate. St. Peter looked out, in whom Peter the smith recognised his patron and guardian spirit, who had often visibly rescued him from danger and difficulty, and had lastly granted him the three wishes. But now said St. Peter: "Take thyself hence; to thee is heaven closed: thou didst forget to wish for *the best*—for eternal happiness!" At this answer Peter turned away and resolved on trying his luck in the opposite realm, and returning downwards, soon found himself on the straight, broad and well-frequented road. But when the devil was informed that the smith of Jüterbogk was approaching, he slammed the door in his face, and placed his kingdom in a state of defence. So when the smith of Jüterbogk could not find an asylum either in heaven or hell, and had no inclination to return to the world, he went down into the Kiffhaüser, to his old master, the emperor Frederic. The old kaiser was delighted at seeing his armourer Peter, and immediately asked him whether the ravens still continued to fly about the tower of the ruined castle of Kiffhaüsen? And when Peter answered in the affirmative, old Redbeard heaved a sigh. But the smith remained in the mountain, and shoes the emperor's palfrey, and those of the noble damsels of his court, until the hour of the emperor's deliverance strikes, which will also be that of his own. And that will happen—the tradition tells us—when the ravens no longer fly round the mountain, and on the Rüthsfeld, near the Kiffhaüser, an old withered worn-out pear-tree again sends out shoots, bears foliage and blossoms. Then will

the emperor come forth with all his armed followers, will fight the great fight of deliverance, and hang his shield on the renovated tree; after which he will go with his companions into everlasting rest.

THE WUNDERBLUME (MIRACLE-FLOWER).

In the old castle of Questenberg there are still inestimable treasures, and many a one has thereby become rich. In Sangerhausen there was once a man, who, as he was passing across a field on his way to Questenberg, saw a beautiful flower, which he plucked, and proceeded on his way. When arrived in the village, he thought to himself: "So often as I have been in Questenberg, I have never yet been up to the old castle: I 'll go now." He did so, and when he reached it he observed a large iron door, on stepping towards which, it flew open, and he entered into a spacious vault. There he saw gold and silver lying in vast heaps, of which he first crammed his pockets full, and when they would hold no more, filled his hat. At this moment a voice was heard, saying: "Forget not the best!" But he went out, and as he was passing through the entrance, the door slammed to and crushed his heel, so that he was lame ever after. He had left the Wunderblume in the vault [1].

Another, who had also found the Wunderblume and likewise the iron door, fetched every day a silver coin of a quadrangular form, which he took to Nordhausen, and there disposed of for five dollars. But he soon thought: Why should I go so often? and then took two, and shortly after, three pieces, till at length he came with a wagon, but found no more.

In another account it is said, that the Wunderblume grows in the Johannisthal in Clausthal. Whoever is perfectly innocent, and to whom it is,

[1] See p. 89.

moreover, granted to find it by accident—for those that seek for it never find it—acquires the faculty, as long as he carries it about him, of making himself invisible, and of understanding the speech of animals.

A story, in most of its essential parts agreeing with the above, is related of King Abel's palace in Sleswig. See 'Die gelbe Blume' in Müllenhoff, No. 468. See also Grimm, D. M. p. 923.

THE WERWOLF'S GIRDLE.

Formerly there were persons who, by putting on a certain girdle, could change themselves into werwolves. A man in the neighbourhood of Steina, who had such a girdle, forgot once, when he was going out, to lock it up, as it was his custom to do. In his absence his little son chanced to find it, and buckled it round him, and was in an instant turned into such an animal, which to outward appearance resembled a bundle of pea-straw, and went rolling out like an unwieldy bear. When those who were in the room perceived this, they hurried forth and fetched the father, who came just in time to unbuckle the belt, before the child had done any mischief. The boy afterwards said, that when he had put on the girdle, he was seized with such a raging hunger, that he was ready to tear in pieces and devour all that came in his way.

TRADITIONS OF DWARFS.

Once upon a time, at a marriage feast, there was an abundance of all sorts of viands, but no sooner were they served up than they disappeared, so that the bride and bridegroom looked on each other in amazement, and laid their heads together, but finally resolved to go on serving the guests as long as anything remained to serve, and not let them depart with hungry stomachs. But when the company came to offer their presents, the dwarfs—for it was they who had helped to eat the dinner—took off their hats, when it appeared very evidently how the eatables had vanished with such rapidity; for the whole room

swarmed with those beings [1]. But if they had helped to eat, they helped also in bestowing presents, every one placing a piece of gold in the basket, which proved scarcely large enough to hold them all.

A farmer had a beautiful field of peas, but when he came to gather them, the pods were almost all empty, and when he set himself to watch, he heard a rustling, but saw no one. So one day he and his man went to the field together, having with them a rope, of which each taking an end, they ran up and down the field, and thus swept off their mist-caps (nebelkappen) from the heads of the dwarfs. Being thus captured, they had to pay the farmer dearly for his peas, before they could get their caps back; but no sooner had they got them than they were off with a 'hui!'

A dwarf came one day to a farmer and requested him to cut for him an ear of barley every day, telling him it should not be to his detriment. The farmer did so, going himself daily to cut the ear; and the dwarf came as regularly, took the ear on his back, and went away panting under his burthen. In the mean while the farmer's cattle became larger and fatter from day to day, though he gave them hardly any fodder. But one day the farmer having no time to spare, sent his man to cut the ear, who seeing the dwarf go panting away under it, laughed at him, and said that it was but an ear of barley, and that he had no occasion to pant so. This the dwarf took amiss, and never returned, while the farmer's cattle visibly grew leaner and leaner, and all the food that was given them was of no avail; the number of their ribs might have been counted.

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[1] See vol. ii. p. 134.

A dwarf came one day to a girl and gave her a distaff full of flax, on which there was enough for her whole life, provided she never spun it quite off. She spun from one year to another, and yet the distaff was always full, and she got so much yarn that she was constantly adding one piece of fine linen to another. At last she thought she might as well know what was beneath the flax, and why she might never spin it all off; and so she spun quicker and quicker, and had at length the end of it between her fingers. But under the flax there was nothing on the distaff, and the everlasting supply was irrecoverably gone.

TRADITIONS OF THE HÜBICHENSTEIN[1].

I.

THE DWARF KING.

In days of yore the Gübich was in the habit of making his appearance in the neighbourhood about the Hübichenstein, near Grund[2]; for deep under the Hübichenstein the dwarfs had their dwelling, and the Gübich was their king. He had shaggy hair like a bear, and a very ancient visage. So he formerly appeared to the people. On those to whom he was well-disposed he bestowed great riches; but to those who offended him, or otherwise excited his wrath, he caused much annoyance. He knew all the salutary plants in the Harz, and thereby restored many a one to health; but he never would allow any one to ascend the Hübichenstein[3].

The Gübich was of short stature, but could stretch him-

[1] This and the following traditions are from Harry's 'Sagen, Märchen und Legenden Niedersachsens.' Celle, 1840.

[2] A small town at the western extremity of the Harz, remarkable for its vast subterranean works for the draining of the mines.

[3] Those that went up were unable to descend; for having reached the summit, they were unable to move a foot, and on the following morning were found dashed to pieces beneath.

self out to a considerable length. Formerly he might appear in the upper world once in every hundred years; but now he may no longer do so.

Some say the Hübichenstein floated to its present site at the time of the Deluge; others that a giant found it in his shoe and shook it out there.

II.

THE ASCENT OF THE HÜBICHENSTEIN.

In the forest-house at Grund there dwelt in former times a forester, who lost his wife at a very early period, and had only one son. The youth was said to be both good and clever, only somewhat too inquisitive, as youths now-a-days are wont to be. This lad one day went out with some of his companions to take a walk in the wood, and on reaching the Hübichenstein their discourse turned upon its height, when one of them said, *that* could easily be ascertained by any one who would ascend it. Whereupon the forester's son remarked, that to ascend it was a trifling matter, and he would undertake the adventure, although the others strongly endeavoured to dissuade him; for whenever any one has ascended it, he has not been able to come down again, and on the following morning has been found lying at the foot dashed to atoms. To this story the forester's son gave no credit, but, laughing, said that he would be the first to do the deed, and would not allow himself to be held back. His task must have been hard enough, for what is now called the Little Hübichenstein was formerly much higher than that which is now called the Great Hübichenstein, and was therefore then named the Great Hübichenstein.

When standing on the summit he laughed at and jeered his friends, saying they appeared as diminutive as dwarfs. When he had stood thus for some time the wind began to blow and he thought it advisable to descend, but could not, being unable to move a foot; while those below were

unable to afford him the slightest aid. At length he besought his friends to grant him a last favour and shoot him down, that he might not fall alive. But this no one would do. Intelligence of the incident had now reached his father, who going to the spot saw with his own eyes his son standing on the Great Hübichenstein and without the means of helping him. He wept, tore his hair, and was almost frantic with grief, but all this availed nothing. When evening came on the sky was cloudy, the wind began to rage, and the rain fell in such torrents that no one could stand against it, and the people bore the old forester back to his house by force. When again at home he thought: "Thou wilt only do a benefit to thy child, and the merciful God will forgive thee." He then took his best rifle and again went forth to the Hübichenstein. When he was out of Grund the rain suddenly ceased, while over Grund it fell in torrents, all around being clear and the moon bright. On his way to the Hübichenstein he began to weep and to pray, and was quite overcome by anguish of heart and sorrow; when on a sudden a little man appeared close by him with a snow-white beard and leaning on a fir-branch. "Good luck to you," said the little man, and at the same time asked him why he was going so late into the wood. The forester felt somewhat terrified, but had no inclination to say whither he was going or for what purpose. The little man then asked him why he sighed so repeatedly, and what afflicted him so that the tears were constantly running down his cheeks; adding that he should impart the cause of his sorrow, and that all might yet be well. The forester was now more communicative, and informed him, if perchance he did not know it already, that he was the man whose son was standing fixed on the Hübichenstein; that the devil had tempted him to make the ascent; that the young man had implored every one for God's sake to shoot him down; but

that no one had been so compassionate; so that the task devolved on him; for he trusted that God would not regard it as a sin. For how could he wait until his own child should fall down alive and perish so miserably? He then began again to lament, and said that he had not merited such a calamity on his son, whom he had reared up with all care, kept him strictly to church and to school; that he was, moreover, so pious, and would not have vexed a child or trodden on a worm. He would rather have died with his beloved wife than lived to experience such an affliction, and be thus forsaken and have no child to close his eyes. This lament went to the old man's heart; but while the forester was yet speaking the little man suddenly vanished. The father now looked up to the peak of the Hübichenstein, placed himself at its foot and levelled his piece at his son, who called to him, beseeching him only to fire, and saying he feared not to leave the world at that moment. The forester was about to fire, when in one instant thousands of little men came springing forth from all the hedges and bushes. They hurried towards him, pelted him with fir-cones, made all sorts of faces at him, and beat him about the legs with thorns and briars. The more he strove to defend himself the worse it was, and they were so nimble that he could not catch a single one. In the midst of them stood the little man with the snow-white beard, egging the others on. At length the forester, seeing that he could do nothing, returned to his dwelling.

No sooner was he gone than all was uproar on the Hübichenstein, little men without number coming from all directions up the rock, all on iron ladders, that reached from the foot to the summit, and every one holding a brazen mining lamp in his hand; of these some were young, others old and with shaggy heads like a bear. The first that ascended was an old man with a snow-white

beard which reached to his breast, and holding a silver mining lamp that shone like the bright sun; on his head was a golden crown. He commanded the others and was their king.—This was the Gübich.

When on the summit, he said to the forester's son: "Who has ordered thee to ascend my stone? In strictness I ought to have thee thrown to the bottom, and never shall another so escape; but I have compassion on thy father, because he is a most worthy man."

The Gübich thereupon released him, and desired him to descend on one of the ladders; but his knees seemed almost broken. The Gübich then called one of his little men to him, who placing the youth on his shoulders, carried him down with the utmost ease. When they were descended, and the dwarf had set down his burthen, the Gübich, taking the young man's hand, conducted him into his palace under the Hübichenstein. They entered an apartment, the walls of which glittered with galena[1]; the roof consisted of a single piece of heavy spar, as white as snow, from which there hung a great crown light, composed wholly of crystal and precious stones of great magnitude; the floor was strewed with green fir-branches, and the pannels were resplendent with gold and gems. In the middle of the apartment stood a table of brown hæmatite[2], before which was a silver chair, sitting down on which the dwarf king desired the forester's son also to seat himself. With a silver hammer he then struck on the table, which gave forth so sweet a sound that the like was never heard on earth. In an instant a thousand little females entered, bearing in strawberries and raspberries, of which the Gübich invited the forester's son to partake. They then conversed together, while the little men and women per-

[1] Sulphuret of lead.

[2] Fibrous brown iron ore, 'brauner Glaskopf.'

formed some music. When the repast was over, the Gübich again struck the table with the silver hammer, and before the sweet tones had died away, the little women brought in vessels of solid silver; and the Gübich invited the young man to drink. He did so, but anything so excellent he had never before drunk.

When the forester's son was thus refreshed, the Gübich conducted him into another apartment, in which stood a large brewing copper full of guilders, as bright as if just issued from the mint.

The Gübich informed him that that was his treasure, which his subjects had to provide for him; that from it he had assisted many a poor person, and was not the enemy of man; but that people must leave him in peace. "If now thou wilt render me a service," added he, "thou shalt not repent it. Know that so long as the Great Hübichenstein continues to be *the Great*, I have authority on it, and may go about on the earth; but when the Great Hübichenstein becomes *the Little*, it will cost me my crown, and then I may rule only under the earth. Now the people are always shooting at hawks and buzzards up on the Hübichenstein, and that I cannot suffer; for if they strike the stone, a part crumbles off. If therefore thou wilt take care that no one injures the stone, thou shalt become a rich man, and mayest take from the brewing copper as much as thou wilt." The forester's son promised accordingly, and gave him his hand; then taking from the copper as much as he would, filled his pockets and his cap. The Gübich then conducted him into another apartment, in which there was a bed of moss prepared with the greatest care. The Gübich told him that he would wake him early in the morning, and wished him good night. He had not slept long when he awoke, and, on opening his eyes, saw that the morning was already

grey. On looking about him, he found he was lying at the foot of the Hübichenstein, with his cap full of guilders by his side, and his pockets also full of guilders.

His adventure he related to the authorities, and bestowed a portion of his riches on the poor, and built a church in Grund, where there had not previously been one. And the authorities made a law that no one should ascend the Hübichenstein, and no one there shoot at hawks or buzzards or ravens. And as long as the Great Hübichenstein continued unimpaired the Gübich resided there, and did much good and punished evil, and was seen by many.

But in the Thirty years' war, the imperialists, through wantonness, battered down the peak of the Great Hübichenstein with their artillery, from which time no one has ever seen the Gübich.

III.

THE SILVER FIR-CONE.

Very very long ago there dwelt in Grund a miner, who in the cupboard of his room had a fir-cone of pure silver, as natural as if it had grown on a tree. Now any one may well ask how a miner could get such a treasure? His story, as he has told it to many, was as follows:—

His great-grandfather, who was also a miner, was once sick for many weeks together, and it was a time of dearth, and the miners in those days had no allowance during sickness as at present; that custom having been introduced at a later period. He had seven children living, so that it may easily be imagined there was no superabundance of bread for them, or, indeed, of anything else. The miner and his wife were now quite disheartened. The wife, as she was one day standing before the door, thinking on what was to be done, resolved on going to the forest and gathering a basketful of fir-cones, in the hope of selling them, as they would at all events fetch something. She

set out accordingly, and when on her way to the forest, thinking of her sad fate, tears came into her eyes, and she sat down and wept, holding her hands before her face. Having thus sitten a while, on looking up she saw standing before her a little old man with a snow-white beard and clad in a singular garb, who had apparently been long gazing on her. He inquired the cause of her sorrow; she answered that he could not help her. But the little man, in a friendly tone, said, people were wont not to give credit to others for what they can do, and that she might confidently tell him the cause of her grief. Being thus encouraged, she related to him how her husband had been long sick, that they had seven children, and not a morsel of bread in the house, that they had pledged or sold everything, and that the owner would no longer suffer them to remain in the house; that she was then come out for the purpose of gathering a load of fir-cones, to enable them to buy some bread. The little man then strove to console her, bidding her be of good cheer, and saying that all would yet go well, and that if she wished for good fir-cones, she had only to go to the Hübichenstein, and not be afraid. He then bade her good morning and went into the thicket.

But the woman went to the Hübichenstein, where, having placed her basket on the ground, she began looking for fir-cones. No sooner had she begun her search than fir-cones fell about her on every side, and in such abundance that she at first thought that boys had concealed themselves in the Hübichenstein and were making sport with her, at the instigation of the little man. She therefore snatched up her basket and hurried away, not feeling desirous of having her eyes beaten out of her head. Though her fear was quite groundless; for all the cones had fallen into the basket; but persons in such affliction are heedless of what passes around them; so she left the

Hübichenstein and went to another spot, where she filled her basket, though she had no need to gather many more. On her way home, the basket, at every instant, grew heavier and heavier, so that she was obliged to rest many times before she reached her dwelling. Though this seemed to her very extraordinary, she entertained no suspicions, and, on reaching her home, went to empty her basket in the shed, with the intention of returning to the forest for more cones. But, to her unutterable astonishment, cones of pure silver fell from her basket. She resolved at once not to keep them, thinking they came there by no righteous means; "and who knows," thought she, "whether the little fellow is not Satan himself?" She then related to her husband all that had taken place, describing the little man, and asked him whether it could all be by fair means, and whether she might keep the cones? Her husband answered that she might keep them all, and that the little man was no doubt the Gübich, who had helped many a poor person.

On the following morning he would allow her no rest; she must go again to the forest; perhaps she might again meet with the Gübich, and have an opportunity of thanking him. And so it happened, for no sooner had she reached the spot than she saw the little man with the snow-white beard, who asked her whether on the preceding day she had not found beautiful fir-cones? When she began to thank him, and to tell him how she was now free from all her difficulties, the Gübich laughed and gave her a bunch of plants, of which she should make her husband a drink, by the virtue of which he would soon be well again. He then went again into the thicket. But the woman returned home, prepared the drink, and from that hour her husband became well, and they lived long and happy together. The silver they took to the mint and became immensely rich,

and did much good to many poor people. One of the cones they preserved as a remembrance, and that is the one which the miner had standing in his cupboard.

THE BELL-POND.

In the village of Moringen, near Göttingen, there is a garden, in which is a pond called the Opferteich. In ancient times public meetings were held in its vicinity, under a large oak, from the sacrifices at which the pond is said to have derived its name of the Opferteich, or sacrificial pond. It is very deep, has no visible afflux, but plentiful subterranean springs.

It is related that every year at Christmas, from the hour of twelve till one, a bell is heard tolling from its depth.

The knights of the Temple, who formerly had a house there, once had a new bell cast and hung in the church tower still in existence; but they forgot, before using it, to have it consecrated to divine service, and baptized according to ancient custom. It was their intention to use the bell, for the first time, for mass on Christmas eve; but hardly had it struck the first stroke, when it was torn away by a miraculous power, and projected, through the sound-hole of the tower, into the Opferteich. There it lies to this day; but every Christmas eve it rises to the surface, tolls, and sinks again. No fish can live in that water.

THE BELL AT COENHAUSEN.

In the church of Coenhausen, in the county of Dassel, there is a bell, on which is the following inscription: "I call the living, bewail the dead, and drive away thunder." The people of the place have, from time immemorial, placed great confidence in this bell, and believe that in a storm, as soon as the bell sounds, the thunder must cease.

THE CHILDREN OF HAMELN.

In the year 1284 the town of Hameln was intolerably infested with rats. One day there came a man to the town, most singularly clad, and no one knew from whence, who gave himself out for a rat-catcher, and offered, for a certain sum of money, to rid them of those noxious animals. The townsmen agreed to his proposal, and promised him the remuneration required. Thereupon the man drew forth a pipe, and piped, and in an instant the rats came hurrying forth from every house, cellar and corner, and in such numbers that the streets were over and over covered with them. The man then proceeded to the gate leading to Lachem and Aerzen, and, on reaching the Weser, tucked up his dress and walked into the river; and the rats, following his example, plunged into the water and were drowned. But no sooner were the townsmen relieved from their torment, than they repented of their promise, and on the plea that the man was a sorcerer, refused to pay him the stipulated remuneration. At this he was furious, and vowed vengeance.

On the 26th June, the day of St. John and St. Paul, when almost every Christian soul was in church, the sorcerer again entered the town, but this time in a different guise. He was clad as a huntsman, with a fire-red hat, and had a most terrific countenance. He struck up a tune, at which all the children were so fascinated, that they must needs follow him at every step. Slowly he marched up the narrow street leading to the east gate, with the children in great number after him; then, passing through the gate, proceeded to a mountain called the Koppelberg, in which they all disappeared.

This was witnessed by a nursery-maid, who related that the mountain opened, and as soon as the man with the children (to the number of a hundred and thirty) had

entered, closed again. Two little boys, it is said, remained behind, one of whom was blind, and could, therefore, only recount what he had heard, and the other dumb, who could only point out the spot where the calamity had taken place. Fathers and mothers now rushed out at the east gate, but when they came to the mountain, nothing was there observable but a small hollow, where the sorcerer had entered.

The street through which the sorcerer led the children is called the Bungenstrasse, because no music, no drum (Bunge) may be played in it. If a bridal procession passes through it, the music must cease until it is out of it. It is not many years since, that on the Koppelberg—now overgrown with thorns—two stone crosses were to be seen, which, it is said, were in remembrance of this event; the history of it is also sculptured on the wall of a house in the Bungengasse, as well as in many other places in the town, both in wood and stone. For a long time the town dated its public documents from this calamity.

Many are the relations of this event. See Grimm, D. S. i. p. 330.

THE WHITE GHOSTS IN THE LÜNINGSBERG.

Many years ago the White Ghosts in the Lüningsberg, near Aerzen, where the beautiful, level grass-plot lies amid verdant copses, were in the habit of playing by night at skittles, with golden skittles and golden bowls. It must have been a wondrous sight, when in the nocturnal darkness the glittering bowls were rolling swift as an arrow along the smooth, green turf, and the skittles fell with a clear, musical sound. It must have been a beauteous spectacle, when the moon, bright and full, stood over the forest, in the blue heaven, and illumined the oaks, beeches and firs, which encircled the mysterious skittle-ground. When the sounding skittles fell, the little party-coloured

birds in the trees have oftentimes been waked, and looked with inquisitive eyes from the branches; hares, roes, foxes and badgers have approached to look on, and all conducted themselves becomingly. The ghosts in the Lüningsberg had for a long time carried on their play, in which no one was willing to disturb them. The people in Aerzen had much to tell about the golden bowls and skittles; but no living soul had ever ventured into the forest by night; the terror was too great.

But there was a journeyman weaver, who had travelled and wandered much in foreign lands. On his return home, the miller's fair daughter, Anna, gave greater delight to his heart than all that he had seen in the world besides. Both were, however, wretchedly poor, and, therefore, unable to marry; but Henry, for such was his name, who was a daring young fellow, soon hit upon a project. "I will go to the Lüningsberg," said he, "when the ghosts are bowling at their golden skittles, and get hold of one of them." So one fine, mild night, he stole timidly and softly through the shrubs and fields, but on reaching the forest his heart beat violently. He approached the grass-plot, and now witnessed all that had been related to him. He saw how the little white spectres hurled with an arrow's speed their bright bowls along the verdant turf, which instantly came rolling back to them spontaneously; how the golden skittles fell with a tuneful clang. The fox also, and the badger, and the roe, and the hare, he saw sitting peaceably together, and the little birds merrily hopping to the sound among the branches. He crouched down as low as possible among the underwood on the heath, fearful of being discovered by the ghosts; but at the same time creeping nearer and nearer to the glittering skittles, till at length he could almost reach one with his hand. At this moment a vigorous bowl sent one of the skittles into the underwood in which Henry was concealed;

he seized it, crying "Anna! Anna!" and, with the precious booty, hurried breathless to the outlet of the forest. But the ghosts had heard his exclamation, their skittle is stolen, they lament its loss for a moment, and then, urged on by rage, pursue the audacious mortal, to inflict on him some terrible chastisement. Henry had, however, reached the meadow which lies beneath the Lüningsberg, and hastened towards the old, brittle trunk, which is laid across the Humme by way of bridge. The ghosts were close behind him, he could hear them breathe, an icy chill ran through his whole frame; he missed the narrow path, yet not dismayed, sprang into the Humme—to his salvation! "Lucky art thou," cried the ghosts, "in water we have no power; we could have seized thee on the tree-trunk, and would have wrung thy neck."

Breathless he reached the opposite bank, from which he saw the ghosts, like forms of mist, flitting to and fro; but they could find no crossing.

Henry and Anna soon had a merry wedding. Henry bought an old house, demolished it and built a new one on its site. The ghosts on the Lüningsberg from that time disappeared. At the present day the spot on the mountain is shown, where they played with golden skittles; and when the boys and girls of the place pass by the house on the Mühlbach, before which stands the large lime-tree, they whisper to each other: "That is the house that was built from the golden skittle of the ghosts in the Lüningsberg."

THE ROSE OF HILDESHEIM.

As the emperor Lewis the Pious[1] was one day hunting, he lost a cross that was filled with relics. On discovering his loss, he sent his attendants in all directions to search

[1] Or 'le Débonnaire,' as he is called by the French chroniclers.

for the holy treasure, and at the same time made a vow to build a church on the spot where it should be found. The men followed the trace of the hunt, and found, far in the forest, and in the midst of the snow, the cross hanging on a blooming wild rose-bush. They reported the miracle to the emperor, who immediately commanded a chapel to be erected there, with the altar on the spot where the cross was found on the bush. The rose flourished admirably on the sacred spot, and now, with its leafy shoots and branches, like a vine, covers the arches of the cathedral up to its very roof.

THE SMITH IN THE HÜGGEL.

Not far from Osnabrück is the Hüggel, which is said to have formerly abounded in gold and silver. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood tell of many wonders connected with the spacious cave contained in the mountain.

Where, on the rugged declivity of the hill, the road leads through the defile to the village of Hagen, there lived, in days of yore, a smith, who was not like other men, but nevertheless supplied his employers with the best workmanship. He was a faithful husband, a provident father to his children and servants, beneficent to strangers, and never suffered a poor wanderer to pass his door without relief. But one Sunday, as his wife was just coming from church, she was struck dead by lightning. At this the smith fell into despair, murmured against God, would not hear of comfort, nor even see his children again. At the expiration of a year he was attacked by a fatal malady, and when in his last moments, there came a stranger to him of venerable aspect, with a long, white beard, who conveyed him into the hollow cleft of the Hüggel, where, in atonement for his crime, and for the purifying of his soul, he should wander, and be the Metal-king, until the mountain yielded no more produce:

he should, moreover, rest by day, and by night continue to do good to his earthly brethren.

In the cool mine his kindly, beneficent disposition resumed its activity. Gold and silver, he well knew, did not contribute to make men happy, and he therefore toiled to extract from the poorest veins the more useful iron, and is said, in his earlier time, to have made many implements both domestic and agricultural. At a later period he limited his labour to the shoeing of horses. Before the cave a post was fixed, to which the country people tied their horses to be shod; not omitting, however, at the same time, to leave the regular price on a large stone that lay close by. But the smith was never seen, and remained undisturbed in his cave[1].

A rash young fellow, instigated by avarice, once ventured to enter into the cavern. He lighted his mining-lamp, took a bundle of twigs under his arm, and proceeded along under the cavern's lofty, blackened roof. He had now to choose between two ways, one right, the other left, and fortunately chose the right-hand one; but his provision of twigs, which he had taken to mark his way, was now exhausted; yet return and procure a new one he would not. At the end of the passage he came to an iron door, which, however, gave him but little trouble; for at a couple of vigorous strokes with his hammer it flew open; but the current that rushed forth extinguished his lamp. "Come in," cried a shrill, clear voice, that pierced his very soul. Half stupified, he stept forwards. From the arching of the roof and the side walls there shone a wondrous light; on the massive pillars and smooth walls there flitted curiously quivering figures backwards and forwards. The Metal-king, among a number of misshapen spirits of the mine, with attendants on each side,

[1] The reader of 'Kenilworth' will be here again reminded of Wayland Smith. See vol. ii. p. 119.

sat on a long block of pure silver, with a considerable heap of shining gold before them. "Come in, friend," exclaimed the same shrill voice; "sit down by side of me." There was a vacant seat there, but which did not seem to please the intruder. "But why so timid? Be bold, no harm shall befall thee; as thou hast come, so will we send thee back, and will, moreover, give thee a good lesson with thee on the way; if thou canst act according to which, thou mayest save something; if otherwise, all may be lost. Step up to this table." Pale as a corpse and with tottering steps he advanced to the table. "Discontent at the loss of thy goods and chattels," continued the Metal-king, "has misled thee to become dissolute, to neglect thy work, and to seek after forbidden treasures. Change thy stubborn disposition, and thou wilt turn stones into gold; cease from arrogance, and thou wilt have in thy coffers gold and silver in abundance. Thou desirest to have immense treasures at once, without any co-operation of thine; think only how perilous that is, and how often it is fruitless. Dig well thy field and garden, cultivate thy meadows and hills, and thou wilt gain to thyself mines of gold and silver."

When the Metal-king had thus spoken, there was heard a screaming as of ravens, and a hissing and crying as of night-owls, and a storm-wind came rushing against the man, and drove him forcibly and irresistibly forth, through the dark, damp passages. When he again found himself in the open air, he vowed to follow the old Hüggelman's counsel, but never again to visit him in his cave.

Some say that the Hüggelman's evil inclinations again returned, that he was no longer kindly disposed to the country people, but often threw up in the air red-hot ploughshares, thereby wantonly causing great terror among the peasantry; whence they concluded that the silver-mine was nearly exhausted.

THE DEER-STEALER.

In the Harz there was once an incorrigible deer-stealer. Whenever he knew that a head of game was anywhere to be had, it was no longer safe. He had heard that in Little Clausthal, at the hour of midnight, on Good Friday, a roe with her fawn appeared, which no one dared to shoot; but he only laughed at the superstitious tale; and one day, just before Easter, being in a jovial company, and the conversation turning on the roe of Little Clausthal, he declared his disbelief of the whole story, and turned it into ridicule, saying: "Who will wager that I don't shoot both the roe and her fawn, and have them for dinner on the first Easter-holiday?" The company strove to dissuade him from the attempt, but in vain; so on the Good Friday night he took his way to Little Clausthal. On reaching the pond he observed a thick mist hanging over it, which reached to the sky, and completely concealed the pond. In the mist he heard sounds like the voices of many persons whispering together, and strange forms seemed, from time to time, to issue from it. Along the road also many forms glided like unsubstantial shadows, all of which vanished in the mist that hovered over the pond; but he augured no evil. He crossed over and stationed himself at the end of the valley, behind a bush. Exactly at the time there came the roe with her fawn, and he shot the fawn. On seeing it fall, he sprang forwards, bound its feet together, slung it across his shoulder, and returned. When he reached the spot where the pond now is again, there stood, where the pond had been, a church, brilliantly lighted; a loud singing was heard from within, with the organ pealing forth at intervals. "This," thought he, "is most extraordinary; I will, however, just step in." On entering, he found the church full of people, but all of whom appeared as if they had been lying in the grave for ages; their garb, too, was of a fashion he had never

seen. He greeted the congregation, but no one thanked him, though some nodded, while others shook their heads, made signs to each other, and pointed with their fingers at him. The lights at the altar and in the chandeliers burned with a blue flame, and from the chalice on the altar a blue light trembled forth. The priest then appeared before the altar, but his speech was not that of earthly men; it was as if wind and thunder filled the whole edifice: from his mouth likewise there issued a blue flame. At once a crash was heard in the church, as if the very earth had split into shivers. The priest then pointed at him and cried: "Accursed Sabbath-breaker!" and the sprites placing themselves before him, howled forth the same words. He rushed headlong out of the church, stupified with fear and horror; and as he hurried forth, the door was slammed after him, so that his heels were stricken off. He reached the road, and there continued lying till morning. When he came to himself, there was the pond as it had ever been, but the fawn was away. He was sick to death, and could hardly drag himself home. After lying nine days he was just able to relate his adventure, and then died.

THE FREISCHÜTZ.

In former times there lived in Zellerfeld a gamekeeper, who was a Freischütz. During his apprenticeship he never had any luck in shooting, and on that account was very sad and disheartened. One day as he was walking quite inconsolable about his district, and almost resolved to throw up his calling, he met a man clad in green, who asked him why he appeared so disconsolate? When the young man had told him, he replied: "If that's all, it may easily be remedied, it only requires a little courage. I will put you in the way, comrade. Go to the communion, and keep the real body in your mouth, and when you come out of church, take your piece, go into the wood,

nail the real body to a tree, and fire at it thrice in the name of the devil. When you have so done, you may fire away into the blue sky, and bring down whatever you will[1]." The young man allowed himself to be seduced, and in this manner became a Freischütz. In his character of gamekeeper he would frequently show his dexterity by way of sport, and sometimes when in the long winter evenings he had company with him, he would ask them what they would eat? a roasted hare, or fawn, or a partridge? he would then take his gun, shoot out of the window and say: "Go into the garden," or, "go into the yard," or, "the street; there it lies." And when they went where he had said, there they found it. Not unfrequently, too, he would ask: "Where shall it lie?" and every time it would be found lying where they had said.

A person once requested him to teach him the art; but he would not until the other had sworn never to teach any one besides, or to reveal how he himself had become a Freischütz. He continued his course for many years. At last, when lying on his death-bed, he started suddenly up, rushed through the chamber like a maniac, crying: "No, devil! not yet! thou shalt not have me yet!" But to what purpose? In the midst of his crying he fell down dead; and on examination it appeared that his neck had been wrung, and around it there was a blue stripe like a blue string. It was now that the man above-mentioned related what had taken place between him and the gamekeeper.

THE OLDENBURG HORN[2].

In the year 990 after the birth of Christ, Count Otto[3]

[1] See vol. ii. p. 194.

[2] Dobeneck's Volksglauben, i. 83, from Hamelmann's Oldenburger Chronik, 1599, folio, where an engraving of the horn is given. See also Grimm, D. S. 541.

[3] In Kuhn and Schwartz (p. 280) the story is told of Count Anthony Günther.

ruled over the county of Oldenburg. Having, as a good sportsman, a great love for the chase, he set out, on the 20th July of the above-mentioned year, with many of his nobles and servants, on a hunting party, and would, in the first instance, seek for game in the forest of Bernefeuer. The count himself being in chase of a roe, and following it alone from the wood of Bernefeuer to the Osenberg, lost both sight and hearing of his attendants. On his white horse he stopt on the middle of the hill, and looked around him for his greyhounds, but could neither see nor hear a single one. He now said to himself (for the weather was excessively hot), "Oh God! if some one had but a draught of cool water to give me!" Scarcely had the count uttered the words when the Osenberg opened, and out of the cleft there came a beautiful damsel, well adorned, attired in goodly clothing, with fine tresses parted on her shoulders, a wreath of flowers on her head, and holding in her hand a costly silver-gilt vessel in the form of a hunting horn, of beautiful and cunning workmanship, granulated and exquisitely finished, and soldered together, and ornamented with many armorial bearings, that are now but little known, and with strange, unintelligible writing in the manner of the old antiques, and was altogether beautifully and curiously wrought. This, which was filled with some liquor, she presented to the count, praying him to drink from it to refresh himself.

The count having received the silver-gilded horn from the damsel, raised the cover and looked into it, but, on shaking it, was not pleased with the beverage, or whatever it might be, contained in it, and therefore declined the damsel's proffered drink. Whereupon she said: "My dear lord, drink only on my faith; for it will do you no harm, but will tend to your benefit;" assuring him, moreover, that if he would drink of it, it would go well with him and his, and thenceforth with the whole house of

Oldenburg, and the whole country would thrive and prosper. But, if the count would not believe her and would not drink out of it, that there would in future be no unity in the succeeding Oldenburg family. But as the count placed no faith in her words, and, not without good reason, had a great objection to drink, he swung the horn, which he was holding in his hand, behind him and poured out its contents, whereof a portion was splashed over the white horse, the hair of which, where it was sprinkled and wetted, fell off. On seeing this the maiden desired to have back her horn, but the count, still holding it in his hand, hastened down the hill, and on looking round, observed that the damsel had again entered the cleft; then feeling a terror from what had befallen him, he clapt spurs to his horse and galloped at full speed to his followers, to whom he related his adventure, showing them the horn, which he took with him to Oldenburg. And this horn, because it was obtained in so wonderful a manner, was regarded as a precious jewel both by him and all succeeding princes of the house of Oldenburg, and is even at this day preserved at Oldenburg, where I myself have often seen it. By many it is praised on account both of its workmanship and antiquity. So far the Oldenburg Chronicler.

In "Notes and Queries," No. 61, there is the following communication from Sir Walter C. Trevelyan respecting this celebrated horn:—

"The *Oldenburg Horn* is preserved among the antiquities in the gallery of the king of Denmark at Copenhagen. It is of silver gilt, and ornamented in paste with enamel. It is considered by the Danish antiquaries to be of the time of Christian I., in the latter half of the fifteenth century. There are engraved on it coats of arms and inscriptions, which show that it was made for King Christian I., in honour of the three kings, or wise men, on whose festival he used it at Cologne."

An inscription containing the names of the three 'kings of Cologne' seems not to have been unusual on horns of this description. (See vol. ii. p. 15.) The so-called Oldenburg Horn is now, as No. 1, preserved, among other objects of interest at Copenhagen, in the little palace of Rosenborg, a structure of Christian IV., after the designs of Inigo Jones.

THE CUCKOO—THE PLEIADES.

According to an old tradition, the cuckoo was once a baker's man, and therefore bears a dun-coloured plumage, appearing as if sprinkled with flour. In a time of dearth, he had stolen from the dough brought by the poor people to bake, and on drawing it thus diminished from the oven, was wont to cry out: "Gukuk!" (see, see!). For this our Lord, as a punishment, transformed him into a bird that ever repeats that cry. Hence the rimes,

Kukuk, beckenknecht[1],	Cuckoo, bakerman,
sag mir recht	tell me right
wie viel jahr ich leben soll?	how many years I shall live?[2]

In Ditmarschen the question *how long shall I live?* is asked of the cuckoo in the following terms,

Kukuk in Häwen,	Cuckoo in heaven,
Wo lang' schal ik läwen?	How long shall I live?
Sett dy in de gröne Grastyt	Set thee in the green grass-tide,
Un tell myn Jaerstyt.	And tell my years' tide.

In Lauenburg,

Kukuk,	Cuckoo,
Spekbuk,	Fat-paunch,
Ik bir dy:	I pray thee:
Seg my doch,	Tell me now,
Wo väel Joer	How many years
Läw' ik noch?	I yet shall live?[3]

Of the origin of the Pleiades the following is related. Jesus one day passing by a baker's shop, whence the fumes of new bread issued, sent one of his disciples in to beg a loaf. The baker himself refused; but his wife, who with her six daughters was standing at a little distance, gave him a

[1] Beckerknecht?
[2] Grimm, D. M. p. 641.
[3] Müllenhoff, p. 509. See also vol. ii. pp. 83, 107, 269.

loaf secretly; for which good deed they were placed in heaven as seven stars; but the baker was transformed to a cuckoo, which proclaims the spring from St. Tiburtius (April 14th) till St. John (June 24th), that is, as long as the seven stars are visible[1]. Traditions of the cuckoo are numerous throughout Europe.

[1] Grimm, D. M. p. 691.

NORTH GERMAN

CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS[1].

SHROVETIDE.

In the neighbourhood of Mellin, in the Altmark, they flog each other out of bed with rods. The party flogged must treat the flogger; hence every one rises as early as possible[2].

At Ilseburg in the Harz, on New Year's eve and Shrovetide, the youths go about the streets disguised and making a noise. Cakes are also baked there, on the eve of Ash Wednesday, of a triangular form. In some parts of Thuringia, in the neighbourhood of Wallhausen, these cakes are square, and are called kröppels. Throughout the whole Mark pancakes are baked at Shrovetide.

About Altenburg and some places in the Harz, there is no spinning on the eve of Ash Wednesday, lest Frau Holle should come. Some also say, lest they should have crooked cattle. In some places they say that if they spin on

[1] From Kuhn and Schwartz, unless otherwise expressed.

[2] This custom prevails over all Denmark, where the children use a particular kind of rod ornamented with gilt paper and ribands, and called a Fastelavnsriis (Shrovetide rod).

Shrove Tuesday night, between twelve and one o'clock, Frau Holle will come and sit on the hatchel. On the distaff of those that will spin, they set a little doll.

In some places in the neighbourhood of the Kyffhäuser, they make — particularly the thrashers — a little figure, carrying a flail, a rake, a bushel measure and a half-peck measure. This they place on a table, and collect gifts for it. The custom is now on the decline, the gens d'armes! having pronounced it idolatry.

At Shrovetide sauerkraut and smoked sausage (Knackwurst) are to be eaten. *Stendal.*

At Basum, near Osnabrück, there is throwing at cocks at Shrovetide.

CANDLEMAS.

When the sun shines on the altar on Candlemas day, there will be a second winter.

Many think it not right to spin at Candlemas. *Altmark.*

EASTER[1].

Almost everywhere in the north of Germany there is ball-play at Easter. At Landsberg on the Wartha, the 'Osterball' is celebrated. The holyday begins with leading an ass, dressed out for the occasion, about the town, with great rejoicings, having a rider on his back; all then proceed to the meadow, where the play takes place. Dancing and other amusements conclude the holyday.

At Camern on the Elbe the young men alone and the girls alone go the two Sundays preceding Easter, before the

[1] So called from the goddess Eastre, according to the testimony of Beda De Temp. Rat. c. xiii.), who says: "apud eos (Anglorum populos) Aprilis *Esturmonath*, qui nunc paschalis mensis interpretatur, quondam a *dea* illorum, quæ Eostra vocabatur, et cui in illo festa celebratur, nomen habuit; a cujus nomine nunc paschale tempus cognominant, consueto *antiquæ observationis* vocabulo gaudia novæ solennitatis vocantes."

houses of those who were married during the foregoing year, the former demanding the 'Kliese,' a wooden ball, and the latter the 'Brautball,' or Bride-ball, which is of considerable size and made of leather. On the second day of Easter they appear again before the door to receive the balls, and repeat some doggrel verses. The ball-play is played with the 'Kliese,' at which each one endeavours to drive the ball from his hole. The bride-ball is struck backwards and forwards until it is beaten to pieces.

At Warthe in the Ukermark the boys go about flogging the girls on the first day of Easter, in return for which they must give them fish and potatoes on the second feast-day; the boys providing the music for a dance.

In many places coloured Easter-eggs are given away, particularly by their sponsors to the children. In some places they are rolled down a declivity, when there is a race after them.

Easter-fires are lighted in many places, particularly in the North Harz (and sometimes in the South Harz), in the Altmark, Brunswick, Hanover and Westphalia. They are usually kindled on certain eminences and hills, which thence bear the name of 'Osterberge.' The manner of proceeding varies according to circumstances: where there are declivities, burning tar-barrels are rolled down. In the mining towns of the Harz the fire is usually kindled on Easter-eve, when a tree is commonly set up, surrounded with brushwood and burnt. In Grund they run about with torches.

If Easter-water is to be fetched, it must be only from a running stream, and against the current, and between midnight and sunrise. In Swinemünde they take it *with* the stream, repeating certain lines. In the neighbourhood of Woldegk in Meklenburg the maid-servants fetch Easter-water on Easter-morning, or on the preceding evening spread out linen cloths in the garden, and in the morn-

ing wash themselves with the dew, rain, or snow that has fallen on them. This preserves them from illness for the whole year. In Sachsenburg on the Unstrut they ride the horses into the water; then they will not be ill during all the year. The Easter-water has virtue only when, while drawing it, the wind is due east.

If it rains on Good Friday, the turf will be parched up three times during the year.

On Good Friday, after sunset, wreaths of elder should be twined and hung up in the houses: they will then not be struck by lightning. *Neukirchen near Chemnitz.*

On Good Friday one should not go into the garden, lest it cause caterpillars. *Stendal.*

On Maundy Thursday green kale should be eaten.

In the neighbourhood of Cammin the village boys hunt squirrels at Easter. They go into the forest, and when they have found one, they drive it with sticks and stones from tree to tree, until it falls down dead.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

Among children it is everywhere the custom to make April-fools. In Berlin the little ones are sent to the apothecary's to fetch crabs' blood or gnats' fat. This custom is prolonged to the end of the month.

MAY-DAY.

As soon as the first heralds of spring appear, the youth of Berlin issue from the gates to fetch may-flies and buttercups, both of which they exchange for pins. The may-flies they let fly again, singing,

Maikäferchen fliege,	May-chaferkin fly,
Dein Vater ist im Kriege,	Thy father 's in the war,
Deine Mutter ist in Pommerland,	Thy mother 's in Pomerania,
Pommerland ist abgebrannt!	Pomerania is all burnt!
Maikäferchen fliege.	May-chaferkin fly.

In the North Harz they say that the witches must dance away the snow on the Blocksberg on the 1st May. Also, that on 'Wolpern'-eve the great giant dances on the Blocksberg with the little dwarfs, that is, the devil with the witches. In many places it is a saying, that the witches return in the twelve days, then must the snow be away.

When the girls on the 1st May have not yet turned up their land, they get 'Walburgs'; that is, they make for them a scarecrow with a spade in its hand, and set it in the garden. *Ukermark and Mittelmark.*

If a man desires to know what sort of a wife he shall have, he must ride on Walpurg's night on a broomstick to the stable, and knock thrice, then go to the pigstye and hear what pig grunts, whether an old or a young one. His wife will be old or young accordingly. *Hassleben.*

On Christmas night, New Year's night, and Walpurg's night, no persons should go to bed, lest the witches should come and bewitch them. *Rauen.*

On Walpurg's eve no cat may be teazed nor admitted into a house: it may be a witch[1].

If a woman puts her petticoat on the hind part before, she will be secure against witchcraft.

If any one goes out unwashed on a Friday, the witches have power over him.

If any one wishes to see the witches, he must take an egg with him that was laid on Maundy Thursday and place himself in a crossway. Or he must go into the church on a Good Friday, but hasten out before the blessing. In Bergkirchen a man did so once, and saw three witches, one with a water-pot, one with a spinning-wheel, and the third with a corn-sieve, who all carried on their work during the sermon[2].

[1] Harrys, ii. p. viii.

[2] See vol. ii. p. 275. No. 54.

At Christmas, New Year and Michaelmas, a sithe or something sharp should be laid in the fodder; the witches can then do no harm to the cattle. *Mellin.*

In the night of the 1st May and on Michaelmas day the witches ride to the Blocksberg, and on the two following Sundays they go to church, where any one may see them, if he has with him rye from three fields; he will then see some with butter-tubs, some with milk-pails on their heads. But he must hasten out of the church before the blessing, else they will bewitch him in one way or other. *Güssefeld in the Altmark.*

On the night before the 1st May the witches ride on the tails of magpies to the Blocksberg; for which reason no magpies are seen on the 1st May, as they are not yet returned. *Güssefeld.*

If any one wishes to see the witches, he must place himself in a crossway on May-night, cut a piece of turf, and lay it on his head; they can then do him no harm[1]. *Scharzfeld.*

When lumps of feathers are found in the bed, it is said that the witches are sitting in it. They come on May-day before sunrise, and have often been seen in the Herring-market at Emden. When a witch issues forth, her body lies in bed as stiff as a flint-stone. *Moorhausen near Aurich.*

In Saterland a certain fungus is called witches' butter[2].

WHITSUNTIDE.

In Sannen they cut down willow-branches a fortnight before Easter, and then a wrestling-match takes place; the victor is proclaimed king, and receives from the little ones, that are unable to mount a horse without help, bridle money and mounting money.

[1] See vol. ii. p. 189.

[2] See vol. ii. p. 106.

In Stapel the Whitsuntide-willow is to be cut on the third Easter-day. At Whitsuntide there is a foot-race; the conqueror is declared king; the last in the race must carry the tarred rags with which the whips are smeared. Afterwards there is a horse-race, at which the king in the foot-race is first in the row, as the place of honour. Whoever falls from his horse must carry the tarred rags.

In Blumenhagen, near Vierraden, the stable-boys smack their whips in cadence on Whitsun-eve. On the first festival-day the so-called "Kantenreiten" takes place. A little loaf (Week) of white bread is set on a pole, and the one who first reaches it is king. The last must carry the tarred rags. The smacking of whips on Whitsun-eve is usual in many other places. In some villages the race is for a hat, handkerchief, etc.

In Saterland shooting at a bird is practised. He who shoots down the last is declared king, and receives a decorated hat, which he wears at the dance in the evening, and preserves till the next year. A similar shooting takes place in many other parts. In Hanover and Brunswick they shoot at a target; the best shooter is king, and nails the target to the gable of his roof.

In the villages of Brunswick everything at Whitsuntide is decorated with may (birch); sometimes also a May-bride adorned with flowers is to be seen, and in some places they make a May-king, who is completely concealed in sprigs of May. What they have collected they take to the Whitsuntide-field and there eat it. A May-king is usual in many other places.

ST. JOHN'S, OR MIDSUMMER, DAY.

In the South Harz and in Thuringia the so-called St. John's fires are common. In Edersleben, near Sangerhausen, the proceeding is as follows: A high pole is set up, on which a tar-barrel is placed, having a chain drawn

through it that reaches to the ground. When it is on fire they swing the barrel round the pole amid great rejoicing. In the neighbourhood of Baruth, down to recent times, St. John's fires were lighted, as well as in the Catholic parts of Westphalia.

In Gandersheim a tall fir is set up, which is completely stript to its summit; on this they hang handkerchiefs and the like, to be climbed for.

In Sachsenburg, on St. John's day, the children make a 'Rosenstock.' At night they barricade the street with a rope, on which they hang wreaths of birch and flowers. They also set birch-branches before the house and raise a large tree, round which they dance. Whoever will pass through the street must pay something, out of which the music and the birch are paid for. In the parts south of the Fürstenwald, there is, about the same time, a shooting for a hat, or a 'Rosenbaum.' A pole is raised, on which are streamers, a wreath and a crown, also handkerchiefs and the like, to be climbed for. The best climber up the 'Rosenbaum' is rewarded with a bouquet in his hat.

In the neighbourhood of the Kyffhäuser the girls throw at cocks.

In the 'Jantjenacht' (St. John's eve) the witches hold their meeting, at which they eat the berries of the mountain-ash. *Moorhausen and Nordmoor in E. Friesland.*

Treasures burn especially on St. John's night, and those who know how can raise them. *Ukermark.*

On St. John's day there should be fetched nothing green, it will cause cancer. Vegetables should be gathered the evening before. *Mellin in the Altmark.*

On St. John's day, between twelve and one o'clock, there grows in many places a hand out of the ground, which they call St. John's hand. Whoever possesses such a hand is lucky, as its stroke is good against all kinds of fluxions and other maladies. It is not to be confounded

with the so-called bear's-foot, a plant which also grows on St. John's day, and the roots of which have likewise the form of a hand. *Brodewin in the Ukermark.*

The Divining rod (Wünschelruthe) must be cut from a hazel backwards on St. John's day, and must then be bound on a child that has been baptized, and so receive the name of John. *Gramzow in the Ukermark.*

On St. John's day, between eleven and twelve o'clock, the beech-nuts open. If it then rains in them, the mast will fail; if the weather is fine, the mast will be good. The nuts then close up again. *Neighbourhood of Hessen-Oldendorf.*

If any one wishes to have a goblin (Kobold), he must go, on St. John's day, between twelve and one at noon, into the forest, to an ant-hill, on which he will find a bird sitting, to which he must speak certain words, when it will transform itself into a little fellow and jump into a bag held ready for the purpose, and in which he must carry him home, where he will perform all the work committed to him, with the utmost speed. *Perleberg.*

On St. John's day children should be weaned; then they will have good luck. *Stendal.*

On St. John's day, between eleven and twelve at noon, a burdock root should be dug up. Under it will be found a coal, which is good for many things. *Stendal.*

HARVEST CUSTOMS.

Formerly it was the custom at harvest to leave a bunch standing on the field, round which the reapers danced, throwing up their caps and crying: "Waul, Waul, Waul," or "Wôl, Wôl, Wôl." *Hageburg and environs of the Steinhudersee*[1].

Throughout the whole Ukermark, and in many of the parts adjacent, the custom prevails at the end of the rye-

[1] See Grimm, D. M. pp. 142, 143. Wôl is no doubt a corruption of Wôd (Woden).

harvest, and, in some places, at the carrying in of every kind of grain, to make a puppet out of the last sheaf, and either to carry it home rejoicing with the last load, or let it be borne to the village by the girl who is the last ready with her binding. In accordance with the one or the other of these usages, the custom is called *bringing the old man* (den ollen brengen), or it is said of the girl, *she has the old man* (dei het den ollen). Customs nearly akin to the above-mentioned prevail in several other places[1].

At Grochwitz, near Torgau, it is a saying at Bartholomew tide: "Now Herke is abroad, now we must get in our winter corn, else it will be spoiled."

At Heteborn, when the flax was not housed at Bartholomew tide, it was formerly the saying: "Frau Harke will come."

About Halberstadt they say that in the dog-days the crows do not drink.

When the rye is housed the storks depart, and all assemble on the Blocksberg, where they bite one of their number to death: *Brill near Aurich.*

ST. MICHAEL'S DAY.

On St. Michael's day no work is done in the field. *Ravensberg.* Nor is there any spinning. *Altmark.*

ST. MARTIN'S DAY.

In many places a roasted goose is the orthodox fare on St. Martin's day.

ST. ANDREW'S EVE[2].

On St. Andrew's eve the girls can cause their future sweethearts or husbands to appear to them in a dream.

[1] For old harvest customs in England, see Brockett's Gloss. of N. Country Words, *voce* Melldoll, and Halliwell's Archaic Dict. *voce* Mare.

[2] This title is from Harrys, ii. p. 25. The matter is from the Upper Harz, and oral.

For this purpose, before going to sleep, they repeat the following rimes:

Andreas-Abend ist heute,	St. Andrew's eve is to-day,
Schlafen alle Leute,	Sleep all people,
Schlafen alle Menschenkind,	Sleep all children of men,
Die zwischen Himmel und Erde sind,	Who are between heaven and earth,
Bis auf diesen einzigen Mann,	Except this only man,
Der mir zur Ehe werden kann.	Who may be mine in marriage.

If a girl desires to know in what neighbourhood the man dwells, who is one day to be her husband, she must go, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, in perfect silence, into the garden, shake the hedge, and repeat these words:

Erbzaun ich schüttel Dich,	Old hedge, I shake thee,
Ich rüttel Dich.	I jog thee.
Wo mein fein Liebchen wohnt, da regt[1] sichs.	Where my gentle lover dwells, there let there be stirring.
Kann er sich nicht selber melden,	If he cannot announce himself,
So lass nur ein Hündchen bellen.	Then only let a little dog bark.

Then will a dog be heard to bark in the neighbourhood where the future lover dwells.

The future husband may be also made to appear on St. Andrew's eve by the following process. At nightfall let a girl shut herself up naked in her sleeping room, take two beakers, and into one pour clear water, into the other wine. These let her place on the table, which is to be covered with white, and repeat the following words,

Dresmes	
Mein lieber Sankt Andres!	My dear Saint Andrew!
Lass doch vor mir erscheinen	Let now appear before me
Den Herzallerliebsten meinen.	My heart's most dearly beloved.
Soll er mir werden reich,	If he shall be rich,
Schenkt er mir eine Kanne Wein;	He will pour a cup of wine;
Soll er mir werden arm,	If he is to be poor,
So schenke mir eine Kanne Wasser.	Let him pour a cup of water.

[1] rege?

or,

Bettspond, ich trete Dich,	Bedstead, I tread thee,
Sankt Andres, ich bitt Dich :	Saint Andrew, I pray thee :
Lass doch erscheinen	Let now appear
Den Herzallerliebsten meinen.	My heart's most dearly beloved.
Soll ich mit ihm werden reich,	If I shall be rich with him,
Kommt er mit dem grünen Zweig ;	He will come with a green bough ;
Soll ich mit ihm werden arm,	If I shall be poor with him,
Kommt er mit dem Knaust Brod im Arm.	He will come with a crust of bread in his arm.

When that is done, the form of the future husband will enter at the door and drink out of one of the cups. If he is poor, he will drink of the water ; if rich, he will take the wine.

An over-curious girl once summoned her future husband in the above manner. Precisely as the clock struck twelve he appeared, drank of the wine, laid a three-edged dagger on the table and vanished. The girl put the dagger into her trunk. Some years after there came a man from a distant part to the town where the girl dwelt, bought property there, and married her. He was in fact the identical person whose form had already appeared to her. Some time after their marriage, the husband chanced to open the trunk, and there found the dagger, at the sight of which he became furious. "Thou art then the girl," cried he, "who years ago forced me to come hither from afar in the night ; and it was no dream. Die therefore !" and with these words he thrust the dagger into her heart.

Hence if the future husband, when he appears, lays such a thing on the table, it must be destroyed ; for if he again sees what he then brought with him, he will at least bear a grudge towards his wife, for having by her spell caused him so much anxiety and pain.

If any one wishes to know whether he (or she) will die in the following year, let him (or her) on St. Andrew's eve, before going to bed, make on the table a little pointed heap of flour. If on the following morning the heap has fallen asunder, the party will die.

On St. Andrew's eve it may also be learned which of the persons present love one another, or will one day be united. For this purpose a vessel with pure water is placed on a table, and on the water are laid little cups of silver foil inscribed with the names of the persons whose future is to be ascertained. These little cups are called 'nappelpfäng' (cup-pennies). If a young man's cup comes so near to that of a girl, that they both seem to cleave together, they will make a match. By the nappelpfängs it may also be seen, whether a loving pair will one day be legally united; in which experiment one of the cups represents the bride, one the bridegroom, and a third the priest. If the three come together so that the priest stands before the other two, the lovers may cherish the hope of being wedded.

On St. Andrew's eve young girls may ascertain what coloured hair their future husbands have. For this object there formerly prevailed, and probably still prevails, the so-called *hair-snatching*. If a girl wishes to know the colour of her future husband's hair, she must take hold of the latch of the door and thrice call out: "Gentle love, if thou lovest me, show thyself." She must then quickly open the door a little way, and make a rapid grasp out in the dark, and she will find in her hand a lock of her future mate's hair. But she must be quite alone in the house, and make the trial at night between the hours of eleven and twelve, and unknown to any one.

CHRISTMAS.

The custom is wide-spread among the country people

throughout the whole north of Germany of having a man on Christmas eve to enter the apartment, disguised with a long beard, and enveloped either in fur or in pea-straw, who asks the children whether they can pray, and, if they stand the trial, rewards them with apples, nuts and gingerbread (pepper-cakes); and, on the other hand, punishes those that have learned nothing. In the Middle Mark the name most generally given to this personage is De hêle Christ (the Holy Christ), or Knecht Ruprecht. In other parts he is called Hans Ruprecht, which is sometimes corrupted into Rumpknecht; in Meklenburg he is known as Rû Clâs (Rough Nicholas); in the Altmark and as far as East Friesland, as Bûr and Bullerclâs. He sometimes carries a long staff and a bag of ashes, and has little bells on his clothes. With the bag he beats those children who have not learned to pray, and is for that reason called also Aschenclâs. Sometimes he rides about on a white horse, and not unfrequently has with him a sort of Jack Pudding, as an attendant. Accompanied by fairies, as they call them, or men dressed as old women, with blackened faces, he appears in some places, and is occasionally attended by one enveloped in pea-straw, who is called the bear, and led by a long chain. In many places the 'Holy Christ,' —usually a young girl clad in white—who causes the youngsters to pray, and the rider on the white horse, appear as distinct persons. In some towns in Westphalia the white horse makes its appearance at Christmas or New Year's day. In Osnabrück it is called the Spanish horse.

On the isle of Usedom Ruprecht goes about at Christmas, making the children pray; but under this denomination three persons are comprised, one of whom bears a rod and a bag of ashes, another bears the 'Klapperbock,' which is a pole on which a goatskin is hung, surmounted by a goat's head of wood, to the under-jaw of which a line

is fastened, which passing through the upper one runs through the throat, so that when pulled by the bearer, the two jaws make a rattling together. With this Klapperbock those children that do not know how to pray are beaten. Last of all the third person appears riding on a white horse. In all these places Christmas presents, wrapt in almost countless coverings, are thrown at the door of the party to be gifted, the giver crying out: 'Jûlklapp.'

In the neighbourhood of Boitzenburg in the Ukermark, Winter and Summer formerly went about at Christmas, contending with each other for precedence. It was usually two old women by whom the contest was represented. Summer carried a sithe and a rake, Winter a flail, with which each indicated the labours to be performed in those two seasons. A peasant of Hardenbeck still retained in his memory the following fragment of their respective speeches:

Winter.

Ich bin der Winter stolz,	I am the winter proud,
Ich baue Brücken ohne Holz.	I build bridges without wood.

Summer.

Ich bin der Summer fein,	I am the summer fine,
Ich mähe mein Korn,	I mow my corn,
Und harke es wohl auf,	And rake it well together,
Und fahr es in die Scheun.	And carry it into the barn.

Winter.

Ich dresche das Korn und fahr es zur Stadt,	I thrash the corn and carry it to the city,
Dass jeder seine Nahrung davon hat.	That every one may have his sustenance therefrom.

Whoever is desirous of knowing how the weather will be in the coming year, must on Christmas eve take an onion, cut it through, and out of it make twelve cups, put salt into every one, and then place them in a row. The months corresponding to those cups in which the salt on

the following morning is found wet, will be wet, and the contrary. *Querfurt.*

If a girl desires to know of what condition her future lover will be, she must on Christmas night listen at the large kettle walled into the stove (Ofenblase). If the water in it makes a roaring noise, he will be a smith; and so, according to the various tones of the water, the several trades may be determined. *Edersleben near Sangerhausen.*

If straw be drawn at Christmas from the roof of an inherited dwelling, and taken to the barn and thrashed, and grains of corn be found in it, it betokens good luck for the coming year. *Ib.*

At Ellichausen, near Göttingen, they lay the fodder for the cattle at Christmas out in the open air: then will the cattle thrive well.

In the whole country between Adelepsen and Minden it is believed that the hop becomes green on Christmas night, and comes forth even from under the deepest snow, but that afterwards nothing more of it is to be seen. The same belief prevails in other places.

In the territory of Münster[1] the custom of *windowing* still exists. At Christmas the young men enter through the window to their sweethearts, and continue with them all night. The parents do not disturb them, knowing it will be a match. If the girl is averse to the suitor, she drives him out of the window with a broom. *From Delmenhorst.*

In Berlin the boys go about on the 'Weinachtsmarkt' selling what they call Waldteufel. These are cylinders of pasteboard open beneath, but above fastened with horsehair to a wooden handle, which when swung round, send forth a humming sound. Wooden rattles and paper flags are sold at the same time.

[1] Also in Holstein and Danish Friesland, though not limited to any particular season of the year.

At Christmas green kale should be fetched from the garden of the neighbour three doors off, and some of it given to every beast in the stalls. It protects them against witchcraft. *Camern.*

If at the Christmas festival a woman boils green kale, takes the ladle with which it was stirred, and goes with it, concealed under her apron, to the church-door, just as the priest is saying the Pater noster, she will discover who are the witches of the place, and that by their extraordinary, but otherwise invisible, head-gear. But she must stay for a moment only, else she runs the risk of being threatened and persecuted by the evil one. *Camern.*

All domestic utensils must at this time be kept in safe custody: not one of them should be lent out, though they are occasionally asked for by those who would injure the owner[1]. *Camern.*

If any one, with moderate fodder, will have sound and fat horses, let him take a bundle of hay, go with it on Christmas night at midnight thrice round the church, and give it to the horses. *Camern.*

THE NEW YEAR.

In many places, particularly in the Harz, and westward as far as the Weser, it is the custom on New Year's eve to fire guns, which they call shooting the new year[2].

In some parts of East Friesland they bake at the new year Nüjârskaukjes, a sort of thin cakes pressed into a mould of iron, in which the figures of a horse and other animals are represented.

In the Saterland it is the custom for the young men to bring into the house of the girls they wish to court, and also for neighbours to each other's houses, a 'Wêpelrôt' (called also a 'Tûnskêr') with these words:

[1] By witchcraft?

[2] This custom is universal also in Denmark.

Hier brang wi jô êne wêpelrôt ;	Here bring we you a wépelrót :
woi jü mi wet rêke,	if you will give me something,
so moije jô nit lang bedonkje.	you must not long consider.

Saying these words they usually fire off a pistol, and throw the Wêpelrôt into the house, and then run off with all speed. The people of the house then run after the thrower and endeavour to catch him. If they overtake him, he is brought back, and must either ride on the kettle-hook or drink water mixed with soot (rôtwasser). Afterwards they entertain him. The Wêpelrôt is made of a willow staff, on the top of which a garland in the form of a wheel is fastened, the spokes of which protrude through the circumference, and on their points have apples stuck. In the middle of the wheel there is a broad ornament of gold foil, from which issue over the whole garland thick, white, ray-like bunches of willow shavings.

In the neighbourhood of Görlitz and in the Ukermark, on New Year's eve, they lay straw-bands at meal-time under the table, on which they place their feet. When the meal is over, one of the party creeps on all-fours under the table, and another sits upon him and draws forth the straw-bands. These he takes into the garden and binds them round the trees : they will then bear well.

On New Year's eve quite fresh flax must be put on the distaff, and on New Year's morning a brand-new shirt of newly-spun linen should be put on. On New Year's eve also there must be no winding, else the reel would turn incessantly the whole year through. *Kirchboitzen near Hudemühlen.*

On New Year's day one must eat millet or herring; then one will have money throughout the year. Others eat of nine (or seven) different dishes, but among which there must be 'Mohnstriezel[1].' *Stendal.*

[1] A food made of pounded poppy-seeds mixed with white bread and milk.

Whoever sees his shadow without a head on the eve of St. Silvester, will die in the next year.

TWELFTHTIDE.

In many places it is said there may be no spinning at this season, but that feathers must be plucked. At Pechüle, near Luckenwalde, they say the tubes of the plucked feathers should be preserved, as they are good against moths, bugs and other vermin.

In the country between Hameln and Minden, and in other places, it is said that no dung should be carried out during the twelve days of Christmas (or Twelfths); else the cattle will be sick in the following year, or wolves will be drawn to the stall.

In some parts of Oldenburg it was formerly said that no wheel should turn during the twelve days; consequently there was neither spinning nor any carting out of dung. In some few houses all this is observed even at the present day. In such houses no sewing goes forward; but if it is indispensable, they go to a neighbour's.

In some places on the left bank of the Weser they say, that whoever spins or winds on Twelfth-day eve, or during the Twelfths, will get, instead of yarn, black-puddings or sausages. In other places they say, that those who spin during the Twelfths spin toads into the house.

Brooms bound during the Twelfths protect against witchcraft. When the cattle are first driven out in spring, such a broom should be laid on the threshold over which they have to pass; then nothing evil can harm them throughout the year. If a weasel has caused the udder of a cow to swell, it must be stroked thrice crosswise with such a broom, which must then in silence be laid under the crib; and so the cow will get well. *Prignitz.*

In the Twelfths thread should be spun, and broken

arms or legs be bound five or six times round with it, then they will speedily become sound. *Grochwitz.*

In the Twelfths a piece of yarn should be spun and wound the contrary way, through which if a child that is unquiet be put thrice it will be quiet. Or it may be put as many times through the steps of a ladder, or through its mother's wedding-dress. *Usedom.*

Into yarn spun during the Twelfths no moths will come. *Liepe near Rathenow.*

In the Twelfths neither baking utensils nor wood may lie before the oven. *Wredenhagen in Meklenburg.*

In the Twelfths no peas should be eaten. *Ukermark, Meklenburg, Thuringia.*

In the Twelfths, but especially on Christmas-day, green kale, pig's head and pudding (sausage) of lights should be eaten. *Ukermark.*

At Quatzow in Meklenburg the prohibitions during the Twelfths are still rigidly observed. Many animals may not be called by their right name, and, instead of *fox*, one must say *long-tail*; instead of *mouse*, *floor-runner* (Bönlöper), etc.[1] Whoever neglects so to do pays a fine, which is afterwards spent in drinking.

In the Havelland it is a saying, that in the Twelfths they have a calendar for the whole year; i. e. as the weather is during the twelve days, so it will be the whole year.

Those who wear linen made from yarn spun during the Twelfths will be devoured by the wolf. *Usedom and Wollin.*

Whatever is dreamed during the Twelfths will come to pass in the twelve months of the year. *Arnstadt.*

If hens are fattened with peas during the Twelfths, they will lay many eggs. *Camern.*

Animals, unless known to you, are not to be trusted during the Twelfths, as the witches often assume their forms, particularly those of cats, dogs, three-legged hares,

[1] See vol. ii. p. 83.

etc., in order to steal unobserved into houses and seek out their booty. If a person makes three crosses with his hand against them, he is safe from them. *Camern.*

To protect cattle against harm in the Twelfths, something of steel should be concealed in their provender, a sithe or the like; they should also be fed with stolen kale. *Grabow in Meklenburg.*

In the Twelfths magpies should be shot and burnt to a powder, which is good for the ague. *Lausitz.*

SUPERNATURAL BEINGS OF TWELFTHTIDE.

In the greater part of the north of Germany the belief is not yet wholly defunct, particularly among the peasantry, of the wandering of certain supernatural beings during the twelve days of Christmas; although, in place of the old heathenish idea with regard to such beings, we have now usually the harmless threat only of certain punishments for those who, by working, especially by spinning, violate the injunction to keep this time holily. The name, however, of these beings is, although often in mere joke, still combined with the threatened punishment, but the belief in them is now almost everywhere regarded as superstition; and not unfrequently, instead of the old prohibitory formula, a facetious one is used, like the following: "Those who do not spin in the Twelfth may not wind on the thirteenth."

In Usedom and Wollin they say, "the Waud will come," when all is not spun off.

In the Twelfths Frû Gode makes her tour and befouls the distaffs of those who have not spun all off on Twelfth-day. *Neighbourhood of Neu-Strelitz as far as Röbel.* In the territory of Schwerin the same is said of Frû Wôd; in Thymen and Godendorf, of Frû Wäs, or Frû Wäsen[1].

In the Twelfths Frû Gaue makes her tour at the head

[1] See pp. 74, 75, and vol. ii. p. 111, No. 48, and p. 270, No. 10.

of the Wild Hunt; on which account people keep their doors shut, and avoid going out at night, from the fear of meeting her[1]. *Grabow in Meklenburg.*

Frû Wägen (in some places Frû Gôden, Gôëd, Gôïk, Gôdke, Gôdsche) comes in the night and befouls the flax, if it be left on the distaff at night during the Twelfths. *Mechow, on the frontier of Meklenburg, etc.*

In some parts she is called the Fuik, the Fui, or the Fricke, in others, Frû Herken.

In some villages on the Huy they say that when between the old and the new year anything is left on the distaff, the 'Märtche' or 'Märtchen' will come.

THE MÂRT—MÂRTE—MÂRTEN—NACHTMÂRT (THE NIGHTMARE).

Under all these denominations is designated that spectral being which places itself on the breast of the sleeping, depriving them of the powers of motion and utterance. Its approach is heard like the gnawing of a mouse, or the soft tread of a cat. If any one puts on inherited gloves and seizes it, he can hold it fast; or if every aperture in the room be stopt, as soon as the sighing and groaning of the sleeper begin, the Mârt will be caught.

A powerful remedy against the pressure of the nightmare is to cross the arms and legs before going to sleep.

In the pines branches are often found quite curled together, having almost the appearance of nests. When it rains, persons should be careful not to pass under such branches; for whoever is touched with a rain-drop from one of these nests will in the night be oppressed with the 'Murraue[2].'

Of persons whose eyebrows grow together they say he (or she) is a Murraue[3].

[1] See p. 74.

[2] The Wendish name for the nightmare.

[3] See vol. ii. p. 169.

Murraues are both male and female, and are always Sunday's children[1]. If a Murraue presses any one, he must say he will give it something; it will then come on the following day and fetch the present. *Braunsdorf near Fürstenwald.*

The Murraue creeps up the body of the sleeper. Its weight is first felt on the feet, then on the belly, and lastly on the breast, when the sufferer can no longer move a limb. If the patient by chance surmises who it is, he must instantly address it by name; it must then make its retreat. *Teupitz.*

If the sufferer supposes it to be an acquaintance, he needs only to call it by name, and it will appear bodily.

It is good against the nightmare, when going to bed, to turn one's shoes with the toes outward from the bed[2].

When there are seven boys or seven girls in a family, one is a nightmare, unknown to him- (or her-) self[3].

DRÅK—KOBOLD—FIRE-DRAKE.

The Drâk appears as a fiery stripe passing through the air, as large as the pole that is placed across a cartload of hay. If a person on seeing him does not get under shelter, he will be befouled by him, and not get rid of the stench till long after. *Swinemünde.* He brings those persons something that have made a compact with him. *Barsinghausen on the Deister.*

The Drake (Trâch) is as large as a cauldron, and a person can very well sit in him, and fly with him to any desired spot. *Bockswiesen near Grund.*

The Kobold appears also as a fiery stripe with a broad head, which he usually shakes from one side to the other. If he enters a house and the serving-man takes a wheel off the wagon, he must burn himself out of the house.

[1] See vol. ii. pp. 203, 272, No. 33.

[2] See vol. ii. p. 272, No. 34.

[3] See p. 29.

On the earth the Kobold appears like a black cat. *Altmark.*

The Drake carries treasures through the air. If a person sees him, he must cry: "Halb part!" he will then bring him something. But he must take care to stand under a roof, or the Drake will cover him with filth, which he will not again get rid of. *Hassleben near Prenzlau.*

The Drake or Kobold traverses the air as a blue stripe, and brings corn. If a knife or a fire-steel be cast at him, he will burst, and must let fall that which he is carrying. *Pechüle near Luckenwald.*

The Drake has a head as large as a milk-pail, and a long tail. *Mürow.*

The Drake carries treasures through the air like a bird; whoever possesses him, he will lie with them in a cask like a calf. But the Kobold curries the horses, helps to draw when the cart is heavy, and takes care in general of everything belonging to the stable and carts. *W. Buchholz.*

The Kobold brings luck to those that possess him. The Drake brings all kinds of things, as cream, cheese, etc. A person must consign himself to him with his own blood. *Sachsenburg near Oldisleben.*

The Puks, Kobold, or Drake is a little fellow with red jacket and cap, who may be seen passing through the air as a fiery stripe. *Westliche Ukermark.*

The Fürdräk (Fire-drake) or Lütche Ole is the evil one. The Stepke, Fürdräk or Mertche are one. *Dalle on the Lüneburg Heath.*

If you desire to secure the Drake and compel him to yield up a part of that which he is carrying with him, two persons must place their legs across each other's, in silence, or draw off the fourth wheel of a wagon, and then hasten to get under a roof, else it will go badly.

In the Saterland they call the Kobold Alrûn [1], a deno-

[1] See Grimm, D. M. p. 1153.

mination which occurs also in East Friesland. According to the account of a woman in Nordmohr, he is a little fellow scarcely a foot high, whom they enclose in a 'spind[1]' and feed with biscuit and milk, whereby he becomes so strong that he can carry a whole load of rye in his mouth to his master. In Neustadt-Gödens it is a saying, when one has luck at play, that he has an Alrûn in his pocket.

The Bier-esel inhabits the cellar. He gets the beer into the house, rinses the bottles and glasses, washes down the tables and the like; for all which a can of beer must be set for him at night; else he would be angry and break everything. *Grochwitz near Torgau.*

DWARFS.

The most usual name for these in the north of Germany is 'Unnerêrdschke' (Subterraneans). In the Harz they call them 'Querje,' 'Querxe' (Dwarfs). In Scharrel, in the Saterland, they are called 'Olkers,' and are said to be buried in the old grave-mounds, for which reason the vessels found in these are called Olkerspött (Olker's pottery). They are also called 'Bargmänkes' (Hill-mannikins), or 'Erdmänkes' (Earth-mannikins).

When the dwarfs have stolen a child and left a changeling in its stead, this must not be touched with the hands, but the cradle must be overturned, so that it fall out, then with an old broom it should be swept out at the door, when the dwarfs will come and bring back the stolen child. Changelings are not more than twenty years old[2]. *Görlitz.*

In Bergkirchen the matting of the horses' manes is ascribed to the Subterraneans.

[1] A measure in Lüneburg equal to an eighth of a scheffel or bushel.

[2] Quite at variance with the preceding accounts. See pp. 13–15, and vol. ii. pp. 174, 175.

JACK O' LANTERNS.

In the south Altmark they call the Jack o' lanterns 'Dickepôten.' If a person prays as soon as he sees one, he draws it to him; if he curses, it retires[1]. In some parts they are called Huckepôten, and Tückbolde, and are said to have been persons that removed land-marks[2]. In the neighbourhood of Magdeburg they call them Lüchtemännekens. To cause them to appear, it is sufficient to call out "Ninove, Ninove."

Jack o' lanterns mislead persons, though they are sometimes serviceable. In many places they call them land-measurers[3], and are seen like figures of fire, or running to and fro with a red-hot measuring-rod. These are persons who have falsely sworn away land, or fraudulently measured it, or removed land-marks. They are frequently said to be the souls of unbaptized children, that have no rest in the grave, and must hover between heaven and earth[4]. They are also called running fires, and wild fires.

THE NIX.

The Nickelmann or Häkelmann sits in the water with a long well-hook, with which he drags children down, when they approach too near the water's edge. *Thale.*

When the water-fowl is heard to pipe in the Bode, some one must be drowned; the millers in Thale, therefore, as soon as they hear it, throw in a black hen.

When the tranquillity of the water is disturbed, either by angling or with nets, the Nix may frequently be heard to laugh and clap his hands; for somebody will be drowned. *Teupitz, Görlitz.*

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

Many assert that the Wild Huntsman and his train consist of the ghosts of deceased huntsmen.

[1] See p. 85.
[2] See vol. ii. p. 97.
[3] See p. 11, and vol. ii. p. 211.
[4] See vol. ii. p. 211, *note* [1].

The nocturnal huntsman carries his head under his arm, has many dogs with him, and as he goes takes the people along with him. If any one calls to him to bring him a piece of meat, he will find it at his door in the morning; but he can never rid himself of it again, unless by desiring the huntsman to bring salt [1], when the meat will disappear, and the hunter himself will not return. *Görlitz.*

In the Twelfths the Helljäger hunts on the earth, at other times he rides through the air. All doors should therefore be shut early, else three dogs will run into the house and stay in it till the next Twelfths [2]. *Moorhausmoor.*

THE DEVIL.

Never to miss one's aim in shooting, one must repeat:

Komm teufel und halte mir das thier,	Come, devil, and hold for me the game,
Ich gebe dir meine seele dafür.	I'll give thee my soul in return.

Or the communion-bread should be taken out of the mouth, and a gun loaded with it [3]. *Swinemünde.*

"The devil has thrashed peas upon him," is said of one whose face is pock-marked.

MARRIAGE.

When a bridal pair is going to church, it is the custom, before they leave the house, to throw a firebrand on the threshold over which they must pass. The mother of the bride strews dill in her shoes, saying:

Dille lass nicht Wille,	Dill cease not from will,
Salz lass nicht nach.	Salt relax not.

The bride and bridegroom also strew dill and salt in their shoes, as a protection against witchcraft. When before

[1] See p. 93.
[2] See pp. 59, *sq.*
[3] See p. 127.

the altar, they must stand as near together as possible, so that no one can see between them[1]. *Rauen.*

Marriages should take place in the full of the moon; then everything afterwards will be in full. Tuesdays and Fridays are particularly dedicated to marriages. *Stendal.*

At Marthe, near Templin, on a wedding-day, it was formerly the custom for three men, disguised as women, but with blackened faces, to come at midnight and play all sorts of pranks, and at last make the bride dance with them. A nearly similar custom existed also in other places.

On the wedding-night all the old pottery is to be thrown out before the door of the bride: the more shards the more luck. *Rauen.*

In the Saterland it was formerly a custom to put a ladle into the hands of a bride, as soon as she entered her husband's house, and to lead her thrice round the fire.

BIRTH AND BAPTISM.

When there is a new-born child in the house, nothing ought to be lent out; else the child will have nothing hereafter. *Mellin.*

In some towns it is a common practice on the birthday of a child to give it a cake with a *life's light* placed on it, which must not be extinguished, but allowed to burn to the end.

In the cradle of a new-born child there should be laid orant[2], blue marjoram, black cumin, a right shirt-sleeve and a left stocking; the 'Nickert' then cannot harm it. *Pechüle.*

If a child is born with a mole, it must be stroked with

[1] See vol. ii. p. 109, No. 10.

[2] Antirrhinum (snapdragon), or, according to others, marrubium (horehound).

the hand of a dead person of the other sex: as the dead decays, so will the mole pass away. Or go in the moon's increase to a crossway, look at the moon, at the same time stroking the mole with the hand, and say,

Alles was ich sehe nimmt zu,	All that I see increases,
alles was ich streiche nimmt ab.	all that I stroke decreases.

Swinemünde.

One ought not to go with an unbaptized child to any one: it brings misfortune to the house. *Stendal.*

DEATH AND BURIAL.

If the master of the house dies, one must go into the garden and shake the trees, saying: "The master is dead, the master is dead," else they will decay. In like manner a person must go to the beehive, knock, and repeat the same words, else the bees will fly away. *Rauen.*

When a person dies, the window must be opened, that the soul may fly out. If it is a man, a comb, a razor, and soap should be laid in the coffin. *Rauen.*

If a person dies in a house, there should be no baking in it on that day. *Rauen.*

If new-baked bread has a crack, one of the family will die soon. *Rauen.*

If a person is sick, it should be noticed, after supper, what direction the smoke of the candle, when blown out, takes: if towards the church, the person will die. *Swinemünde.*

The soul of a person that dies on shipboard passes into a bird: when it appears, it is to predict the death of another.

If it be wished to know whether an absent person is alive or dead, lay a piece of bread and a coal on the table, and exactly between both hold a darning needle suspended by a thread. If it moves more towards the bread, the

person is well; if towards the coal, he is dead. In a similar manner it may be ascertained whether a sick person will recover or die. *Rohrberg in the Altmark.*

WOUNDS, DISEASES, ETC.

If a person has wounded himself, let him cut in an upward direction a piece off from a branch of a fruit-tree, and apply it to the recent wound, so that the blood may adhere to it, and then lay it in some part of the house where it is quite dark, when the bleeding will cease. *Mellin.*

A charm against pain from a wound (*Swinemünde*).

Christus lag und schlief,	Christ lay and slept,
seine Wunden waren tief,	his wounds were deep,
sie kellten nicht,	they pained not,
sie schwellten nicht,	they swelled not,
also sollen diese Wunden auch sein.	so shall these wounds also be.
I. N. G. d. V. u. s. w.	In the name, etc.

Another:

Heil sind die Wunden,	Whole are the wounds,
heil sind die Stunden,	whole are the hours,
heilig ist der Tag,	holy is the day,
da Wunden und Wehtag schach.	when the wounds and illness befell.
I. N. G. u. s. w.	In the name, etc.

When a limb has been amputated, the charmer takes a twig from a broom, presses the wound together with it, wraps it in the bloody linen, and lays it in a dry place, saying:

Unserm Herrn Christus seine Wunden,	The wounds of our Lord Christ,
die werden nicht verbunden,	they are not bound,
aber diese Wunden, die werden verbunden.	but these wounds, they are bound.
I. N. G. u. s. w.	In the name, etc.

Swinemünde.

If any one has a cut-wound, let it be bound with adhesive plaster, cooled with vinegar and water, and the following words be uttered:

Du Blut des Lebens halte an,
wie Christus stand am Kreuzesstamm,
halt an du Blut die Ader dein,
weil Christus stand am Kreuzesstamm.
I. N. G. u. s. w.

Thou blood of life, stop!
as Christ stood at the cross's stem,
stop, thou blood, thy vein,
because Christ stood at the cross's stem.
In the name, etc.

Swinemünde.

To stanch blood (*Swinemünde*).

Ich ging über eine Brücke,
worunter drei Ströme liefen,
der erste hiess Gut,
der zweite hiess Blut,
der dritte hiess Eipipperjahn;
Blut du sollst stille stahn.
I. N. G. u. s. w. (Dreimal.)

I went over a bridge under which three streams ran,
the first was called Gut,
the second was called Blut (blood),
the third was called 'Eipipperjahn';
blood, thou shalt stand still.
In the name, etc. (*thrice.*)

Another (*Mellin*):

Es gingen drei Jungfern 'en hohlen Weg,
die erste nahm das runde,
die zweite nahm das *trull*,
die dritte drückt es nieder,
dass es nicht komme wieder.
I. N. G. u. s. w.

There went three maidens the hollow way,
the first took the round,
the second took the 'trull,'
the third pressed it down,
that it may not come again.
In the name, etc.

A Latin spell for bad eyes, quoted by Grimm (p. 1196), closely resembles this and also some of the following ones: "Juvat subnectere incantationis formulam, qua in Marchia Brandenburgensi atque adjacentibus regionibus in ophthalmia curanda uti solent anus decrepitæ, insanos ritus deperientes, quam quidem factis variis gesticulationibus ac digitis ante dolentes oculos ter decussatim motis, *rauco susurri amine* semel atque iterum *emutire* consuescunt, ita autem habent: 'Ibant aliquando *tres puellæ* in via virente, prima noverat remedium aliquod contra suffusionem oculorum, altera noverat aliquid contra albuginem, et tertia profecto contra inflammationem, eæque sanabant una ratione omnia.'" In nomine Patris, etc.

When a person has an ague, he must go to the church-

yard, and there take a bone from a grave. This, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, when all is quiet, he must burn in silence, and drink the coal in water: he will then get rid of the fever. *Nahmitz.*

When a person has an ague, he must go into the forest, walk round an oak, and say:

Goden abend du gode olle,	Good evening, thou good one old,
Ick brenge dî dat warme un dat kolle.	I bring thee the warm and the cold.

The fever will then depart. *Mittelmark.*

Or he may go to a river, dip the right foot in, and say:

In dies Wasser tret ich,	In this water step I,
Christi Blut anbet ich,	Christ's blood adore I,
dies Wasser und Christi Blut	this water and Christ's blood
ist für das sieben und siebenzigsterlei Fieber gut.[1]	is for the seventy-seventh fever[1] good.

This must be spoken thrice in the name of God, and water at the same time taken from the river and drunk: the fever will then go away. *Swinemünde.*

To write away an ague. Write the following on a leaf:

Der Fuchs ohne Lungen,	The fox without lungs,
der Storch ohne Zungen,	the stork without tongue,
die Taube ohne Gall	the dove without gall
hilft für das sieben und siebenzigsterlei Fieber all.	help for the seven and seventieth fever all.

If this leaf be worn round the neck, the fever will keep away.

For the 'Zahnrose' (Erysipelas in the teeth). (*Rauen*).

Es kam eine Jungfer aus Engelland[2],	There came a maiden from Engelland,
eine Rose trug sie in ihrer Hand,	a rose she carried in her hand,
bis die Sonne untergang,	when the sun went down,
die sieben und siebsigsterlei Zahnrose verschwand.	the seven and seventieth zahnrose disappeared.

[1] A fever probably that was to be allowed to continue for seventy-seven days before it was checked by the spell. [2] Angeln?

For the 'Hilge' (eruption) and the Rose (erysipelas) it is good to stroke them downwards, blow thrice on the cross, and say:

Es gingen drei Jungfern auf grünen Wegen,	There went three maidens on the green ways,
die eine pflückt die Blumen ab,	the first gathered flowers,
die zweite pflückt die Liljen ab,	the second gathered lilies,
die dritte trieb das Hilge unde die Rose ab.	the third drove away the 'hilge' and the rose.

Swinemünde.

To cure the Rose. Silently, and as well if after sunset, the wise man enters and examines the Rose, whether it is a running, 'brand[1],' or white Rose, and says accordingly:

Brand (laufende, weisse) Rose ick böte[2] dî,	'Brand' (running, white), Rose, I expel thee,
Im namen Gottes verstrikst du dî.	in God's name betake thee hence.
I. N. G. u. s. w.	In the name, etc.

At the same time making the sign of the cross three times over the diseased part. This he must repeat on three several days. It is particularly good to do it on Fridays. *Camern.*

To allay the 'Hilg' (MS. from *Swinemünde*).

Es gingen drei Jungfern an einen Berg,	There went three maidens to a hill,
Der eine hat es schmal, der andre hat es platt.	the one had it narrow, the other had it flat.
I. N. G. u. s. w.	In the name, etc.

To allay the tooth-ache (MS. from *Swinemünde*).

Du sollst nicht weh thun,	Thou shalt not ache,
du sollst nicht schellen,	thou shalt not break (scale, shell off),
du sollst nicht schwellen,	thou shalt not swell,
du sollst nicht ritten,	thou shalt not torture (tear, rend),
du sollst nicht splitten,	thou shalt not split,
du sollst nicht weh thun.	thou shalt not ache.
I. N. G. u. s. w.	In the name, etc.

[1] Inflammatory.

[2] Mhg. büefsen = wegschaffen, stillen.

When a person has tooth-ache, let him go and complain to a tree, by preference to a peartree. This is to be done by taking hold of the tree, going thrice round it, and saying:

Birnbaum, ich klage dir,	Peartree, I complain to thee,
drei Würmer die stechen mir;	three worms sting me;
der einer ist grau,	the one is grey,
der andre ist blaue,	the second is blue,
der dritte ist roth,	the third is red,
ich wollte wünschen sie wären alle drei todt.	I would wish they were all three dead.
I. N. G. u. s. w.	In the name, etc.

For the ringworm or tetter (*Puretz*). Go to a yellow willow, stroke the tetter thrice with one of its branches, and say:

Die Zeter und die Weide,	The tetter and the willow,
die wollten beide streiten,	they would both contend,
die Weide, die gewann,	the willow, it won,
die Zeter, die verschwand.	the tetter it vanish'd.
I. N. G. u. s. w.	In the name, etc.

Or (*Swinemünde*),

Die Flechte und die Weide	The ringworm and the willow
gingen beid' im Streite,	both enter'd into strife,
die Weide, die verging,	the willow it decay'd,
die Flechte, die verschwindt[1].	the tetter disappear'd.

Or,

Der Mond und die Flecht	The moon and the ringworm,
die liegen beid' im Recht,	they were both at strife,
die Flechte und der Mond	the ringworm and the moon
fingen beide an zu gehn,	began both to go,
der Mond, der gewann,	the moon he[2] won,
die Flechte, die verschwand.	the ringworm disappear'd.

For a fire (MS. from *Swinemünde*).

Es gingen drei Heiligen wohl über das Land,	There went three holy men over the land,

[1] verschwand?

[2] See vol. i. p. 5, *note* [2].

da begegnet ihnen der höllische Feuerbrand.
Er sprach: Du sollst weichen,
und der Schaden soll schleichen.
I. N. G. u. s. w. (Dreimal.)

there they met with a hellish fire.
He said, Thou shalt withdraw,
and the harm shall slink away.
In the name, etc. (*thrice.*)

To allay the pain of a burn (MS. from *Swinemünde*).

Es gingen drei heiligen Wehtag[1]
auf einen schmalen Weg,
der eine pflückt das Laub vom Baum,
der andre pflückt das Gras vom Weg,
der dritte nahm die Wehtag weg.
I. N. G. u. s. w.

There went three holy men * *
upon a narrow way,
the one pluck'd the leaves from the tree,
the second pluck'd the grass from the way,
the third took the malady away.
In the name, etc.

When a person has burnt himself, he must stroke the part upwards thrice, and say: (*Swinemünde.*)

Wie hoch ist der Häben,
wie roth ist der Krebs,
wie kalt is die Todtenhand,
damit stille ich den Brand.
I. N. G. u. s. w.

As the heaven is high,
as the crayfish is red,
as the dead hand is cold,
therewith still I the burn.
In the name, etc.

For the Stôt (disorder of the eye, sty ?). Take in silence a little stone from the field, press it on the eye, and lay it afterwards in the place whence it was taken. During the operation say thrice:

Es gingen drei Jungfern auf grünen Wegen,
die eine hob die Steine aus den Wegen,
die zweite hob das Laub vom Baum,
die dritte hob das Stôt aus dem Auge.
I. N. G. u. s. w.

There went three maidens on the green ways,
one lifted the stones out of the ways,
the second gather'd the leaves from the tree,
the third removed the 'stôt' from the eye.
In the name, etc.

Swinemünde.

[1] Wehtag is, no doubt, an error of the scribe or press.

To charm away the gout. Let the patient completely strip himself before sunrise or after sunset, and say:

Die[1] reissende, laufende Gicht,	Thou tearing, running (flying) gout,
ich beschwöre dich bei dem höchsten Gericht,	I conjure thee by the highest tribunal,
ich beschwöre dich bei dem höchsten Mann,	I conjure thee by the highest man,
der dir die reissende, laufende Gicht stillen kann.	who the tearing, running gout can allay.

For dizziness (MS. from *Swinemünde*).

Der Himmel ist hoch, †	The heaven is high,
die Wolken sind hell, †	the clouds are clear,
so wie sich der Himmel † zertheilt, †	so as the heaven dissolves,
zertheilt sich der Schwindel im augenblick und schnell. †	shall the dizziness dissolve in a moment and quickly.
I. N. G. u. s. w.	In the name, etc.

To stanch blood[2].

Auf unserm Herrn Gott sein Haupt,	On the head of our Lord God
da blühen drei Rosen,	there bloom three roses,
die erste ist seine Tugend,	the first is his virtue,
die zweite ist seine Jugend,	the second is his youth,
die dritte ist sein Will.	the third is his will.
Blut, steh du in der Wunde still,	Blood, stand thou in the wound still,
dass du weder Geschwüre	so that thou neither sore
noch Eiterbeulen gebest.	nor abscess givest.
I. N. G. u. s. w.	In the name, etc.

Or,

Bloet sta still!	Blood, stand still!
na uns Herr Christus syn Will.	after our Lord Christ's will.
Im namen Gottes des Vaters und Sohn:	In the name of God the Father and Son:
nu steit dat Bloet schon.	now the blood already stops.

[1] Du? [2] The following rimes are from Müllenhoff, pp. 511, *sqq.*

Or,

Ich sage dir, Blut, stehe still,
es ist Maria ihr Will,
es ist Maria ihr Begehr,
steh du mir nun und immermehr.
I. N. G. u. s. w.

I say to thee, blood, stand still,
it is Mary's will,
it is Mary's desire,
stand thou now and evermore.
In the name, etc.

For (Mord) apoplexy.

Mord, du hest äer daelschlaen:
unse Herr Christus segt,
du schast wedder upstaen.

Apoplexy, thou hast struck her down:
our Lord Christ sayeth,
thou again shalt rise.

Or,

Uns Herr Christus un de Moert,
de güngen tosamen dær en enge Poert.
Uns Herr Christus de gewann,
de Schlag und de Moert verschwand.

Our Lord Christ and the apoplexy
went together through a narrow gate.
Our Lord Christ won,
the stroke[1] and apoplexy disappear'd.

For the gout. Take hold of an oak, or a young shoot of one already felled (Ekenhessen), and say:

Ekenhessen, ik klag dy,
all de ryten Gicht de plagt my.
Ik kann dar nich fær gaen,
du kannst damit bestaen.
Den eersten Vagel, de æwer dy flügt,
den gif dat mit in de Flucht,
de näem dat mit in de Lucht.
I. N. G. u. s. w.

Oak-shoot, I to thee complain,
all the torturing gout plagues me.
I cannot for it go,
thou canst stand it.
The first bird that flies above thee,
to him give it in his flight,
let him take it with him in the air.
In the name, etc.

For the rickets.

Engelsche Krankheit verswinn,
wie de Dau an de Sünn,
wie de Kukuk vör den Sævenstern.

English malady disappear,
like the dew in the sun,
like the cuckoo before the seven stars[2].

[1] Paralytic.

[2] The ursa major, or Charles's wain.

For tetters.

De Hechel un de Flechel,
de gingen all beid æwer en Stechel[1].
De Hechel de gewunn,
un de Flechel verswunn.
I. N. G. u. s. w.

The hatchel and the ringworm,
they both went over a stile.
The hatchel won,
and the ringworm disappear'd.
In the name, etc.

For the tinea or scald head (Barmgrund). Fetch water in silence, wash the head with it lukewarm, saying,

So standen drei Mädchen wohl vor dem Brunn,
de ene de wusch, de ander de wrung'.
Darin ist verdrunken en Katt un en Hunt,
damit verdryw ik dy den Barmgrunt.

So stood three maidens before the well,
the one, she wash'd, the second, she wrung.
Therein were drown'd a cat and a dog,
therewith I drive away thee, the barmgrund.

Or, more intelligibly. To eradicate this eruption, let a person wash himself in a puddle, in which it is usual to drown dogs and cats, and repeat the formula: "In this water, in which many a cat and dog has been drowned, do I mitigate the 'barmgrund[2].'"

For the erysipelas (Helldink).

Ik segg: Helldink, Helldink,
du schast ni stäken,
du schast ni bräken.
Helldink, Helldink,
du schast ni kellen,
du schast ni schwellen.
Dat schast du ny doen,
Dat schast du ny doen.

I say: Helldink, Helldink,
thou shalt not prick,
thou shalt not break.
Helldink, Helldink,
thou shalt not torment,
thou shalt not swell.
That shalt thou never do,
That shalt thou never do.

Or,

Peter un Paul gingen æwert Moer.
Wat begegen äer daer?
Helldink, Helldink—
"Helldink, wo wullt du hin?"
"Na'n Dörp."

Peter and Paul went over a moor.
What met them there?
Helldink, Helldink.
"Helldink, whither wilt thou?"
"To the village."

[1] A.-Sax. stigel.

[2] Grimm, D. M. p. cxlv. 1st edit.

"Wat wullt du daer?"
"Kellen un schwellen un wee doen."
"Dat schast du ny doen.
"Dat befäel ik dy in Gottes Namen."

"What wilt thou there?"
"Torment and swell and cause pain."
"That thou shalt not do.
"That I command thee in God's name."

Or,

Hildink, ik ra' dy.
Ra' ik dy nich seer,
so jag' ik dy noch väel meer.
I. N. G. u. s. w.

Helldink, I counsel thee.
If I counsel thee not much,
yet I drive thee away much more.
In the name, etc.

This is to be said thrice, after a pause thrice again, and after a second pause thrice again. At each time the diseased part is to be blown on crosswise.

Or:

instead of blowing crosswise, fire may be struck with flint and steel in a cross direction:

Hier schrief ik enen Rink
mit en stalern Messer.
De Rink is sunt,
dat Hildink verschwund.

Here mark I a ring
with a steel knife.
The ring is whole,
the heldink has disappear'd.

Or,

Rode Ros' un witte Ros',
dunkle Ros' un helle Ros',
verswinn,
wie de Dau vör de Sünn.

Red rose and white rose,
dark rose and light rose,
vanish,
like the dew before the sun.

For the 'Bellrose.'

Petrus und Paulus
gingen uet Kruet te söken;
daer wollen se de Ros' mit verteen[1],
de Kelleros', de Schwelleros',
de Stäkeros', de Bräkeros',
de Blätteros';

Peter and Paul
went out plants to seek;
there they would take the rose away with them,
the paining-rose, the swelling-rose,
the pricking-rose, the breaking-rose,
the leafy rose;

[1] For verziehen?

awer allens wollen se damit verteen.
I. N. G. u. s. w.

but they would take away all with them.
In the name, etc.

For an excrescence. Lay the finger on it but without looking at it, and say:

Was ich seh, das wächst,
was ich [nicht] seh, das vergeht.
I. N. G. u. s. w.

What I see, that waxes,
what I see not, that decays.
In the name, etc.

For warts there is but one remedy; they are to be got rid of only in moonshine. During the moon's increase go into the open air, look steadfastly at the moon, and stroke with the hand over the warts, saying these words:

Was ich ansehe, nimmt zu,
was ich überstreiche, nimmt ab.

What I look on increases,
what I stroke over decreases.

For a whitlow. Not to be uttered too rapidly, and only once each time.

De Adel un de Stoel,
de gungen beid an enen Poel.
De Adel de verswunn,
de Stoel de gewunn.
I. N. G. u. s. w.

The whitlow and the stool[1],
they went both to a pool.
The whitlow it disappear'd,
the stool it won.
In the name, etc.

For a pain in the finger.

Ik rad' en Bäten
mit Heisterknaken,
mit Kreienföten,
schal dy de Weedag' uten Finger staken.

I advise a cure
with magpies' bones,
with feet of crows,
that shall drive the pain out of thy finger.

For a sprained foot.

Ik hol' myn Foet in'n Kattengang'[2],
so stil ik wol den Gnirrband[3].

I hold my foot in the cat's way,
and so I still the sprain.

[1] Purgatio alvi?
[2] Through which the cats can leap.
[3] Correctly *Knirrband*.

For a speck on the eye.

Daer seten dre Jüngfern an den Weg,	There sat three maidens in the way,
de een de puest dat Sant uten Weg,	one blew the sand out of the way,
de ander de puest dat Lov vannen Boem,	the second blew the leaves from the tree,
de drürr de puest dat Mael von Oeg.	the third blew the speck from the eye.
I. N. G. u. s. w.	In the name, etc.

For a sprained wrist. At sunrise lay the arm, from the elbow to the point of the finger, flat on the threshold, and remain within the house. Let the charmer then take an axe, and place himself before the door, saying: "I chop, I chop, I chop!" The patient is then to ask: "What dost thou chop?" The operator will answer: "The sprain." Let the patient then take the axe, and stroke the arm with it crosswise thrice, in the name of God. The axe is then to be restored to its place in silence, and the affliction will subside. *Swinemünde.*

At Rauen, near Fürstenwalde, it is said, when a person has a violent headache, he has *the perverse,* or *black, elves.* The remedy is, to bind a cloth round his head at night, with which he is to sleep, and on the following morning to go with it to a wise man, who will charm the cloth; the elves will then depart. Besides the black elves, which are the worst, there are also red elves and white elves; but whatever their colour may be, the malady shows itself chiefly in causing a loss of memory.

If a child by much crying has got a rupture, take it to a young oak, which split in two lengthwise, and draw the child through the split. Then bind the parts thus rent asunder together, and plaster the rent over with loam. If the oak continues growing and the wound heals up, the rupture will also be healed. *Rauen. Delmenhorst.*

This method of curing a ruptured child was also known in England. White, in his History of Selborne, informs us that, "in a farm-yard, near the middle of the village, stands at this day (an. 1789) a row of pollard

ashes, which, by the seams and long cicatrices down their sides, manifestly show that, in former times, they have been cleft asunder. These trees, when young and flexible, were severed and held open by wedges, while *ruptured children*, stripped naked, were *pushed through the apertures*, under a persuasion that, by such a process, the poor babes would be cured of their infirmity. As soon as the operation was over, the tree, in the suffering part, was plastered with loam, and carefully swathed up. If the part coalesced and soldered together, as usually fell out, where the feat was performed with any adroitness at all, the party was cured; but where the cleft continued to gape, the operation, it was supposed, would prove ineffectual. We have several persons now living in the village, who, in their childhood, were supposed to be healed by this superstitious ceremony, derived down, perhaps, from our Saxon ancestors, who practised it before their conversion to Christianity."

Tetters and warts disappear if touched with the hand of a corpse. *Stendal.*

When you have eaten eggs the shells are to be broken, else you will get the ague. *Mark.*

This is also done in England, and for the sound reason, that the witches may not use them as boats. The same injunction is current likewise in Belgium, but whether from the same prudential motive is not stated

HOUSE, FIELD, ETC.

On entering a new dwelling the first thing to be provided is bread; you will then always have your bread there.

If you bring corn-flowers with you into the house, the bread will grow mouldy. *Mellin.*

What a person dreams the first night in a house will come to pass.

On Saturday night there should be no spinning after sunset. *Altmark and Meklenburg.* Else the mice will nestle in it. *Near Wolfenbüttel.*

On Thursday evening there should be no spinning, nor any dung carried out on that day. *Altmark.*

In planting trees the planter should grasp them with both hands, and somebody should stand by: they will then bear well. *Stendal.*

The first fruit of a tree should be gathered into a large sack, and some left on the tree; then it will always bear well. *Stendal.*

Peas should be sown only on Wednesdays and Saturdays; else the birds will carry them off. *Stendal.*

Millet sown after sunset will not be eaten by the birds. *Camern.*

When the cattle go for the first time to the pasture, a piece of turf should be laid before the door; they will then not get the grass distemper. *Mellin.*

That the witches may have no power over a newly bought beast, it must be dragged into the stall backwards; and in order that it may thrive, the first time it goes to pasture, earth should be put into its mouth, which it should be made to swallow. *Mellin.*

When unruly beasts will not be driven to market or elsewhere, pluck at three several times some hairs from their eye-lashes and put them in your pocket; they will then go tamely. *Camern.*

When beasts are driven to pasture for the first time, strew sand or straw before the stall-door, so that the animals must tread on it. The traces made by them, if thrown back into the stall, will cause them to find yard and stall again without help. An axe and a broom laid crosswise on the threshold of the yard-gate will have the same effect, and moreover protect them against witchcraft. *Camern.*

A person, on entering into service, should immediately get a piece of wood in the new abode, wrap it in a rag or morsel of paper, and wear it for three days under the arm: the party will then have a kind master and mistress throughout the year. *Camern.*

If anything is stolen from a person, to discover the thief, take a family psalm-book, open it and place on it a family key, saying: "N. N. has stolen it" (naming the thing); the other (N. N.?) will answer: "No, he has not

stolen it." If such is the case, the key will remain motionless; but if he has really stolen it, the key will move from its place. *Rauen.*

If anything is stolen from a person, he must take an inherited book, and in it bind an inherited key, then hold it on two fingers and say: "Inherited book (Erwbôk) I ask thee, has A. B. stolen my linen (or whatever else it may be)? or C. D.?" At whichever person's name the book turns, that is the thief. *Havelland.*

To fix a thief (MS. from *Swinemünde*).

Unser Heiland Christus Jesus,	Our Saviour Christ Jesus, he went
der ging in den Garten,	into the garden,
der heiligen Engel und der Jungfrau Maria zu warten;	to await the holy angels and the Virgin Mary;
da kamen die Diebe und wollten	there came the thieves and would
das Kindlein stehlen,	steal the little child,
das konnten vier und zwanzig	whom four and twenty legions of
Legionen Engel nicht verhehlen.	angels could not conceal.
"Binde, Petrus, binde,	"Bind, Peter, bind,
eilend und geschwinde,	hastily and quick,
dass der Dieb uns stehe stille	that the thief may stand still
wie ein Stock,	as a stock,
und schreie wie ein Bock.	and cry like a goat.
Binde, Petrus, binde,	Bind, Peter, bind,
dass der Dieb uns stehe stille	that the thief may stand still
und alle Sterne zähle,	and count all the stars,
die an dem Himmel stehen.	that stand in heaven.
Binde, Petrus, binde,	Bind, Peter, bind,
dass der Dieb uns stehe stille,	that the thief may stand still,
dass meine leiblichen Augen	that my bodily eyes may see him,
ihn sehen,	
und meine leibliche Zunge ihn	and my bodily tongue speak to
spreche.	him.
Das gebiet' ich dir Dieb im	That I command for thee, thief, in
Namen des heiligen Bartus,	the name of St. Bart,
Der aller Körnlein Meister ist."	who is of every grain the master."

This spell is to be uttered after sunset, the utterer, at the same time, going three times round the place to which he supposes the thief will come. While so doing he must

not look about, and must stop exactly at the point from which he started, and then say thrice: "In the name of," etc. On the following morning the thief will be found fast bound to the spot. He must then loose him with these words: "Hear, thief, I hereby release thee. In the name of," etc. But this must be done before sunrise, else the thief will turn black, and die within a year.

To fix a thief (oral from *Swinemunde*).

Unsre Mutter Gottes, die ging wohl über Land,	Our mother of God was going over the land,
sie nahm ihr liebes Kind bei der Hand;	she took her dear child by the hand;
da kamen drei, drei, drei Diebe,	then came three, three, three thieves,
die wollten ihr das Kind stehlen, sie schrie:	who would steal the child from her, she cried:
"Sanct Peter bind', Sanct Peter bind', Sanct Peter binde."	"Saint Peter bind, Saint Peter bind, Saint Peter bind."
"Ich habe gebunden mit Gottes Hand,	"I have bound with God's hand,
mit meinen eignen Händen,	with my own hands,
mit Todeshänden,	with death's hands,
mit eisernen Bänden,	with iron bands,
dass Dieb und Diebin sollen stehn,	that male and female thief shall stand,
und nicht von der Stelle gehn.	and not go from the place.
Sie sollen stehen wie ein Stock,	They shall stand as a stock,
und sehen wie ein Bock,	and look like a goat,
zählen alle Sterne, die am Himmel stehn,	count all the stars that stand in heaven,
und alle Tropfen, die in das frunde Meer gehn."	and all the drops which go into the deep sea."

The release is in the following words:

Stehst du hier in Teufelsband,	As thou standest here in the devil's band,
so gehe hin in Gottes Hand;	so go hence into the hand of God;
ich stosse dich von mir mit meiner linken Hand.	I thrust thee from me with my left hand.
I. N. G. u. s. w.	In the name, etc.

Another form[1]:

Mütter Maria reiste wohl über das Land,
sie hat ihr liebes Kind bei der Hand.
Da kamen die Diebe und wollten stehlen.
Da sprach sie zu St. Peter: "Binde!"
St. Peter sprach: "Ich habe gebunden
mit eisernen Banden, mit Gottes Handen.
Du, Dieb (und Diebin), sollst[2] gebunden sein.
Wiederum sollst du stille stehen und nirgends hingehen.
Du sollt[2] stehen als ein Stock und starr sehen als ein Bock, und zählen all das Gras, das auf der Erde wachst.
Wiederum sollt du stille stehen und nirgends hingehen,
sollt stehen als ein Stock und starr sehen als ein Bock,
und zählen die Sterne, die am Himmel stehen.
Wiederum sollt du stille stehen und nirgends hingehen;
du sollt stehen als ein Stock und starr sehen als ein Bock,
und zählen den Sand, der liegt am Meeresgrund.
Wiederum sollt du stille stehen und nirgends hingehen;
du sollt stehen als ein Stock und starr sehen als ein Bock,
bis ich dir mit meiner Zunge Urlaub gebe.

Mother Mary was journeying over the land,
she had her beloved child by the hand.
Then came the thieves and would steal.
Then spake she to St. Peter: "Bind!"
St. Peter said: "I have bound
with iron bands, with God's hands.
Thou, thief (and thiefess), shalt be bound.
Again thou shalt stand still and nowhere go hence.
Thou shalt stand as a stock, and look staring as a goat,
and count all the grass that grows on the earth.
Again thou shalt stand still and nowhere go hence,
shalt stand as a stock, and look staring as a goat,
and count the stars which stand in heaven.
Again thou shalt stand still and nowhere go hence;
thou shalt stand as a stock, and look staring as a goat,
and count the sand that lies on the sea's ground.
Again thou shalt stand still and nowhere go hence;
Thou shalt stand as a stock, and look staring as a goat,
until I with my tongue give thee leave.

[1] From Müllenhoff, p. 517.

[2] Sic.

Den Himmel gebe ich dir zu deiner Hütte,
und die Erde zu Schuhen deiner Füsse.
Amen! in des Teufels Namen."

The heaven I give thee for thy hut,
and the earth for shoes to thy feet.
Amen! in the devil's name."

Against fire[1]:

Brant, Brant,
du geist æwer Moor un Lant.
Mit myn gesegnete Hant
rade ik düssen Brant.
I. N. G. u. s. w.

Fire, fire,
thou goest over moor and land.
With my hallowed hand
I control this fire.
In the name, etc.

Or:

Petrus und Johannes
giengen beide wandeln.
Petrus nahm den Stab in die Hand,
damit still ik dy den Brand.

Peter and John
went both wandering.
Peter took the staff in his hand,
therewith quench I thee, the fire.

Or:

Hoch is de Häwen,
roet is de Kräwen,
koelt is de Dodenhant,
damit still ik düssen Brant.
I. N. G. u. s. w.

High is the heaven,
red is the crayfish,
cold is the dead-hand,
wherewith I quench this fire.
In the name, etc.

Or:

Gott und Petrus gehen übers Land,
sie sehen brennen einen Brand.
"Brand, du sollst nicht brennen,
Brand, du sollst nicht sengen,
Brand, du sollst nicht hitzen,
Brand, du sollst nicht schwitzen,

bis die liebe Mutter Gottes
ihren andern Sohn sollte gebären."
I. N. G. u. s. w.

God and Peter go over the land,
they see a fire burning.
"Fire, thou shalt not burn,
Fire, thou shalt not singe,
Fire, thou shalt not heat,
Fire, thou shalt not cause to sweat,

until the dear mother of God
shall have borne her second son."
In the name, etc.

[1] The following rimes are from Müllenhoff, pp. 516 *sqq*.

Against rain.

Rägen, Rägen, rusch'!	Rain, rain, patter!
de König faert to Busch.	the king is going to the bush.
Laet den Rägen æwergaen,	Let the rain pass over,
laet de Sünn wedderkamen.	let the sun come again.
Lewe Sünn, kam' wedder	Dear sun, come again
mit dyn golden Fedder;	with thy golden plumage;
mit dyn golden Stralen	with thy golden beams
beschyn uns altomalen.	illumine us altogether.
(Beschyn dat ganze Engelland,	(Illumine the whole Engelland[1],
da hangt de Klocken an de Wand,	where the bells hang on the wall,
wo Maria baven sitt	where Mary sits above
mit dat lütje Kind in Schoet.	with the little child in her lap.
Haelt en Stutenbotterbrot[2],	Go get a 'stutenbotterbrot,'
my wat, dy wat,	a bit for me, a bit for thee,
unse lütje Mueschkatt wat;	a bit for our little mouse-cat;
denn hewt wy altomael wat.)	then have we all of us a bit.)

BIRDS, ETC.

If a girl hears the stork chattering on its first coming, she will break something; if she sees one flying, she will ride in a bridal carriage; if she sees one standing, she will be asked to stand gossip. *Mellin.*

If storks fly in a circle above a company of people, one of those persons will soon die. *Stendal.*

If ravens fly over a house making a great croaking, a person will soon die in it. *Rauen.*

If a dog howls before a house, it forebodes death or fire in it.

Magpies may not be shot, it is unlucky. *Neighbourhood of Crossen.*

If the klewitt (a species of owl) screams at night, some one will soon die. *Steina in the Harz.*

[1] Qu. Angeln?

[2] Stutenbrod is a kind of pastry or cake in the form of a lozenge, common in Hamburg.

Verses to the snail:

Schneckhûs, Peckhûs, stäk du dîn vêr Hörner rût, süst schmît ick dî in'n Gråven, dâ frêten dî de Råven.	Schneckhûs, Peckhûs, stick thou thy four horns out, else I will smite thee into the ditch, there the ravens will devour thee.

Stendal.

Tækeltuet, kruep uet dyn Hues, dyn Hues dat brennt, dyn Kinder de flennt[1], dyn Fru de ligt in Wäken: kann'k dy nich mael spräken? Tækeltuet, u. s. w.	Tækeltuet, creep out of thy house, thy house is on fire, thy children, they cry, thy wife, she lies in childbed: can I not once speak with thee? Tækeltuet, etc.

Or,

Snaek, Snaek, komm heruet, sunst tobräk ik dy dyn Hues.	Snail, snail, come out, else I will break thy house to pieces.

Or,

Slingemues, kruep uet dyn Hues, stick all dyn veer (fief) Höern uet. Wullt du's nech uetstäken, will ik dyn Hues tobräken. Slingemues, u. s. w.[2]	Slingemues, creep out of thy house, stick all thy four (five) horns out. If thou wilt not stick them out, I 'll break thy house to pieces. Slingemues, etc.

"In England the snail scoops out hollows, little rotund chambers, in limestone, for its residence. ..... The following is a boy's invocation to the snail to come out of such holes, and other places of retreat resorted to by it—

Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I will beat you as black as a coal."

In Scotland they say:

"Snail, snail, shoot out your horn,
And tell us if it will be a bonnie day the morn[3]."

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[1] Flennen, *to cry or laugh with a distorted mouth.*

[2] This and the two preceding addresses to the snail are from Müllenhoff, p. 509.

[3] Chambers, Pop. Rh. p. 43.

In the South of Italy the snail is thus addressed:

"Snail, snail, put out your horn,
Your mother is laughing you to scorn,
For she has a little son just born[1]."

To the ladybird (from the marsh of the Elbe):

Maikatt,	May-cat,
flügg weg,	fly away,
stüff weg,	hasten away,
bring' my morgen goet Wedder med.	bring me good weather with you to-morrow.

From Ploen:

Marspäert (Markpäert), fleeg in Himmel!	Marspäert, fly to heaven!
Bring' my' n Sack voll Kringeln, my een, dy een,	Bring me a sack full of biscuits, one for me, one for thee,
alle lütten Engeln een.	for all the little angels one[2].

THE ELDER.

An undoubted relic of old times, connected with this tree, existed till a comparatively recent period among the peasants of Lower Saxony, who, when about to lop an elder, were accustomed to utter this prayer:

Frau Ellhorn,	Lady Elder,
gib mir was von deinem Holz;	give me some of thy wood;
dann will ich dir von meinem auch was geben,	then will I also give thee some of mine,
wann es wächst im Walde.	when it grows in the forest.

This they repeated three times, with bended knees and folded hands[3].

Puschkait, the ancient Prussian god of the earth, is said to dwell under the elder.

In England, magical practices with elders were forbidden at a very early

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[1] Taylor's transl. of Basile's Pentamerone, p. 183.

[2] This and the preceding are from Müllenhoff, pp. 508, 509. See also p. 104, Grimm, D.M. p. 658, and Chambers, Pop. Rh. p. 43.

[3] Arnkiel, cited by Grimm, D.M. p. 618; Müllenhoff, p. 510; Thiele, i. p. 196, edit. 1820.

period. In the 'Canones editi sub Eadgaro Rege' it is enacted Þæt preosta gehwilc forbeode Þa gemearr, ðe man drifð on ellenum, and eac on oðrum mislícum treowum — that is, *that every priest forbid the vain practices, that are carried on with elders, and also with various other trees*[1].

THE ELEMENTS AND NATURAL PHENOMENA.

When there is a calm, scratch with an old nail on the foremast; then wind will rise. *Hamburg.*

When the wind has been long contrary, and you meet with another ship, throw an old broom before it; the wind will then change, you will get a fair, the other ship a contrary wind. *Hamburg.*

When a storm rises, a fire should be kindled; it will not then strike the house. *Bergkirchen.*

When it thunders, they say in the Mark: "Peter is playing at bowls," or, "The angels are playing at bowls."

The lightning does not strike a house in which there is a thunderbolt[2], or fire burning on the hearth, or a bird has built its nest. *Lautenthal.*

After sunset there is frequently formed what is called a *weather tree* (Wetterbaum), a form of cloud resembling a tree, according to which the weather will be regulated; to whatever quarter the points are directed the wind will blow. *Tilleda. Bartelfelde in the Harz.* In the Ukermark, they say in some places: "Abraham's tree is flowering, it will rain." In other places: "If Abraham's tree flowers in the afternoon, the weather will be fair; if after midnight, there will be rain."

According as the breastbone of a goose is white or red, the winter will be cold or mild[3]. *Mark.*

When it snows, they say in Nordalbingia and in the Harz: "Peter is shaking his bed;" in the Ukermark: "Peter rules," or: "The angels are plucking feathers and down." In the autumn mornings, when the fine white

[1] Anc. Laws and Inst. of England, p. 396, fol. edit.

[2] See vol. i. p. 54, *note.*

[3] See vol. ii. p. 274, No. 47.

threads are hanging on the shrubs and bushes, they say: "The Metten (Fates)[1] have been spinning." In summer, if the weather has been long dry: "It's God's hay-days." If it rains while the sun shines: "The old witch is frying pancakes;" "They have a holiday in hell;" "The devil is bleaching his grandmother;" or, "A tailor is gone to heaven[2]."

Whatever is undertaken during the moon's increase succeeds, and the full moon brings all things to fullness, while that which is begun during the wane fails. But for maladies all potions and the like should be taken during the wane, for then the malady will also wane. *Stendal.*

No one should remove on a Monday, because then the house affairs will not thrive. If a servant enters a new service on a Monday, he will not long continue in it. *Stendal.*

When the stars shoot, the weather is about to change.

Every person has his light in heaven, which when he dies goes out; and in its place a new one makes its appearance, as men are constantly being born[3]. *Brodewin.*

Names of constellations. Heaven's chariot (the Great Bear), St. Peter's staff (Orion), the Silver Stars (Pleiades)[4]. *Brodewin.* Another constellation is called the Plough and Harrow, another the Crooked Rake. *Baltrum.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

1. Whoever carries about him a four-lobed clover leaf, cannot be fascinated, i. e. he can see through all magical delusions[5]. *Mellin.*

2. On St. Lucy's day (Dec. 13)[6] nothing should be lent. *Rauen.*

3. White spots on the nails denote luck. *Berlin.*

[1] A.-S. metten, *parca.*
[2] Müllenhoff, p. 583.
[3] See Grimm, K. and H. M. No. 44.
[4] See Grimm, D. M. p. 690 *sq.*
[5] See vol. ii. p. 271, No. 27.
[6] See Grimm, D. M. pp. 250, 1212.

4. Yarn spun by a child of seven years makes a person bullet-proof. *Liepe.*

5. To obtain what you wish from another, lay a swallow's tongue under your own, and then kiss the party. *MS. from Swinemünde.*

6. To obtain the love of women, carry about you a bat's blood, or a swallow's heart. *MS. Sw.*

7. To cause a person to reveal a secret, lay a daw's heart under his left side, and he will impart whatever you desire to know. *MS. Sw.*

8. A malefactor's arm-bone carried in the pocket is a security against vermin. If a thief carries such a bone about him, the party whom he designs to rob cannot wake[1]. *Stendal.*

9. A found horseshoe, if nailed on the threshold with the points turned outwards, brings luck; but if they are turned inwards, it brings misfortune. *Berlin and other places.*

10. To be beloved by every body carry about you the heart either of a pewet or a green frog. The eyes of a pewet, if carried about a person, make him witty and agreeable; and if worn on the breast, when before a judge, the party will be acquitted; and whoever carries with him in a bag the heart of a pewet, cannot be defrauded by traders; and if the heart be dried and reduced to powder, and laid under the head at night, the party will dream where there is treasure hidden. *Stendal.*

11. Unlucky days. In January: 1, 3, 6, 17, 18. In February: 8, 16, 17. In March: 1, 12, 13, 15. In April: 3, 15, 17, 18. In May: 8, 10, 17, 30. In June: 1, 7. In July: 1, 5, 6. In August: 1, 3, 18, 20. In September: 15, 18, 30. In October: 15, 17. In November: 11, 17. In December: 1, 7, 11. A child born on any of these days will seldom be long-lived; or if it

[1] See in Netherl. Tradit. the "Thief's Foot," etc.

lives, will be poor and miserable. On any of these days no marriage is desirable, and whoever travels on one of them, is sure to come home out of health. The most unlucky of them, on which no one should travel, are: March 13, August 18, September 1, 3, 30. But there are three days which are unlucky above all others, and whoever is bled on one of them will surely die in seven or eight days after, viz. April 1, on which the traitor Judas was born; August 1, on which the devil was cast down from heaven; December 1, on which Sodom and Gomorrha were destroyed by fire from heaven. *Stendal.*

12. If a child be lifted out through a window, it must be taken in by the same, else it will grow no more[1]. *Ib.*

13. If a person who has a wen lets it be struck with a pea-ladle, or a pregnant woman tread on it, it will disappear. *Ib.*

14. If a person takes water from his neighbour's well after sunset, he takes with him his neighbour's luck and prosperity. *Ib.*

15. If a hare runs across one's path, it is unlucky. *Ib.*

16. If your nose itches, you will hear news. *Ib.*

17. If you dream of losing a cheek-tooth, one of the family will soon die. *Ib.*

18. To dream of fish betokens money; of a bright-burning fire, luck; of falling into water, illness.

19. To carry a purse of moleskin is lucky. *Mark.*

[1] See vol. ii. p. 110, No. 30.

NETHERLANDISH POPULAR TRADITIONS[1].

KABOUTERMANNEKENS.

The inhabitants of the village of Herselt relate that, on the occasion of a war, a great multitude of Kabouterman-nekens came into their neighbourhood. They took up their abode near to the village, in the middle of a large forest, in which there were several caverns. They frequently came to the village, to fetch one thing or other, but without doing harm to any one. When their women grew old they caused them to descend into a pit, with a milk-loaf in their hand, and then carefully closed up the pit's mouth. The peasants say that the women were very contented with this kind of death, and were by no means forced to it.

In the village of Gelrode there is a small hill called the Kabouterberg, in which there are many caverns dug, which in former days were the habitations of the Kabouterman-nekens. If the miller of the place's millstone was worn, he had only to lay it before his mill, together with a slice of bread and butter and a glass of beer, and he was sure of

[1] From Wolf, Niederländische Sagen, Leipsig, 1843.

finding it the next morning beautifully sharpened. He did in like manner when he wanted his linen washed.

The Redcaps or Klabbers, called also Kaboutermannekens, often increase the wood. In the night, when the moon does not shine, they enter a house through the chimney, make themselves a fire on the hearth, and set themselves quietly before it. But no one sees the fire except the Redcaps, though it warms more than an ordinary fire. In the morning the housewife often finds of a large bundle of brushwood only a few little twigs lying on the dogs; but these she readily kindles, because she knows that they burn as long as a great bundle, and give double the warmth. If while the wood is burning the housewife should curse the Redcap or cross herself, the twigs would flare out in an instant.

A poor peasant, whose wife was suddenly taken ill, rose in the night to churn. He had already in the evening placed everything in readiness, and set the milk in large pots near the fire, that the work might proceed the more speedily. On entering the place he saw to his great astonishment that the fire was still burning, and that a little man half asleep was sitting before it. The noise of the man's wooden shoes waked the mannikin, who started up, looked hard at the man, but without uttering a word. The peasant was equally silent, but cast a stolen side-glance at the intruder, and saw that he was clad in red from head to foot, and had a green face and green hands. Then looking straight before him, he took from a corner a bundle of fire-wood, cast it down by the hearth, and went quietly to sleep. Next morning the butter was all set and ready, so that he had only to take it to market; there was, more-

over, a larger quantity than he had ever got from the milk. His wife soon recovered, Redcap continued to churn for them, and the man gradually became so rich that he kept many cows, and could lay by a whole stockingful of shining dollars. And no wonder, for by degrees Redcap did all the work; he ploughed the fields, took care of the cattle, and in short performed more than the work of three men.

But prosperity corrupted the peasant. He now went every evening to the pot-house, played away his money, and regularly returned home drunk. This did not please Redcap, and he reproached him accordingly. At first he gave ear to him, but soon disregarded him, and at length went so far, that, returning home one night late and drunk, he grossly abused Redcap, and threw the bundle of firewood into the well, which his wife had carefully made ready.

In the same moment Redcap disappeared. On the following morning the wife was sick, the stocking, instead of dollars, was filled with coals, the cows died, the house and stalls fell to ruin, and the fields lay waste. The peasant then came to his senses, but it was too late, and let him pray and wail as he might that Redcap would restore him to prosperity, it was of no avail; on the contrary, the following night Redcap was heard laughing round the house and jeering him.

Shortly after, the man died poor and miserable.

Near Turnhout a young man was deeply in love with a maiden. The courtship had long continued without any suspicion of its existence on the part of their respective parents. The youth at length growing impatient, went one day to the damsel's father, and requested his consent to their union. But the old man being proud and overbearing, considered the young man too poor, and said to

him, "I cannot imagine how you can think of demanding the hand of my daughter: if you cannot lay down a thousand guilders, you need not let such a thing enter your mind."

This was a heavy blow to the young man, and he slunk home full of trouble, not knowing what he should do. At home he found no comfort; for the counting of his little stock of money was no longer a pleasure to him, as it fell far short of a thousand guilders; but which he must, nevertheless, obtain. He then went into the fields, and meditated self-destruction; for life had no longer any pleasure for him. As he was now going he knew not whither, on a sudden a Kaboutermanneken stood at his side, who asked him the cause of his affliction. With tearful eyes the young man recounted to him what had taken place. When he had finished his story the Kaboutermanneken laughed and said: "So, only a thousand guilders; that 's not worth letting a single hair grow grey for." "True," said the youth, "but if one has it not?" "Well," replied the Kaboutermanneken, "one can then always get it. Thou hast ever been a brave youth, and therefore the matter may easily be managed. Just go home and count thy money, and come back and let me know how much it falls short." "How much it falls short?" sighed the young man, "that I know but too well,—eight hundred guilders." "Thou hast not well counted it," said the Kaboutermanneken, laughing, "go and count it once again."

Full of joy the young man now ran back to the house and again counted his money, when lo! there were a thousand gold guilders. Instantly he returned, considering it his first duty to thank his benefactor, but he was not to be seen, and often as he cried "Kaboutermanneken! Kaboutermanneken!" he came no more. He then ran home again, packed up the money, put on his Sunday clothes, and went to the father of the damsel, to whom he counted

out a thousand guilders. Within a week the marriage took place, and they both lived long in peace and content.

Between Turnhout and Casterle there is a hill, which is to this day called the Kabouternannekensberg. The Kabouternannekens that once dwelt in it were very numerous, but withal of a very evil nature, their greatest delight being to inflict all possible injury on the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. When night had begun, no one was longer secure. They then went round and carried off with them everything they fancied, fowls, ducks, geese, oxen, cows and calves, money, in short everything, even household utensils. This lasted a considerable length of time, but now we hear no more of it.

A miller in Kempnerland found often in the morning his work in the mill performed, let it have been ever so much; though only when he left some bread and butter, which on these occasions disappeared. This surprised the man; so one evening he concealed himself behind some flour-sacks, and saw a naked Kabouternanneken come, eat the bread and butter, and begin to work in the mill. The miller being grieved to see the little fellow naked, went to a tailor and ordered a pair of breeches and a jacket to be made for him, which on the following evening he laid along with the bread and butter. The Kabouternanneken came and danced for joy, on seeing the handsome garments, quickly ate up the bread and butter, put on the clothes, proudly strutted about, and disappeared without the miller seeing which way he went. He never returned.

Now thought the miller: "Wait a little, I 'll soon catch thee;" and with that intention went and sat on a little bridge that was over a brook, which the Kabouternanne-

kens were in the habit of crossing every evening. He did not wait long before they appeared. When the first stept on the bridge, he said to the miller: "Who art thou, man?" but the miller made no answer; for he was looking out for the Kaboutermanneken with the clothes on, and those that he saw were naked. The second also said: "Who art thou, man?" but he still kept silence; and so it went on till the last came, and he had on the clothes that the miller had placed in the mill. "Haha," cried the miller, "have I got thee?" and was about to seize the manneken, when suddenly a voice, like that of his wife, was heard from the rivulet, crying for help, when the miller turning round in a hurry, plumped into the water; but the Kaboutermannekens were all away.

An old man from the hamlet of Landorp, which lies not far from Aerschot on the little river Demer, has often related the following:

A certain Heer Percy, who dwelt on the opposite side of the Demer, was in the habit of being ferried over every evening, for the purpose of visiting the inn at Landorp. He usually stayed till it was very late, and when he wished to return, the ferryman was gone to bed. But Heer Percy cared little for that, for he was on good terms with the Kaboutermannekens, who, as soon as the ferryman was asleep, hastened to the bank, and when Heer Percy came out of the inn, called aloud: "Heer Percy! Heer Percy! come quickly; we will ferry you over. Come, Heer Percy!" Then would Heer Percy proceed to the bank, and the mannekens convey him across, when he gave them a large jug of beer for their trouble.

He usually also engaged them for the next day, to make coffee early in the morning, milk the cows, clean the house, etc.; and all this they did most punctually; nor did they

drink a drop of the coffee or milk, but left it untouched until Heer Percy gave them some. Thus they acted, and were so faithful because he was so kind to them. On the other hand, however, the neighbours had to suffer a thousand annoyances from them. They drank the milk of their cows, spoiled their butter, and played pranks innumerable; for all which the neighbours were highly incensed against Heer Percy; but they could do him no harm, for the Kaboutermannekens protected and watched over him that no injury might befall him.

KLUDDE.

Kludde or Kleure is the name of an evil spirit which plays its pranks in a great part of Brabant and Flanders. With respect to its form it is a perfect Proteus; for which reason the peasants are so fearful of him, that they will not for any consideration venture into a forest, a field, or a road, which, according to common report, is haunted by Kludde.

This spirit often transforms himself into a tree, which at first appears quite small and delicate, but soon raises itself to an immeasurable height, and is lost in the clouds, while everything around it on earth is thrown into confusion. Another time he will clothe himself with the skin of a great black dog, and so run on his hind legs, at the same time rattling a chain that is round his neck, and will spring suddenly on the neck of the first person he meets; and when he has thrown him on the ground, entirely vanish. But Kludde oftenest appears as an old, half-starved horse, and as such is a bugbear to all grooms and horse-boys, who relate that when they leave their horses in the field at night, it frequently happens that, instead of their well-known horse or mare, they set themselves on Kludde, who instantly runs off with them at full speed, until he comes to some water, into which he pitches

his terrified rider. While the poor fellow is struggling to save himself, Kludde lays himself with his belly flat on the ground and sets up a fiendish laugh, until his victim, sullen and angry, shall have worked himself out of his bath.

Occasionally Kludde assumes the form of a cat, a frog, a bat, or any other animal. His approach may be known by two little blue flames, which fluttering and dancing go before him. These flames are, as far as can be ascertained, the eyes of the spectre. It is difficult to escape from Kludde, even by running from him at the utmost speed in a zigzag; for, like a snake, he will wind in all directions with equal rapidity.

When this spectre takes his flight, he cries: "Kludde, Kludde!" whence comes his name.

In the neighbourhood of Ostend Kludde is known as a Water-necker (Water-nix), and in the flat country about that town as a Werwolf.

As two young men and a girl were going along in the country, one of them, who was the lover of the girl, said to his comrade: "Stop for a moment, I see something yonder." "What dost thou see?" asked the other. "Kludde," was the answer. "See, now he is a dog—now he is growing up high—now he is little again—a sheep—no, a cat . . . ." and thus he went on talking, while neither his companion nor the girl could perceive anything. His friend at length said: "If thou seest Kludde again, let me know, and I will go up to him." "Then go now," said the other, "he is just running before me." His friend went accordingly, but could see nothing of Kludde.

So it lasted until they came to the house of the young man who had all along seen the spectre running before him. Before the house there lay a flat stone, under which

the young man's father was in the habit of placing the key of the house, that he might not be under the necessity of rising from his bed, when his son happened to stay late at the public house. "Don't you now see him?" cried the young man, "he is sitting on the stone, to prevent me from getting the key." Saying these words, he took his lass by the arm, adding: "Come, Micken, we will accompany you home, for you are frightened." On his return he still saw Kludde sitting on the stone. The other then took courage and went to the stone, when Kludde sprang aside, so that he could take the key, with which he opened the door for his comrade, who hurried in, lest Kludde should be at his heels, while the other quietly went his way, without having seen a trace of the spectre.

OSSCHAERT.

Formerly the town of Hamme, near Dendermonde, was infested by an evil spirit named Osschaert, of whom it can hardly be said that he was altogether a scourge to the peaceable inhabitants of the neighbourhood, for to the good Christians of the middle age he was at the same time very beneficial, in being a terror to the wicked, and in having forced many a one to turn into the path of righteousness.

His usual abode was the spot where the chapel of Twee Bruggen now stands, and the immediate neighbourhood the scene of his exploits. If any one towards midnight were foolhardy enough to cry out, or even to mutter the rimes,

Grypke, grypke grauw,	Grypke, grypke grey,
Wilt gy my grypen,	If thou wilt gripe me,
Grypt my nou.	Gripe me now.

then would Osschaert leap on his back, with outspread claws clamber up to his shoulders, and force him groaning and panting to carry him, until good fortune brings him

to a crossway, over which the evil spirit being unable to pass, casts away his half-dead bearer.

It would seem that Osschaert had been repeatedly irritated by the above rimes, for the longer he infested the place the worse he grew, until at length it was not only the drunken and the foolhardy who teazed him that were the objects of his malice, but every one that he found abroad at unseasonable hours of the night. The husbandman consequently left the field with hasty steps before sunset, the benighted traveller anxiously sought a shelter before nightfall, and not a few of the country people trembled even at their firesides, sending up fervent prayers that the spectre might have no power over them.

But most painful was Osschaert's riding to those who had some heavy burthen on their conscience. On such he pressed with an intolerable weight, struck his claws deep into their flesh, burned their necks with his hellish fiery breath, and thereby infected with a most insufferable stench every respiration of the sinner. Even when any one thus tormented sank down from pain and weariness, he got no respite; he must rise again and continue his course until he reached either a crossway or an image of the Virgin in the vicinity of one.

But at Hamme there lived a pious priest, who, deeply affected by the misery inflicted on his flock by Osschaert, resolved to drive him away, and by exorcisms banished him, for ninety-nine years, to the sea-shore, where he still wanders.

An old man from the neighbourhood of Doel related many of Osschaert's tricks, among which was the following.

His grandfather, when a young man, had gone one evening on a courting expedition. On his return he had

to cross a field, when on a sudden an enormous monster of a horse stood before him. Then thought my grandfather: "Halt, this is Osschaert; thou must get out of the way;" and so he did, with the intention of passing through the churchyard; but he had hardly got again into the main road, when a huge dog as big as a horse met him; whereupon he turned his back, crossed himself, and struck into another path leading to the churchyard; but scarcely had he reached it before a rabbit sprang backwards and forwards before him. "Osschaert has some design upon me this evening," said he to himself, and turned for the purpose of going round the churchyard, when, at the corner of the gate, there stands a gigantic ass, with fiery eyes as large as plates!

This perplexed him so prodigiously, that although he was not the most timid of mortals, he sprang over the wall and ran home with all speed, where he arrived bathed in sweat.

There was once a fisherman named Blommaert, who dwelt at Kieldrecht and had no wife, but only a little boat, a net and a hut. When he brought his fish home in the evening, he was in the habit of throwing them into a tub of water, which stood by the window near the hearth.

On rising in the morning he always remarked that some fish were missing, and that somebody had been scattering the ashes on the hearth, no doubt for the purpose of broiling the fish on the still glowing embers. The fisher examined his hut, but finding no opening, felt fully convinced that it was Osschaert who had played him the trick. He soon forgot the affair, but to his no small vexation found on the following morning that his fish had again been taken and broiled on the embers. "Now," thought he, "I will cure Master Osschaert of that trick," and so

covered the whole hearth with horse-dung, over which he scattered a few ashes.

Osschaert came as usual to get and roast his fish, saying as he entered: "Blommeken, vischkens braeyen;" but when he came to the hearth he spoiled the beautiful trout with the horse-dung, and went away doubling and shaking his fists; while the fisherman, who was awake, burst into a loud laugh. So far so good; but Osschaert knew how to be revenged. On the following morning, to wit, the fisherman went out and cast his net, and soon after attempted to haul it up, but found it inconceivably heavy. At length, when after much toil and trouble he had pulled it to the surface of the water, he saw that there were no fish in it, but only an immense heap of horse-dung. Osschaert now gave a hearty laugh, and the fisherman full of vexation returned home [1].

THE NECKER.

In the rivers and springs spirits have often been seen, which the German Belgians call Neckers. These spirits sometimes sang most beautiful melodies in chorus; sometimes, like women, they were seen arranging their hair in the river. They have also been known to converse with men, and to play all sorts of games.

Near Ghent a little old man has often been seen on the water of the Scheldt. He was a Necker (Nix), and was constantly sighing and moaning. Two children once, who

[1] Osschaert and the Yorkshire *Barguest* seem nearly identical. There was a Barguest named the Picktree Brag, whose usual form was that of a little galloway, "in which shape a farmer, still or lately living thereabouts, reported that it had come to him one night as he was going home; that he got upon it and rode very quietly till it came to a great pond, to which it ran and threw him in, and *went laughing away*." Keightley, F. M. p. 310. Scott's Minstrelsy, i. p. cx.

were playing on the river's bank, saw him coming towards them, and ran away, at which the Necker cried piteously. He did harm to no one. If any person asked him the cause of his sorrow, he would fetch a deep sigh and disappear.

Throughout Brabant the tradition is current that the Necker sucks the blood of the drowned. From rivulets the mournful cry of a child is often heard; but to this no great attention need be paid, as it is often only a deception of the Necker.

Those drowned of the name of Jan have the singular property of remaining upright in the water, and under no circumstances are they ever found lying on the side.

THE THREE NIXEN OF JUPILLE.

One autumn evening as the joyful inhabitants of Jupille, at the end of the vintage, were springing about and dancing on the verdant turf, three damsels suddenly approached them from the banks of the Meuse, and joined the mirthful assemblage. They were attired in garments of dazzling whiteness, and on their fair locks wore garlands of fresh-blown water-lilies. Whether they walked or only glided on the earth no one could say. The young lads of Jupille had never met with such light dancers.

When the dancing was over, all sat down in a circle, and the three damsels began to sing, and that with such sweet voices that the eyes of all were fixed on them, and no one thought how far the night was already advanced. To their surprise the clock struck the hour of midnight, when the damsels, after whispering a few words together, greeted the company round, and soon disappeared.

On the following evening, just as the moon was risen,

they returned, when the young men instantly hastened up to them, requesting them to dance. As the night was sultry, one of them drew off her gloves, which her partner took charge of. This time the clock struck twelve while they were still engaged in the dance. Terrified at the sound the damsels started and were hastening away, when one exclaimed: "Where are my gloves?" But the youth would not restore them, retaining them as a pledge of love; and the damsel, with her companions, hurried away without them. Her partner followed with equal speed; being but too desirous of discovering where the beauteous maiden dwelt. They proceeded on and on, when, on reaching the Meuse, the damsels sprang into the water and vanished.

When on the following morning the love-sick youth revisited the spot, the water there was blood-red. The maidens never appeared again [1].

FLERUS.

In a farm-house near Ostend everything went on satisfactorily and prosperously, so that in a short time the owner became one of the wealthiest persons in the neighbourhood. This was ascribed to a domestic sprite named Flerus, who had his abode there, and appeared sometimes under a human form, sometimes in that of an animal. If a horse was sick, Flerus was called, who appeared at the instant as a strong and lively horse, willingly suffered himself to be harnessed, and performed thrice the quantity of work of any other horse. He never flinched from a service: even if the maid-servants foresaw that they would not have time to sweep the house thoroughly, Flerus would come at their call, would draw water and carry it to them.

[1] In connection with the foregoing tradition, see the epitome of German Mythology in vol. i.

The only remuneration he looked for was a little fresh milk with sugar.

But once a couple of young and thoughtless servant-girls, who had been made rather wanton by the good nature of Flerus, resolved on playing him a trick. They called him and he instantly came; but when he had performed the work required of him, they set before him, instead of his usual meal, fresh milk with garlic. Scarcely, however, had he tasted it when he vanished, saying:

Melk en look!	Milk and garlic!
Flerus verhuist,	Flerus decamps,
En't geluk ook.	And good luck eke.

From that hour no more was heard or seen of Flerus in the place, and everything went crab-fashion. From him the place acquired the name of Flerushof.

THE WERWOLF.

A man had once gone out with his bow to attend a shooting match at Ronsse, but when about half way to the place, he saw on a sudden a large wolf spring from a thicket and rush towards a young girl, that was sitting in a meadow by the road side watching cows. The man did not long hesitate, but quickly drawing forth an arrow, took aim, and luckily hit the wolf in the right side, so that the arrow remained sticking in the wound, and the animal ran back howling into the wood.

On the following day he heard that a serving-man of the burgomaster's lay at the point of death, in consequence of having been shot in the right side on the preceding day. This so excited the man's curiosity, that he went to the wounded man and requested to see the arrow, which he instantly recognised as one of his own. Then having desired all those present to withdraw, when he was alone with the man, he persuaded him to confess how he

had received the wound, when he acknowledged that he was the Werwolf. He died on the following day.

THE MAERE.

In the village of Alveringen a cunning man was once called to see a woman who was mare-ridden. He took a handful of dry sand, uttered certain words, and cast the sand in the air, and all about, under the tables, chairs and cupboards, in short, in every corner. Hardly had he done this, when at once there stood a woman in the chamber, of whom no one knew whence she came, and whom no one had ever before seen. She did not long deliberate, but quickly opened the door and escaped. "There was your Mare," said the man, "she will not return in a hurry, for she is now marked." On the persons present inquiring how or with what she was marked, he answered: "Simply with a grain of sand; but her power is now at an end."

As some reapers were one day at work in a field near Vilvorde, they found a naked woman lying apparently asleep; yet it was no natural sleep, for it did not appear to the men that she breathed. Curious to know what might be the matter with the woman, they went and called a shepherd, who had the reputation of being skilled in hidden things. On seeing the woman, he at once said: "She is not asleep, but is a Mare, who has just stript herself for the purpose of riding some one." The reapers laughed at this, and said the shepherd was befooling them; but he said: "Wait only an instant, and you shall see something extraordinary." He then bent down to the woman and whispered a word or two in her ear, when they immediately saw a little animal, the length of a finger and of singular form, come running and creep into the woman's

mouth. The shepherd then gave her a smart push so that she rolled over thrice, and which caused her to wake, when after looking about her with astonishment, she got up and fled with all possible speed, to the great surprise of the reapers, who enjoyed the thing amazingly.

Two young men in the neighbourhood of Vilvorde loved the same damsel; but one of them, the comelier of the two, had an affliction, for which he had tried a number of remedies, yet all to no purpose—he suffered every night from the Mare. Complaining one day to his rival how he was tormented the instant he got into bed, and how every remedy had proved vain, the other laughed at him, and said: "O, there is nothing more easy; I will give thee advice, which, if thou wilt follow it, will secure thee from all such visitations in future. Hold a sharp and well-pointed knife with the *point* towards thy breast, when thou liest down in bed, and do not go to sleep; then will the Mare have visited thee for the last time."

The poor lad, overjoyed at the thought of getting rid of the spectre on such easy terms, forgot in his delight half of the counsel, and held the knife with the *handle* towards his breast, so that the point stood upright; and lucky was it that he did so; for when the Mare came as usual, she wounded herself on the point of the knife, and returned no more. In the other case she would have driven the knife into his breast.

In Liege there was at one time a number of persons who by wishing could afflict any one with the Mare; to be again free from which people gave them money, and in return received from them a bottle. Into this they had to

void their urine, which they placed a while in the sun, and then brought it to the person to whom they had given the money. This person then led the patient to some water, by which he stood with his back towards it, and then threw the bottle over his head into it.

A nobleman dwelling at his castle in the neighbourhood of Sittard, was every night plagued with a Mare. He sent for his physician, and at length for the clergyman, but neither could supply him with a remedy for the evil. This reached the ears of a shepherd, who came to the nobleman and told him that he had a certain remedy for the Mare. On the nobleman asking him in what it consisted, he said: "If the Mare comes again, let her remain quiet; but when she is gone, make water, put it in a bottle, and keep it carefully; you will then see something wonderful." The nobleman did so, and shut the bottle up in his cupboard, keeping the key in his pocket.

Next day about noon there came an old woman to the gate, asking whether they had any old broken glass to sell. The maid-servant gave her all the broken glass, but she again inquired whether they had no entire bottles, and requested her to ask her master whether he had any. The master, who instantly knew what she was driving at, answered that he had none. She then asked whether she could not speak with the master herself. On seeing him she besought him to give her the bottle that he had in his cupboard, and at his refusal, fell at his feet and wept bitterly, promising that she would do him no further injury. He thereupon took the bottle, and broke it [1], and drove

[1] The original adds: "und zur Stunde lief das Wasser also von dem alten Weibe weg, dass das ganze Zimmer voll wurde."

the old woman with blows from the door. He was thus relieved from the Mare, who never again returned.

My aunt's grandmother, says Mynh. Van Swygenhoven, had once a horse that was mare-ridden. This coming to the knowledge of a neighbour, he brought two bricks, which he laid crosswise, bound them fast with a cord, and hung them on the horse. The animal instantly ceased from sweating and feeling uneasiness, and the Mare no more tormented it.

DWARF-SMITHIES.

In the Walloon provinces there is not a village nor a hamlet that has not its dwarf-cave or dwarf-hole. In the forests the vestiges of former smithies are often met with, which the people call dwarf-smithies. Whole pigs of iron or lead are also frequently found, which date from the time of the goblins.

To those that are kind to them these dwarfs are very serviceable; only care must be taken to place food for them every night.

LODDER.

One warm summer night three reapers went to the field for the purpose of completing their labour, which, in consequence of the great heat, they had been obliged to intermit. The moon not having yet risen, they could scarcely see, and therefore resolved, after laying aside their clothes, to sit down for a short time, until it grew lighter. Scarcely, however, had they deposited their garments, when they heard a distant rattling as of chains, but which constantly came nearer and nearer, and at length reached the spot where the clothes were lying. One of the men then stood up to look after their clothes, but there they

lay undisturbed, and he saw nothing, though the rattling still continued.

In the mean while it gradually became darker, and thunder was heard at a distance, so the reapers resolved to return home; for they saw that it would be impossible for them to work. They had but just put on their clothes when the rattling suddenly and quickly came quite close to them, and something passed between the legs of one of them which carried him off with it. He cried as loud as he could: "Lodder! Lodder! strike! strike! I am sitting on him." But the others laughed at him, for although they saw him riding away, they could not see Lodder, for he had made himself invisible. So the more they laughed, the more vexed was the man, and the more lustily he cried out; for he well knew on whose back he was sitting. In short, he was carried on and on till he came to a large pond, into which Lodder threw himself and left the terrified reaper lying half dead on the grass.

When the others came up, they saw plainly that it was earnest, and from that time have never laughed when anything extraordinary happened to them in the night.

A wild young fellow coming home late one night, heard, while he was putting the key into the lock, something on the ground that continually went ticktack, ticktack, ticktack. Stooping down he found it was a silver watch, which he joyfully placed in his pocket. On entering his room he drew it out, for the purpose of seeing at what hour it stood. At that moment the church clock struck twelve, and the watch became cold and icy in his hand, and on looking at it, it was a large, fat toad. In his fright he dashed it on the ground, when suddenly there stood a huge dog before him, with eyes like lanterns, which after having stared at him till he fell on his bed in a fright,

darted through the window, which at that moment sprang open, when from without hahaha! long resounded in his ears. He then knew that it was Lodder.

On a Saturday evening the country lads usually go to the window of their sweethearts and settle with them where they shall meet on the Sunday. A young fellow from Tissel, who was on the same errand, had, in order to reach the house in which his sweetheart dwelt, to cross over a brook; but when he came to the spot where the bridge should be, it was no longer there, but there was Lodder sitting in the grass. "What dost thou want?" said Lodder. "I want to go to my sweetheart," answered the young man, "but I don't see the bridge." "Then I can help thee," said Lodder, at the same time stretching himself at full length across the water, so that his paws reached the opposite bank; and the youth taking courage, passed over Lodder's back and neck and arms, and when he found himself on the opposite bank he courteously thanked Lodder. After having conversed a while with his lass, he took his way home. In passing through a cornfield he heard an infant piteously crying, and on proceeding to the spot whence the voice seemed to come, he found a boy of about eight years old, whom he took on his back and continued his way to the brook, where Lodder was still sitting. "What hast thou there?" asked Lodder. "A poor child," answered the young man, "whom I will keep with me till to-morrow, when he will perhaps find his parents." "'T is well," said Lodder, stretching out his paws, and again placing himself across the brook. But as he was passing over Lodder's legs, the boy on his shoulders grew uncommonly heavy, so that Lodder cried out, "Thou art getting too heavy for me, I shall let thee fall." "Just stay a little while, dear Lodder," said the

young man, "I shall be over in a second." But the boy grew heavier and heavier, and when they were on Lodder's back, he blew hot into the young man's neck, and struck his long nails into his shoulders: at the same moment Lodder vanished, and the young man fell into the water, where he instantly crossed himself, and so released himself from the boy. He then scrambled out of the brook and ran home as fast as he could, while behind him resounded Hahaha!

WITCHERY.

In the village of Oostbrouck, near Utrecht, there lived a widow, who kept a man-servant, that performed both domestic and field labour. This servant, such persons being generally curious, had through his window frequently remarked that his mistress, when she thought that all were asleep, went to a particular place in the stable, and there took hay from the crib. This surprised him, and he wondered within himself why his mistress did so, and resolved to try what would be the effect, if he did the same. So once, after she had been in the stable, he went in, looked carefully around, and took some hay. But scarcely had he taken it in his hand before he was hurried through the air, and borne away to the little town of Wyck, and into a large underground cellar, where he found a numerous assemblage of men and women. When his mistress and the others perceived him, they were at first frightened, and asked him how he came among them, and he then related to them the whole affair. His mistress on hearing it fell into a violent rage, and began to deliberate with her associates on the steps it were most advisable to take; but all were of opinion that the best course would be to receive the man amicably, and engage him not to blab. Now came the hour of parting, and it was again a subject of discussion, whether they should

kill him or let him go free, but they resolved on the latter course; and after he had promised not to divulge what he had witnessed, his mistress took him on her shoulders, and they both flew off through the air. But when they came to a lake the woman thought within herself it were better to throw him into the water, for then there would be an end to all tattling, and she did accordingly, giving him a smart shake, so that the poor fellow fell into the lake.

But his guardian angel would not allow him so to die, and he escaped with his life, yet lay in great pain among the rushes, groaning and wailing most piteously. Some persons, who were passing by, hearing him, dragged him out, and inquired how he came there, when he related to them all that had befallen him. They then laid him on a wagon and conveyed him to Utrecht, where he related his story to the burgomaster, John Culemburg, at which that magistrate greatly marvelled. The widow being afterwards seized, made a full confession and received the punishment she merited.

THE LONG WAPPER OF ANTWERP[1].

My late father, says the veracious narrator, as well as my ancient aunt and all my acquaintances, have in my younger days talked to me a thousand times about the Long Wapper, and of the numerous tricks which that extraordinary being played to the inhabitants of the good city of Antwerp.

His tricks were not always malicious, but consisted frequently in rogueries and the like; yet something always lay at the bottom of them that was not altogether right, and regarding which one might entertain unfavourable thoughts. It is, too, a well-known fact that he has car-

[1] Partly from 'Wodana,' p. 11.

ried many a one off with him, but whither the Lord alone knows. It would seem that people were afraid to speak ill of him, for who could say that he was not listening? Who or what he was I cannot say, for no one knew anything of the matter. As long as he abode in the city, his name was scarcely ever pronounced; and it was only when all traces of him had disappeared, that persons ventured to communicate to each other their thoughts concerning him. My schoolmistress, who was very religious, often spoke of him, and told us he was a spirit from the other world; but I for my part believe that he was a rich man belonging to the city, who had made a compact with the devil. Indeed, at a later period I heard that several noble and high city families were in league with him, and were by family connected with him, and therefore had good reason to keep the truth secret.

In former days the Wappersrui, which is now arched over, lay quite open, and the place now called the Wappersbrücke was a real, true bridge. There it was that the Long Wapper chiefly made his haunt, and from him both the above names are derived. He usually made his first appearance from under the bridge, strode with his long legs out of the water to the rampart, there in an instant shrank to a diminutive size, and then appeared as one of the street boys. He would then mingle with the other boys, and no one ever recognised him, for he always assumed the form of one of them that did not happen to be present. This took place usually in the hours between light and dark, for then the boys came from school or from their meals, and began their play. One of their favourite games was 'shove-hat,' at which one of them, on whom it fell by lot, gave his hat, which the others shoved with their feet backwards and forwards, until he to whom it belonged was fortunate enough to overtake and seize it. All went on well till it fell to the lot of the Long

Wapper to give his hat; but then wo to him who gave the first push to the hat! He broke his wooden shoes in pieces and fractured his toes; for the supposed hat was a heavy iron pot. Then was to be heard the loud Hahaha! of the jeering sprite, whom all now sought after, but no one found.

At night, when he could find no more boys to plague and irritate in their games, there was not a single street in the whole city that was wholly secure from his pranks. Not an old woman nor a young girl could be out at a late hour, without experiencing his artifice. In the neighbourhood of the Flesh-market in particular he perpetrated a number of shameful acts; though what they exactly were I no longer remember. Two cases are, however, still fresh in my recollection, and that just because they happened to a person of my acquaintance. This person was returning home from her work about eleven o'clock one night, when she heard the cry of a little infant proceeding from the Flesh-market. On approaching the spot, she found there, on a stone bench, a poor little creature that appeared not many hours old, in neat, white swaddling clothes. She took up the little being and pressed it to her bosom, thinking it was a forsaken babe that had been exposed by its parents, in the expectation that some one would keep and nourish the poor foundling. As it continued crying and would not be pacified, the good woman resolved to give it the breast, for she had at the time a suckling at home. Having so done she proceeded on her way, but with every step she took the child grew larger and larger, and heavier and heavier, so that when she was within a few steps of her own door she could no longer carry her burthen, but was obliged to let go the wonderful suckling, which did not, however, fall on the ground, but glided away under her arm, and at the same moment Hahaha! resounded behind her. On her turning round,

a voice addressed her with: "Thanks, good woman, thanks! I have nicely quenched my thirst." Wondering hereat, she looked to see who spoke, and there stood the Long Wapper close to her, with his head towering far above the houses.

From that time she was very cautious, and whenever, on returning home late at night, she met with anything that appeared in the least degree suspicious, she instantly either crossed herself, or called for aid to the mother of God, or one of the saints or holy angels, and then naturally all went right; and by following this course she continued free from all annoyance for a considerable time. Once, however, as she was on her way home about midnight, she all at once observed a white handkerchief or napkin lying on the ground before her. Thinking she was in luck's way, she was carrying it off, when it stretched itself out more and more, slipt away from her, and at length became so long that she saw it was the Long Wapper again, who now leisurely strode over the houses, at the same time laughing aloud. Of such pranks I could have told you God knows how many; for every night something new occurred, and that not in one place only, but in many at the same time; so that it was evident he could multiply himself.

And then if I were to speak of the various forms under which he appeared! Sometimes he was a cat, sometimes a dog, sometimes a clergyman, sometimes a richly clad personage, who with sweetmeats and the like enticed children to go with him, the Lord alone knows whither. Often would he stand of an incredible height at the lofty church windows, and disturb the late devotions with cursing and blasphemy. At another time he would knock at the windows of the second and even the third stories of the houses, striking the greatest terror into the inhabitants. If he saw any lace-makers or other women or men

working late at night, he would cry out to them: "The night is for me, the day for you[1]!" In wealthy houses he would appear in the form of an acquaintance and sit with the family at table; and when all were enjoying themselves in peace and contentment, would suddenly vanish, laughing at his host. He would frequently mingle with card-players, lose much money, and refuse to pay. If then a quarrel ensued, he would call his fellow-gamesters out, to settle the dispute out of doors, when generally one would lose his life.

What chiefly made my late father believe that the destruction of souls was one of the Long Wapper's principal objects, was the following occurrence: A man, whose wife was in labour, going out late one night to fetch a midwife, encountered so many difficulties in his way that it would be no easy task to recount them. In the mean time the poor woman was left alone in her sufferings, and the child would inevitably have died without baptism, had the man —who was my own uncle—not extricated himself by timely recourse to prayer.

But the best preservative against the Long Wapper was an image of the Virgin, for that he could never pass. Since that time such images have been set up at the corners of all the streets, which is the principal reason why he left Antwerp. He now haunts the sea-coast.

In the foregoing account of the Long Wapper we have mentioned that no one ever ventured to speak ill of him, or even to whisper the most innocent suppositions concerning him; for no one could be certain that he was not speaking with him himself. In general it did not turn out well for those who said anything about him; for when they went out at night they might be sure of being, in

[1] The cry of the Wild Huntsman.

one place or other, obliged to pass between his legs; for he would place himself across the street, with his feet against the opposite sides, and make himself so tall that his whole body rose above the houses, and thus break the neck of many a one that passed under him.

When playing with children he often allowed them to win a great deal, particularly at marbles; but when the poor things returned home, and full of joy would exhibit their winnings, the marbles were changed to filthy horse-dung.

He one day played at thieves against the church of the Friars Preachers, and the lot fell on him to be the hangman, an office he willingly undertook. When it came to the hanging, he really hanged him who played the thief, so that the poor boy died; and then at one bounce away he sprang into the water, leaving the others with the dead body, and laughing at them into the bargain.

A few days after this villanous act, a cooper in St. Pietersvliet took a journeyman into his service, who at first was very handy and attentive to his business. But one day the master ordered him to throw a handful of shavings into a cask and set them on fire, as coopers are in the habit of doing; but before the master was aware of it, the journeyman had kindled the fire in the workshop, and chopt all the hoops in pieces. When the cooper saw this he was exasperated, and was about seizing his rascally man by the hair, to revenge himself for the damage; but he fled, pursued by his angry master, and sprang, bursting into his usual scoffing laugh, into the water. The cooper now saw pretty clearly with whom he had had to do, and instantly hastened back to his workshop, where he found everything in flames, and not till after much exertion, with the help of his neighbours, could the fire be extinguished.

Shortly after this he hired himself to a brewer. After

having been a whole day industrious and attentive, he was ordered in the evening to roll away a full tun of beer. This he contrived to roll over one of his fellow-journeymen, and the poor man was killed. Wapper was pursued by all the brewer's men, who would avenge their mate, but he leaped in the Brouwersvliet and vanished. Some who did not know him sprang after him to catch him, but they were piteously drowned.

Another time he appeared in broad day selling muscles, and passing by a house where four women were sitting before the door at work, he strongly recommended his muscles to them, at the same time opening one, which he very courteously offered to one of the women. She took it, but when in her mouth it was nothing but dirt. He apologized and opened a second. This time all four saw that it was a fine, sound muscle. Another of the women was about to swallow it, but felt something crawling about in her mouth, which on spitting it out proved to be a large, black spider. The women fell upon him, but he defended himself, left two of them for dead and vanished.

Equally atrocious was his conduct towards three youths. They were sitting together in the Ridder-straet, wishing to play at cards, but wanted a fourth. The Long Wapper comes by, offers to play with them, and the game begins. Shortly after a quarrel arises, and from words they soon proceed to fighting; the Long Wapper strikes them dead, one after another, and then was away no one knew how or whither. Often, too, when he mingled with card-players, which frequently happened, he would suffer himself to be pursued by his fellow-gamesters, and so entice them into the water, and there cause them to perish. He once went into an inn, the sign of the Horn, and there made such a disturbance that the night-watch were on the point of seizing him, but he escaped from them and sprang into the water. Those who leaped in after him, with the

intention of capturing him, paid for their temerity with their lives.

Sometimes he appeared as a little child. Once in the Beddenstraet some persons found a new-born child lying in the middle of the road on a dunghill. They instantly took the little creature into a house, warmed and fed it with pap, and for ten days took all possible care of it. Then all at once it grew large, ran out of the house, and laughed at the good folks who had been so kind to it. The same happened to a washerwoman, who returning from church found a child in the street, which she took home and fed, and which, when it was warm and satisfied, said, laughing aloud: "Thanks, mammy; I was very cold and hungry;" with which words it disappeared up the chimney. Something similar also befell three lads. They had gone out to cut osiers; and on the esplanade of the citadel found a child lying in the path. After considering what to do with it, they agreed that one of them should take it with him and give it to his mother. The lad then taking it in his arms, proceeded with it homewards, followed by the others. He had not, however, gone far before he began to complain of fatigue, and begged one of his companions to carry the child. In his arms, too, it grew so heavy, that he fell down with it, and then they resolved that two together should carry it. This lasted for a while, when it became too heavy for them, and the third was obliged to aid them. When they had proceeded a few steps further, the three being unable longer to bear their burthen, laid it on the grass and sat down by the side of it. Then all of a sudden the child began to increase, and became larger and larger, and they saw clearly that it was the Long Wapper.

One poor man he struck with deadly terror. This man was so poor that he had not even a handful of straw for his children to sleep on; when one evening returning from

his work he found a large bundle of straw lying in the street. This he gladly took home with him, saying to himself: "Now my poor children can for once have a soft bed." But hardly had he thrown down the straw in his hut, before it moved and stood erect. The wife seeing this, instantly ran to get holy water, with which having sprinkled it, it instantly flew out through the chimney.

But ten times worse is that which befell a rich woman in Antwerp. This woman led a very licentious life, and had four lovers, all of whom visited her in the evenings, but at different hours, so that no one knew anything of the others. The Long Wapper one night assumed the form of this lady. At ten o'clock came the first lover, and the Long Wapper said to him: "What dost thou desire?" "I desire you for a wife," said the spark. "Thou shalt have me," replied Wapper, "if thou wilt go instantly to the churchyard of our Lady, and there sit for two hours on the transverse of the great cross." "Good," said he, "that shall be done;" and he went and did accordingly.

At half-past ten came the second. "What dost thou desire?" asked the Long Wapper. "I wish to marry you," answered the suitor. "Thou shalt have me," replied Wapper, "if thou wilt go previously to the churchyard of our Lady, there take a coffin, drag it to the foot of the great cross, and lay thyself in it till midnight." "Good," said the lover, "that shall be done at once;" and he went and did so.

About eleven o'clock came the third. Him the Long Wapper commissioned to go to the coffin at the foot of the cross in our Lady's churchyard, to knock thrice on the lid, and to wait there till midnight.

At half-past eleven came the fourth, and Wapper asked him what his wishes were. "To wed you," answered he. "Thou shalt do so," replied Wapper, "if thou wilt take the iron chain in the kitchen, and dragging it after thee,

run three times round the cross in the churchyard of our Lady." "Good," said the spark, "that I will do."

The first had set himself on the cross, but had fallen dead with fright to the earth, on seeing the second place the coffin at his feet. The second died with fright when the third struck thrice on the coffin; the third fell down dead when the fourth came rattling his chain, and the fourth knew not what to think, when he found his three rivals lying stiff and cold around the cross. With all speed he ran from the churchyard to the lady, to tell her what had happened, and to hold her to her word. But she of course knew nothing of the matter; when, however, on the following day, she was informed of the miserable death of her three lovers, she put an end to her own life.

THE WILD HUNT.

The concubine of an ecclesiastic having died, the night after her decease, as a soldier and his comrades were riding through a forest, they were surprised at hearing a woman's voice crying for help. Shortly after they saw the woman running towards them. One of the soldiers then descending from his horse, made a circle round himself on the earth with his sword, into which he drew the woman. Immediately after they heard a fearful noise in the air, like that of many huntsmen and dogs, at which the woman trembled violently. But the soldier, giving his horse to one of his comrades, took hold of the woman's long tresses and wound them round his left arm, while in his right hand he held his sword stretched out before him.

When the Wild Hunt drew nigh, the woman whispered to the soldier: "Ride without me, ride without me, there he comes." The soldier, however, continued holding her fast by the hair, but she tore herself away and fled, leaving her long tresses in his hand. But the huntsman soon caught her and threw her across his saddle, so that

her head and arms hung down on one side, and her legs on the other.

Next morning, when he entered the town, the soldier related his adventure and showed the hair on his arm. The people at first would not believe him, but went and opened the coffin, and there found the body lying without hair.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN'S PRESENT.

As two countrymen were coming late one night through the Sonienbusch, one of them quite drunk, the other being a pious, sober man, they suddenly heard at a distance a cracking of whips, barking of dogs, and tramp of horses. "God preserve us, here's the Wild Huntsman!" said the sober countryman; but the drunkard laughed and said: "I would fain know what the foul fiend catches," and then in a loud voice cried: "Holla Sir Hunter, pray give me part of your game." At this the other crossed himself, and they pursued their way home. On the following morning, when the drunkard's wife would go out to fetch water, she found, on opening the door, the hind quarter of an ox that had died in the village about a month before, and had been thrown on the common laystall, and which stank horribly, and was full of worms and maggots.

THE ETERNAL HUNTSMAN OF WYNENDAEL.

In the neighbourhood of the castle of Wynendael, the former palace of the Counts of Flanders, there dwelt a long time ago an aged peasant, who had a son that was entirely devoted to the chase, and instead of ploughing and cultivating the fields, was always roaming about the woods and forests. His father had often reproached him for this propensity, but he continued in his old course.

When the old peasant at length lay on his death-bed, he had his son called to him, for the purpose of giving him a last Christian exhortation. He came not, but

whistling to his dogs, went out into the thicket. At this the old man was struck with terrific despair, and he cursed his son with the appalling words: "Hunt then for ever! aye for ever!" He then turned his head and expired.

From that time the unhappy son has wandered restless about the woods. At night he is frequently heard crying Jacko! Jacko! Jacko! and then the whole neighbourhood re-echoes with the noise of the huntsman and the baying of dogs.

Others say that the huntsman was, by his father's malediction, transformed to a bird of prey, and flies about in that form, following and attacking both men and beasts, and constantly crying Jacko! Jacko! Jacko!

In these latter years the old woods about Wynendael have been grubbed up, since which time the huntsman has gone further up.

JACK O' LANTERNS BAPTIZED.

Jack o' Lanterns are, as tradition tells us, the souls of unbaptized children. Because these souls cannot enter heaven, they take their abode in forests, and in dark and desert places, where they mourn over their hard lot. If at night they get sight of any person, they run up to him, and then hasten on before him, to show him the way to some water, that he may baptize them therewith. And that no one should neglect to do, because the poor beings must remain without the gates of paradise until some one takes pity on them.

MALEGY'S PALFREY.

On the Monday following the little Tuindag (or fair), in the year 1521, three young damsels, Magdalena Ghyselin, Lucia Larmeson and Maxima Vanden Driessche, who dwelt near each other in the street of the Recollets at

Ypres, tempted by the coolness of the evening, were walking slowly through the city, when, in the Temple street, they were surprised by the sight of a little horse, which seemed to be wandering about without a master. The animal was of such extraordinary beauty, that the three maidens stood still to admire it. Its skin was white, without hair, and exceedingly smooth; on each haunch there appeared, as if embroidered, a green parrot, and round its body hung many garlands of flowers; its legs were as round as turned pillars, its mane was of gold fringe, and its tail composed of many-coloured ribands: on its back was a saddle of rose-coloured damask.

While the three maidens were thus standing lost in wonder at the uncommon beauty of the horse, a man came running, who appeared to be the master of the strayed animal, who turning to the delighted females, asked them if they had ever seen so handsome a palfrey? "No," answered they in ecstasy. "That I can easily believe," continued he in a courteous tone, "for this horse comes from Japan. I have only to-day arrived in Ypres: its qualities render it even more worthy of admiration than its beautiful form. It will not suffer any male to ride it, and instantly throws any one that ventures to make the experiment; but it is particularly adapted to carry young damsels, as you may perceive by its splendid saddle. Whenever such wish to mount it, it instantly sinks down on its knees, to receive them on its back. And if you are inclined, ladies, to make a little tour with it, let all three mount, and say where you live, or whither you would like to go; it will convey you thither with all comfort, as if it felt itself flattered at being employed in the service of the fair."

"What say you?" said Magdalena, who was the boldest of the three, to her two friends; "I have already been on horseback once, and if you will venture, I will sit fore-

most and hold the rein; you can sit behind and take fast hold of me." "We are willing," said the two others. "So, courage, nag," said the man, at the same time patting the animal; "bend your knees before the young ladies, that they may mount." In an instant the horse fell on its knees, and the damsels mounted. "Now," said Magdalena Vanden Driessche to the man, "you must not let the horse run or leap, for I am afraid of falling off." "Fear not," answered the man, "it shall not leap; say only where you wish to go." "Home," answered the three at once, "we live near each other in the street of the Recollets." "So, my nag, you have heard: be gentle and ride on with the young ladies," said the man to the wonderful animal.

Magdalena held fast by the rein, which was a plaited silken cord, to guide the horse, and the proud animal stept on so gently that its tread could scarcely be heard; but by degrees its pace became quicker and quicker, till at length it seemed to fly along the road like an arrow. It was already without the city gate before the three maidens were aware that they were deceived.

It was now night, and it would not be possible to conjecture the distance that the horse had travelled; but all at once it stopt before a magnificent palace of vast dimensions, the innumerable windows of which appeared like so many furnaces, so intense was the light within the place. The melodious tones of a thousand musical instruments charmed the ears of the listening damsels; it seemed also that they were dancing merrily within.

At once the gate flew open, the palfrey bearing the three maidens entered, followed by its master, and the gate closed of itself after them. A moment after a side-door opened, and a numerous and richly-clad party of ladies presented themselves to the eyes of the young damsels from Ypres. In the middle of the apartment stood a

well-furnished table, at the head of which sat a stately personage, who seemed to be the master of the mansion.

Some of the young damsels then stood up, approached the three maidens, and assisted them to dismount from Malegy's palfrey, which again bent its knees; after which they invited them to enter. But the three maidens, who had not recovered from their surprise, craved pardon for their unseasonable appearance at the palace, and were about to begin the recital of what had befallen them. But their excuses found no hearers, and they were obliged to yield to the request of the young ladies. They entered accordingly. Scarcely had they sufficiently feasted their eyes on the splendid attire of the ladies, when their attention was attracted to the lord of the mansion. His dress consisted of an ample robe of damask, which covered his whole person; on his head he had a kind of turban, in the front of which projected a small mirror, and on both sides of which were attached diamonds and other precious stones. This personage was not less courteous than the young ladies, and by his flattering discourse so seduced them, that from sheer politeness they sat down to table and partook of the good cheer.

The three maidens had waited till the supper was over to give an explanation of their adventure; but when they began to inquire for a guide to conduct them back to their parents, who would be distressed on account of their long absence, the master of the palace arose from his seat and said: "Dear friends! now that Malegy's palfrey has procured us the pleasure of receiving in our mansion these noble damsels from Ypres, we must not neglect anything that may contribute to their passing the evening cheerfully and pleasantly.—Let us play at forfeits."

And as if all the ladies had divined the thought of their lord, they had already ranged themselves in a circle when he uttered the last words, leaving places vacant for the

damsels from Ypres, whom they pressed to join the party. But Magdalena Ghyselin said: "I cannot play with you, for my parents will be alarmed if I stay longer." "Nor can I," said Lucia Larmeson. "I must positively be at home to-night," said Maxima Vanden Driessche, who was the youngest, and feared being chidden. At this refusal the eyes of the master assumed such a diabolic expression, and his countenance was overspread with such an angry gloom, that they quickly sat down in the circle, to withdraw themselves from the terrific fascination of that visage. They immediately thought that their refusal was an incivility, and charged themselves with causing the unfavourable change which they remarked in the manner of the lord of the mansion. They then played at forfeits.

When it came to the turn of the three maidens to repeat after the master the words he had spoken, their usual quickness at forfeits deserted them, for they were so disconcerted by his looks, that they lost every time, and had to forfeit. This course of bad luck lasted so long that all the three were obliged to give everything they had, so that at last they parted with all their ornaments, as earrings, chains, rings and bracelets, and even their clothes. With beating hearts they awaited the end of the game.

"Now," said the great man, "before we proceed to the redeeming of the forfeits, let us drink to the health of Malegy's palfrey, which has so wondrously brought the young ladies to our dwelling." At these words the eyes of the ladies of the palace grew brighter and shot forth little flames, which almost blinded our three maidens. The master of the palfrey then entered, filled the glasses, and the salver went formally round. It seemed that the lips of the great man muttered some mysterious words, and any one who could have been an indifferent spectator of what was passing, would have seen that his turban stood

higher than before, as if something were growing on his head that lifted it up.

They raised their glasses to their mouths, but no sooner had the first drop of liquid passed over the lips of the three maidens, than they seemed at once to wake from a dream, and found themselves under the blue sky, in the dewy grass that grew in the bottom of a great hollow. The sorcery was at an end. The three maidens were sitting in a deep cavity on the Kemmelberg, two hours distant from the city, yet totally ignorant of the place they were in. It may easily be imagined with what dejection they looked on one another, in the middle of the night, half-naked, and in an unknown place thrown into a pit, from which nothing could be seen but the stars glittering in the heavens. Mute astonishment soon, however, gave place to a general lamentation over their miserable plight. At length, having found means to escape from the pit, they wandered bareheaded and barefooted for some time round the mountain, till at length they perceived a peasant's cottage, towards which they directed their steps.

They knocked at the door: the cottager rose and asked what they wanted. They told him their adventure, and inquired the name of the place where they were. "On the Kemmelberg," was the answer; "and as I hear, you have been in the clutches of the sorceresses, who on the mountain here make such a hideous noise every night. Only an hour ago I got up and put my head out of the window, yet saw nothing but a great light, although I heard playing, singing and dancing without cessation.

The three girls begged for the loan of clothes, and for assistance, but the cottager's wife, who in her bed had heard all that passed, cried out: "No, Klaes, give them no assistance: persons who dare to appear so naked at our door can be no other than sorceresses, that come to deceive us and to bewitch our child, for I hear it crying already.

let us rather seize and burn them." "I believe thou art right, wife," said the man, "for it is impossible that three young damsels from Ypres, daughters of respectable persons, should come to the Kemmelberg at such an improper hour, and without clothes." Saying this he seized Magdalena, who stood nearest to him, by her blue underpetticoat. Lucia and Maxima ran down the mountain and escaped. Magdalena screamed and struggled, but with little chance of effecting her escape, when luckily the hook of her petticoat brake, by which accident she was enabled to run off, leaving her garment in the hands of the peasant.

After having wandered through many unknown ways, our scantily-clad damsels, with tearful eyes, cheeks red with shame, and beating hearts, came at length to a hostel, at the door of which they knocked. They did not venture to tell the master, who instantly rose, how they had fallen into so miserable a plight, lest they should receive no better treatment than they had already experienced, and therefore devised a falsehood, making the host believe that they had been attacked and stript by robbers. Their story inspired pity, they were taken in and provided with clothes.

"But who are you?" inquired the host. "I," said Magdalena, "am the daughter of Baldwin Ghyselin, and these are my near neighbours." "What, the daughter of my friend Ghyselin in the street of the Recollets at Ypres!" exclaimed the host; "that being the case I will instantly put the horses to my wagon, in which I last week carried a load of wood to his house, and will this night conduct you home." "Oh do so, do so, good man," cried the three at once; "our parents will handsomely reward you for the trouble." In less than half an hour the wagon with two horses stood ready before the door of the inn, and the three maidens, dressed in the hostess's

clothes, sprang into it, and the party drove off. When they had ridden about an hour, it appeared to the host that he had deviated from the right road. "That is admirable," said he: "I know the way from Kemmel to Ypres as well as my Pater noster, and yet I have taken a wrong road." The anxiety of the damsels may be easily conceived, when they thought of Malegy's palfrey, that had carried them so supernaturally over hedge and ditch. "It is wonderful," said the host again, "I cannot govern my horses. Here we are now in the middle of a field: and I cannot imagine how the horses could possibly have dragged the wagon into it." And the wagon went on more and more rapidly, and was dragged with violence across dikes, through thickets, over ploughed land, and through rivulets. A shadow floated constantly before the horses. "It 's the shadow of Malegy's horse," whispered the three girls with alarm. They at length entered a broad road, and the wagon stopt; the horses reeked with the sweat that ran from them; the shadow had vanished, and day was beginning to dawn. "The witches of the Kemmelberg have misled us," said the host, looking as pale as a corpse; "but their influence is at an end; for the dawn already appears yonder in the east." At this moment a countryman passed by on his way to the field. "Friend, what road is this we are in?" asked the host. "What road?" repeated the man. "Yes, I must inquire, though it seems laughable; for I ought to drive the way from Kemmel to Ypres blindfold, so well do I know it; and yet I don't exactly see whereabouts I am at this moment." The countryman smiled. "I believe you, friend," said he; "you talk about Ypres, and you are more than ten hours distant from it; for you are now on the road from Steenvoorde to Cassel. Don't you see the town in the distance yonder?" "Oh heavens," cried the damsels with a sigh, "how could we be so silly as to ride on Ma-

legy's horse?" Who knows where their wandering would have ended, if Malegy's palfrey had not been surprised by the daylight?

It was with great difficulty that they reached the city of Ypres on that day. What passed in their parental home on their return may easily be imagined; there sadness and anxiety gave place to joy and astonishment at the relation of what they had undergone.

Three years after, Magdalena Ghyselin was married, and the marvellous adventure of herself and two friends was represented on the wall of the best apartment, together with the date. Magdalena explained the subject of the pictures to her children, which they, at a later period, interpreted to their offspring; and thus the story has been handed down to us, with the conviction that in days of yore envious witches held their meetings on the Kemmelberg, around a pit, which in perpetual remembrance of this event, has ever since been named the Kinderput, or Children's pit.

THE FIDDLESTICK.

An old fiddler on his way came one night to the neighbourhood of Hesdin, during a raging storm. He had to pass through the forest, but in the darkness missed his path, and wandered about for a long time without being able to find it. Angry hereat, he struck his stick violently on the ground and let such an impious malediction escape from him as had never before passed his lips. At the same instant he descried a bright light at a distance, the sight of which inspiring him with new courage, he hastened through thick and thin towards it. On arriving close to it, he saw that it issued from the windows of a splendid palace, which he never before had seen, and of which he had never heard a syllable spoken. Overjoyed, however, at the thought of finding a shelter, he passed through the

gate, hastened across the fore-court, and soon found himself standing before the open door of a brilliantly lighted saloon, in which were many persons of both sexes. Some were sitting at long tables around a sumptuous banquet, others were engaged in play at smaller tables; but the greater number were, amid shouts of revelry, whirling about in a merry dance. After the old man had looked on for some time, he approached one who seemed to be the master of the palace, and begged he might be allowed to pass the night in a corner of the mansion. A benignant smile and friendly nod were the sole answer; but a servant richly clad came and relieved him of his violin, which he hung on a golden nail. The old man could now go about the saloon to his heart's content; but his first steps were to the stage on which the musicians were placed, where to his great delight he perceived a violoncello more beautiful than any he had ever seen, and immediately thought he would try the tone of it. But while he was casting his eyes around, for the purpose of discovering the steps that led up to the stage—for he considered himself fully capable of performing with the best of the players—he observed there a face quite familiar to him; it was that of his teacher in the art, who had been dead above thirty years. "Holy mother, what do I see!" exclaimed the old man astounded. At the same instant the whole company, with servants, tables, musicians and palace, all vanished.

On the following morning some persons from Auffin found the old fiddler lying senseless at the foot of the gallows. In his hand was a white fiddlestick; but his own violin and bow were hanging on the toe of one of the malefactors there suspended, round whose shoulders the artist's cloak was carefully wrapt.

When recovered from his swoon, the old man hastened home, where on more closely examining the white fiddle-

stick, he saw that it was a human bone, and that on it, inlaid in silver, was the name of a person in Hesdin, who bore a very indifferent character among his neighbours.

When the artist took the bow to him, the man turned pale, and offered him a purse that should never be empty, but always contain six pounds Parisian, provided he would keep the affair secret. This the other readily promised, took the purse, and soon became a rich man.

THE FIDDLER TRICKED.

An old fiddler, who had been playing at the fair at Opbrakel, and was returning with well-filled pockets and contented mind to his home, had, in order to arrive at Nederbrackel, to pass through a wood. It was already midnight, and Kartof (such was the name of the old man) was proceeding through the wood, when by chance putting his hand in his pocket, he felt his pipe. "Ah," said he to himself, "if I had only a spark of fire, how comfortably I could smoke my pipe!" Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when in the middle of the wood, at about a hundred paces distant, he perceived a light. On proceeding towards it, he saw as he drew near that there was a large wood fire, around which a number of men and women hand in hand were dancing and merry-making. "Good ladies and gentlemen, I wish you a pleasant evening," said Kartof. "Will you kindly allow me to take a spark of your fire?" "Readily, readily," answered the dancers, every one at the same time springing forward to give him a light; so that he soon blew forth clouds of balmy smoke. Perceiving Kartof's fiddle, the dancers asked whether he would not strike up a quadrille. "Ah, why not?" answered the old man simpering; and in an instant all left the spot and conducted him to a spacious saloon in a large palace. Here the fiddler tuned his instrument, a glass of costly wine was presented to him, and

now the dancing began right merrily. To rouse the player, every time that his fiddlestick flagged, the dancers dropt a piece of gold into his instrument, which the old man saw with devouring eyes. His glass also was filled the moment it was empty. But the two operations were so often repeated, that both the fiddle and the eyes of the player became all the duller, and the latter at length closed through drunkenness; so that Kartof fell asleep and the dancing ceased.

The sun had risen high when Kartof woke, who just raised his heavy head to see where he had been so long sleeping, and gradually to collect his thoughts a little together. He lay in the middle of the wood by a heap of ashes, among which some charcoal was still glimmering. He then stood up and felt for his fiddle; for drunk as he had been, he had not forgotten the events of the night. He turned his instrument about, for the purpose of shaking out the gold pieces that had appeared so attractive to him, but, O horrible deception! they proved to be only beech leaves that fell on the ground. On further consideration he was convinced that the trick had been played him by phantoms; for in the whole neighbourhood he had never seen any palace, save that which the sprites had that night caused to appear and vanish.

THE FIDDLER IN THE GALLOWS-FIELD AT ANTWERP.

Near Antwerp there is a large field where formerly the gallows stood, whence its name of the Gallows-field. Beyond this field there dwelt many years ago a fiddler, a pleasant, jovial man, who was a sort of necessary appendage at every wedding and christening in the city; for he was everywhere a welcome guest.

Returning late one night from the city, where he had been engaged at a wedding party, he took his way across

the Gallows-field. Here to his no small surprise he found a large assembly of women dancing and making merry; and a little further he lighted on another company of many hundreds sitting and feasting at sumptuously covered tables. He rubbed his eyes, not knowing whether he were awake or dreaming, and stood lost for a while in wonder. One of the women stepping up to him, said: "Pray, good musician, oblige us with a tune." He required no second asking, but sat down, adjusted his instrument, and struck up a merry tune, at which the feasters rose from table, took each other's hand and danced. When the dance was ended, one of the women came and presented to him a silver cup filled with wine, which he took with thanks, saying: "Now, my honoured ladies, to your health! May God bless you!" But scarcely had the last words passed his lips, before all had vanished, and he found himself alone, with the cup and his fiddle, sitting—on the gallows! from which, not without difficulty and danger, he contrived to descend only on the following dawn. The cup he of course retained, and long preserved, and showed it to many persons, to whom he related the adventure.

THE WEDDING-FEAST AT CARRON-SAINT-MARTIN.

The bridegroom was the wealthiest man, the bride the fairest maid in all the country about. The wedding was splendid, and all went on merrily till the hour for dancing drew nigh. It was then suddenly announced to the young bridegroom that a little man, a stranger, was at the door craving admission, and ere he could answer, the extraordinary guest was already standing in the saloon. Scarcely had the bridegroom cast eyes on him when his cheeks grew deadly pale, and he but coldly returned the stranger's greeting. This, however, gave the latter not the slightest concern, but seating himself at the table, he

emptied the most capacious beer jug at one draught, and devoured the largest ham clean to the bone, so that all the guests were seized with a cold shuddering; for they could not imagine that any man in the world could eat and drink such a quantity.

When the table was cleared the stranger said to the bridegroom, who sat still as pale as a corpse: "Now this I call a gay wedding, at which there is not a solitary fiddle." Whereupon one of the company told him, that the musician was prevented from coming by the bad weather. "Oh, if that 's all," replied the new-comer, "I 'll soon set the matter right: I have my violin standing just by the door." Having said this, he stept out and instantly returned with his instrument, seated himself in a chair placed on the table, and began playing the merriest tunes imaginable.

All now arranged themselves for dancing with the exception of the bridegroom, who stood in a corner buried in thought. No sooner, however, did the stranger get a glimpse of him than, springing from the table, he hastened towards him, saying: "How now, Hans? this is the happiest day of your life, and you stand there as if you could not count three." But the bridegroom continued as it were in a dream. The stranger then laid his hand familiarly on his shoulder, and at the same instant the stings of hell seemed to penetrate him; he rushed forward in the most frantic joy, danced, leapt, cried, raved and laughed so horribly that he might have been pronounced a maniac rather than a rational being, who was looking forward to the realization, within a short time, of his long-cherished wishes. The other guests were seized with a similar drunken frenzy, and persisted in their wild mirth until the clock announced the hour of midnight. The stranger then putting the violin into his pocket, descended

from the table, approached the bridegroom and in a cold, calm tone said: "It 's now time I think?"

"One night, only one night longer," said the person addressed, trembling as with the most desperate ague.

"No!" was the answer.

"Then give me yet one hour, one short hour."

"No!" was repeated in an inexorable tone.

"A quarter of an hour then," said the bridegroom imploringly.

"No!"

"Yet will I have compassion on thee," continued the stranger, after having for a moment enjoyed the despair of the poor wretch; "if thy wife will undersign this, I will grant thee eight days more."

The bridegroom snatched from the hand of the stranger a sheet of vellum with characters written in gold, cast on it a protracted look, and then with horror dashed it on the ground.

"Then I must take leave of the company," said the stranger, "and you will perhaps accompany me a step or two?"

With these words the little man politely greeted all present, threw his arm familiarly round the neck of the bridegroom, and with him quitted the apartment, after having whispered to the bride: "Adieu, child; don't be angry with me for taking away your husband; you shall soon see him again."

The poor bride did indeed see him again, but not until the following day, and then as a blackened half-consumed corpse. When he was conveyed to the church all the consecrated lights went out, and the grave, in which the coffin was deposited, was on the following morning found empty.

RIDING ON CALVES.

In the village of Capelle, three hours distant from Antwerp, there lived a respectable farmer, whose wife was a witch and attended every sabbath.

One night she asked her husband whether he would not accompany her, to which, being of a curious disposition, he consented. The woman then fetched two calves, on which they mounted: she also enjoined him not to utter a syllable, and then said,

Over haeg en over heg,	Over hedge and over haw,
Tot Keulen in den wynkelder,	To Cologne in the wine-cellar,

and away they went through the air on and on, till they came to a great water. There the calves making a spring, were instantly on the opposite side. At this the man was so surprised that he cried aloud: "God bless us all, what a jump for a calf[1]!" But in the same moment the calf vanished, and the farmer stood alone and in a strange country. Next morning, on inquiring of a passer-by in what direction the village of Capelle lay, the man had never heard of such a place; but on asking how far distant the famous city of Antwerp was, he was answered: "Ah, you must travel a long way before you reach that, for it is sixty hours distant from this place."

THE WOMAN TRANSFORMED TO A HORSE.

At a large farm at Bollebeck there dwelt a serving-man, who although he always got nutritious food from the farmer's wife, yet daily grew thinner and thinner. His fellow-servants frequently asked him the cause of this, but he constantly answered that he knew not, until at length the shepherd, who was his most intimate friend, fished the matter out of him. To him he confessed that every night

[1] See vol. ii. p. 186.

the farmer's wife came to his bedside and threw a bridle over his head, by virtue of which he became instantly turned to a horse; she would then set herself upon him, and ride on him throughout the night. "That seems to me incredible," said the shepherd, "but let me lie in thy bed to-night; I should like to try the thing for once." The man agreed, and the shepherd laid himself in his bed.

About ten o'clock the farmer's wife came in softly, and was about to cast the bridle over him, but he was too quick for her, snatched it out of her hand and cast it over her own head, when in one second there she stood before him as a horse! He rode her about the fields the whole night, and when the day began to dawn he took her back and led her to the farmer, saying: "Master, there is a horsedealer in the village, who wishes to dispose of this mare, for which he asks five hundred francs." "She is sold," said the farmer, "come in and I will give thee the money." "But it's without the bridle," said the shepherd, "which he requires to have back." The farmer laughing said: "Be it so, the bargain stands," at the same time counting out the money, which the shepherd speedily pocketed, and took the bridle off the mare, when lo, there stood the wife bodily before them! Shedding bitter tears she fell at her husband's feet, promising never again to do the like. The shepherd kept the money, but made a promise never to divulge what had taken place, which he kept till his dying day[1].

THE CATS OF STOCKHEM.

There was a man in Stockhem, whose wife was in childbed, and who, when the child was safely brought into the world, put on his Sunday clothes and hastened to acquaint his mother-in-law with the auspicious event. "O,"

[1] See vol. ii. p. 190.

said the mother-in-law, "I know that already; I have just been told it." At this the man was greatly surprised, for no one in Stockhem knew anything of the matter, and the wife's mother lived a good half-hour from the village.

When the man was returning and quietly going along by the brook that runs by the road-side, a cat suddenly darted after him, and passed between his legs: a second followed, a third, a fourth, and so on to the number at least of thirty. All these surrounded the man and so annoyed him that he struck into the midst of them with his stick. But his striking was to little purpose, they evaded his blows, and in reward for his good intention, cast him into the brook, after having torn from him his silver shoe-buckles.

Wet and fatigued the poor man reached his home, and instantly sent for the priest, to whom he related the adventure. "Ah," said the priest, "I see what's in the wind, and all that I can say and advise is this: Give nothing to anybody that begs of you at the door, if you desire your wife and child to continue well." The man promised to follow the advice, and observed it faithfully, at least for a while.

On the following morning there came a poor old woman to the door, begging for a morsel of bread; but the man said: "Go your way, I give nothing." In the afternoon there came two very aged women, one leading the other: they were dismissed in a similar manner. Greybeards, cripples, children came begging, but no one got anything, and this went on for more than three weeks.

The woman had in the mean time become quite well again, and the child grew every day stronger and stronger. One forenoon, when she was sitting at home with the babe on her lap, an old woman came, who begged in a most piteous tone, imploring with tears that a morsel of bread might be given her; for that for two days she had

not tasted food. The man was prudent and said: "No, go away, I'll give you nothing." But the wife, who had a tender heart, entreated her husband so long, that at last he gave the crone a piece of bread.

Scarcely had the wife with her child re-entered the apartment, when the infant was snatched from her by invisible hands, and dashed against the ceiling. On falling to the ground, no one thought it had escaped with its life. The woman at the same instant received a shock, which threw her into a corner. All cried and screamed. The man ran to the priest, beseeching him to aid them speedily. The good pastor came instantly, but pronounced both mother and child beyond all help; and so it proved, as both died within a week.

A WITCH BURNT.

The castle of Erendegen was so awfully haunted, that it would not have been possible, with all the gold in the world, to prevail on any one of the peasants of the village to pass a single night in it. At last, however, a man came to the place who was known by the name of bold Jan, who offered to go to the castle, and stay any length of time, requiring only to be furnished with everything necessary for the frying of pancakes. This was promised, and Jan in the evening proceeded to the castle.

In one of the best rooms he made a fire and began busily to fry, when the door opened, and in walked a black cat, and sat down before the fire, as if for the purpose of warming herself. She then asked Jan what he was doing. "I am frying pancakes, my little friend," said Jan, and the words were hardly out of his mouth, when seven cats entered at the same time, one of which appeared to be the superior. These likewise asked Jan what he was doing, and Jan again answered: "I am frying pancakes." The cats then taking each other's paw began to dance round

and round. Jan now filled the pan with butter, which when melted and scalding hot, he threw over the cats, and in one instant they all vanished.

On the following day it was said in the village, that the shoemaker's wife was burnt over her whole body, of which the soldier knew something, and assured the inhabitants that thenceforth the castle would be no more haunted. And so it proved, for the cats never ventured to return [1].

THE RED CLOTH.

In former times peasant-women were often observed to bring butter to the market of Turnhout in such quantities as to excite every one's astonishment, it being known that they did not own a cow, or, at the most, had only a single one. The general belief was that this butter came from the Kaboutermannekens, and by the aid of a red cloth.

One of these women, who was suspected of having such a red cloth, often brought butter to a certain house, which butter was as sweet as a nut and as yellow as gold. When she came, a cup of coffee was usually given to her, and sometimes a slice of bread and butter; for she was a pleasant, lively woman. The master of the house, however, not feeling quite satisfied respecting her, went to a priest, to whom he communicated his doubts. The priest gave him a little box, directing him to hang it under the chair in which the woman might be sitting.

On the next market-day the woman as usual brought her butter, and having received payment for it, a cup of coffee was given to her. While she was sitting, the man came clandestinely and hung the box on her chair, then seated himself opposite to her, to observe what she would do. She appeared in nowise disconcerted, but sat unusually long, talking incessantly till the clock struck

[1] See vol. ii. p. 32.

twelve. Then said the man: "Good woman, we are now going to dine, and you are probably going to do the same; it is therefore time for you to go home." The woman answered: "Yes, you are right," and would rise from her seat, but could not, for the chair clung to her. On seeing this, the man full of rage exclaimed: "Stand up and pack yourself off." The woman was terrified, and said trembling: "I will readily do so, but you must first take away the thing that you have hung to the chair; for it holds me fast." The man then removed the box, struck the woman, and thrust her out of doors.

THE TORMENTED WITCH.

The children of two pious persons in Amsterdam being bewitched, a neighbour advised them to boil oak chips in water which had been drawn from below a cross-bridge; then would the devil's journeywoman make her appearance, and the children be well again. At first the parents gave no heed to this advice, but afterwards, from compassion to the children, adopted it, though with closed doors, and without the knowledge of any one. At the first boiling of the water, a female neighbour came in running and crying out: "Ye devil-casters! ye devil-casters!" and continued thus crying and running about the house as long as the pot was on the fire; whence it evidently appeared whom the poor infants had to thank for their sufferings.

THE ACE OF HEARTS PIERCED.

An officer in Antwerp had seduced a maiden and deserted her. In her resentment she consulted a sorceress, who gave her an ace of hearts with the following directions: The next night, when the clock struck twelve, to take a full glass of white wine, lay the card upon it, and pierce the heart exactly through the middle with a needle.

She would then be revenged. She did so, but when she pierced the card, three drops of blood fell into the glass.

On that evening the officer was sitting with his comrades in a tavern. Just as the clock struck twelve, while he was in the act of raising his glass, he suddenly grew pale and fell down dead. The others, not aware that he was no more, carried him out and laid him on a bed, when on examination it was found that he had a deep wound in the region of the heart.

THE LOST CHAIN.

A citizen's daughter in Antwerp had received a gold chain from her mother as a present. It was on a Sunday that it was given to her, she wore it the whole day, and at night placed it, carefully wrapped in cotton, in her drawer. Next morning wishing to feast her eyes on it, she found, on opening the drawer, that it had disappeared. She now went to a sorceress, in the hope of discovering who had stolen the chain. The woman told her that the chain was already in third hands, but that she would recover it, if she conducted herself discreetly. She then fetched a crucifix, a wax candle, a candlestick, and a paper of needles. The cross she placed before her with the back of the image towards her, the candle she set in the candlestick, and then stuck every needle into it. "This is a cruel process," said she, "for every one of these needles will wound the thief." "That matters little," answered the girl, "provided only I get my chain again." The sorceress assured her she would recover it, and that she might return home quite easy.

On the evening of the same day, as the girl was sitting by the fire with her mother, talking over the loss of the chain, her eldest brother, breathless and pale, rushed into the apartment. In answer to the questions put to him, he could only answer: "The dog, the dog with the fiery

eyes has gone up stairs, oh the dog!" "What means all this?" said the mother, opening the door, when a large dog darted down the stairs, passed by her and sprang out of the house. "Lord preserve us, the devil!" cried the woman; but the girl exclaimed with delight: "He has brought me my chain back!" All crossed themselves, and went upstairs, and searched, but found nothing; every chest, every closet, even the beds were rummaged, but no chain appeared. At length said the woman: "Stop: in the garret there are the sacks of apples, which we had carried up yesterday from the garden; it may be in one of them." "You are certainly very silly," said the daughter laughing; but the mother replied: "Who can know? Nothing is lost by seeking." And the woman was right; for at the bottom of one of the sacks the chain was found folded up in paper.

THE LANDMARK REMOVED.

Near the village of Vierzel there dwelt in former times a peasant, who was so impelled by the desire of increasing his land that he removed the boundary-posts that separated his fields from those of his neighbour, and thereby stole a considerable piece of land. The neighbour was a heartily good man, who suspected no one of evil, and therefore never was sensible of the other's dishonesty. Thus the peasant enjoyed the fruits of his robbery as long as he lived. But now came his hour of death, and so unexpectedly that he had no opportunity to confess his sins. After his decease, the peasants of the neighbourhood saw him every night, between the hours of twelve and one, running through the field, bearing a heavy stake on his back, and crying incessantly: "Where shall I set it? Where shall I leave it?"

He had long been running about in this manner, when it chanced that a drunken peasant, who was passing

through the field, finding himself unable to proceed further, laid himself down and fell asleep. On the stroke of twelve the ghost appeared with the landmark, and cried as usual: "Where shall I set it? Where shall I leave it?" The drunkard waked by the cry, raised his head, and looking on the ghost, said: "Thou ragamuffin, set it again where thou stolest it from, thou blockhead!" "The Lord be thanked! Now I am released!" cried the ghost joyfully, and went and set the stake again in its old place; and from that time never returned.

A precisely similar story is told of a spectre near Tondern, in Sleswig. See Müllenhoff, p. 189. The superstition is one of the most wide-spread.

THE BOLD SOLDIER OF ANTWERP[1].

There was in former days a house in the Little Market at Antwerp that had four stories, and was as beautiful as a royal palace; but no one would live in it because it was haunted. At the stroke of twelve there came a spectre, that ran up and down the stairs; and when it struck one, it would place itself behind the street-door, and begin to howl so horribly that every one felt pity for it. But no one had courage enough to enter the house, which thus continued empty, although the ghost every night cried: "Release my soul! Release my soul!"

This had continued a long while, when an old soldier from the wars came to the city, who, on hearing people speak of the house, said he would sleep a night in it, if a hundred guilders were given him beforehand. The landlord wondered at this, but the soldier said he feared neither devil nor goblin; for what God protects is well protected. The landlord then said: "Give me thy hand as a pledge, and tell me with what I must provide thee." "Give me," said the soldier, "a good supply of wood cut

[1] See Grimm, K. and H. M. No. 4.

small, a dozen bottles of wine, a bottle of brandy, and a pot full of dough, together with a good pan, that I may bake my cakes." "That thou shalt have," answered the landlord; and when the soldier had all he required, he went with it at nightfall into the house.

Having struck a light, he carried all his gear into an apartment on the first story, in which there still remained a table and two chairs, and then made a large fire on the hearth, by which he placed his dough, that it might rise a little. He next broke the necks off his bottles, and so did not long continue altogether sober, though he well knew what he said and did. Thirst being now succeeded by hunger, he took his pan, set it on the fire, and threw into it a good ladleful of dough. The cake promised well, smelt most temptingly, was already brown on one side, and the soldier was in the act of turning it, when something suddenly fell down the chimney into the pan, and the cake was in the ashes!

The soldier was not a little angry at this disaster, but reconciled himself to his fate and filled the pan anew. While the cake was baking, he looked at what had fallen down the chimney and found it was an arm-bone. At this the brave warrior began to laugh, and said: "You want to frighten me, but you won't do it with your horse's bone." He then seized the pan, to take out the cake, preferring to eat it half baked rather than undergo a second disappointment; but in the same instant a rattling was heard in the chimney, a number of bones fell into the pan, and the cake into the ashes.

"Now, by Jove," said he, "that is too bad. They ought to let me be quiet, for I am hungry. To pitch the whole back-bone of a colt into my pan!" But he was grievously mistaken, for it was the back-bone of a human being. Highly enraged he seized the bones and dashed them with such violence against the wall that they flew in pieces.

Out of humour he again sat down by the pan and made several attempts to bake his cake, but every time down fell one or other bone, and, by way of conclusion, a skull, which the soldier hurled as far as he could send it.

"Now the sport will be at an end," said he, and began again to bake, and this time without interruption, so that he had a good dishful of cakes on the table, and had already sat down and was eating comfortably, when the clock struck. He counted; it was twelve. In the same instant he looked up, and saw that in the corner facing him the bones had united and stood there as a hideous skeleton with a white linen over its shoulders. The soldier rubbed his eyes, thinking it a dream, but seeing that it was a real skeleton, he called to it merrily: "Ha Mr. Death! how goes it? you are uncommonly thin. But come and eat and drink with me, provided cake and wine will not fall through your body." The skeleton made no answer, but merely pointed with its finger. "Well, speak then, if you are from God," said he laughing; "but if from the devil, make yourself scarce." The skeleton continued pointing, but said nothing, and the soldier growing tired of this, ate on leisurely, taking no further notice of its movements. It now struck half-past twelve, and the skeleton striding out of its corner, approached the table. "Ah," cried the soldier, "say what you want, but keep at a distance, else we are no longer friends." The skeleton then stretching forth its hands, touched that of the soldier and burned a hole in it. "Hui, the devil!" cried he, "what's this?" at the same time snatching up an empty bottle and hurling it at the skeleton; but it flew in vacant space. He was now in a towering passion, and would thrust the spectre out, but he grasped the empty air, the skeleton constantly making signs and pointing towards the door.

The soldier at length growing weary of this dumb show,

took up the light and said: "Well, I'll go with you, do you only go first."

The skeleton went first as far as the stairs, and made a sign to the soldier that he should go down; but he was prudent enough not to do so, saying: "Go you first, always first; you shall not break my neck. They thus descended into a passage, in which lay a heavy stone, having an iron ring in it. The ghost made a sign to him to raise the stone, but he laughed and said: "If you want to lift up the stone, you must do it yourself." The ghost did so, and the soldier then saw that there was a great hole beneath it, in which stood three iron pots. "Do you see that money?" said the skeleton. "Aha, countryman, you speak Flemish," cried the soldier, highly delighted, "that's capital. Yes, I see something that looks like a ten-guilder piece."

The ghost now drew up the three pots and said: "This is money which I concealed before my death." "So," said the soldier, "you are dead then?" The ghost continued without answering, "I had to burn in hell as long as the money was not found. You have released me from hell." "A pretty fellow you!" said the soldier; "in gratitude for the service, you have burnt my hand." "I shall burn no more," said the ghost laughing; "just feel my hand now, it's quite cold." But the other drawing back his hand, cried: "Much obliged all the same, no ceremony; I know you birds." "Now I beseech you to bestow one of the pots on the poor, to give one to the church that masses may be said for my soul, and"—— "This is an awkward business," exclaimed the soldier, "I am not your lackey. But what were you going to say?" "The third pot is for you," whispered the ghost. And the soldier leaped and danced and fell into the hole and his light with him, so that he sat in the dark. "Ho spritekin," cried he, "give me a lift out!" But the ghost

had vanished, and he had to scramble out as well as he could. When he again found himself safe on the ground, he felt for his candle and for the stairs, went up, and lay down to sleep.

On the following day he did as the ghost had directed, gave one pot to the poor, another to the church, and found so much in the third, that he became a very rich man, rode every day in a coach, and went every day to the tavern.

MARIKEN OF NYMWEGEN.

At the time when Duke Arent of Gelderland was taken prisoner by his son, Duke Adolf and his confederates (A.D. 1465), there dwelt about three miles from Nymwegen a pious priest, named Gysbrecht, who had with him a beautiful young girl, named Mariken, the daughter of his sister, her mother being dead. This maiden superintended the good man's household, and was exceedingly active and vigilant.

Now it once happened that the priest had occasion for various articles that could only be got in Nymwegen, as candles, oil, vinegar and matches; so he gave Mariken eight stivers and sent her to the city, at the same time enjoining her, if her purchases were not made in time for her to return by daylight, to go and pass the night at her aunt's; for she was a lively, handsome girl, and a mischance might but too easily befall her. Mariken promised so to do, and went to Nymwegen. But scarcely had her uncle lost sight of her when he repented of having suffered her to go, and said to himself: "Would that I had kept her at home; it is too dangerous to send young damsels and women alone about the country; for the villany of the world is very manifold." Yet what was he to do? He must have a light when it was dark, and he must also eat; besides which, it was now too late; for Mariken was already far far away.

The aunt, to whom he had recommended his niece, busied herself much with politics, and was an enthusiastic partisan of Duke Adolf. She had just been conversing with several other women concerning him, and had in the course of her haranguing become so excited, that she appeared more like a furious female devil than a respectable Christian woman, when Mariken entered the room. It was grown too late for the good lass to think of returning home, she had therefore followed her uncle's injunction, and now greeted her aunt in these gentle and courteous terms: "Dear aunt! may our Lord sweeten all your suffering, and protect those whom you love against every evil." But the aunt turning her head, assailed her with these unchristianlike words: "Ha ha! welcome devil, how goes it in hell?" Mariken, though horrified at the dreadful expressions, quietly deposited her purchases in a corner, and modestly requested a night's lodging. But for her petition the aunt had no ears; for she was sunk too deep in politics. The poor girl again and more earnestly besought her, but to as little purpose as before: she went on raving: "What! thou drivest the devil into my head; but I will bind him, I will swathe and lace him on a pillow like a child: I hardly know whether I am standing on my head or my feet,"—and much more in the same strain. Vexed and saddened, Mariken packed her purchases together, resolving to pass the night under the blue vault of heaven rather than at her aunt's, and said: "I will now ask nothing more from any living soul, even should the real devil himself come to me." She then left the house of her aunt and the city of Nymwegen, and walked on and on, in the hope of reaching home.

But when alone in the open country, and overpowered by fatigue and hunger, she could proceed no further, she abandoned herself to despair, and weeping bitterly exclaimed: "Oh help me, help me, me unhappy maiden,

God or devil; it is the same to me;" and she held her hands before her face, and dried her humid eyes with her apron. While so doing, she was startled by suddenly seeing an elegant personage stand before her, who in a friendly voice said to her: "Tell me, pretty damsel, why you are so afflicted." Mariken was not a little terrified at hearing herself addressed by one, of whom the instant before she had not seen a trace; but the stranger continued: "You must not be terrified, my fair maiden; for I love you most heartily, and if you are content, I will make you a lady of ladies." This somewhat tranquillized Mariken, who said: "But tell me then, dear friend, truly who you are?" The stranger answered: "A master of all arts am I, and if you will love me, I will teach you instantly the seven liberal arts, to wit, Music, Rhetoric, Logic, Grammar, Geometry, Arithmetic and Alchymy." Mariken stared on hearing all these erudite names repeated, and felt quite pleased at the idea of learning so much; but she insisted beforehand on knowing the stranger's name. "That I can tell you," said he; "I am called Monen with one eye; but that is not all that you have to expect from me: of gold and jewels, for instance, and money, you shall never be in want, if you only grant me your love." "Is that true?" said Mariken with astonishment, "then I really have nothing to object; there is, however, another thing besides, that I would gladly learn, and that is the art of necromancy. My uncle has a beautiful book about it, with which he could do wonders, and drive the devil through a pinhole. That art I must also learn."

This was a hard blow for the stranger, for at no price would he willingly have taught that art; and therefore said: "Desist from that wish, my love, the art of necromancy is a very dangerous one, and many a one has lost his life by it. Think only that in the conjuring of spirits, if you fail but in one word, or even in a single syllable, it

is all over with you, and then I can no more call you my heart's delight. But in compensation I will instruct you in the great art of understanding every language in the world; and that I would fain believe will be more pleasing to my beloved." Mariken agreed to the proposal, and requested the stranger to begin his instruction forthwith. But he said: "I have previously one request to make, dear girl, and that is that from henceforth you change your name; for I cannot endure it: Mariken! ah!" To this the damsel would not consent; so when Monen saw that for the moment his object was not attainable, he contented himself with the promise she made him, never to make the sign of the holy cross. He then spoke on indifferent subjects, but by degrees returned to that of changing her name, and proposed that, instead of the odd, ill-sounding Mariken, she should assume the more usual and more euphonic appellation of Emmeken. With this proposal she complied, and immediately after they both set out for Bois-le-Duc and Antwerp. Before they reached the first-mentioned place Mariken was already in possession of all that had been promised by Monen, without being conscious how it came to pass.

Master Gysbrecht in the mean while knew not what to think about his niece. Two, three, four days had passed, and she was still absent. The house became more and more melancholy to the good man. At length, unable to endure suspense any longer, he took his stick, and proceeded to his sister in Nymwegen; for he expected as a certainty to find Mariken there. But the impious woman scoffed at his anxiety, and when Gysbrecht earnestly implored her to tell him where Mariken could be found, she answered: "How should I know? She was here a week ago, and I sent her to the devil, with whom she is most probably rambling about."

The good man was now inconsolable, but strove gra-

dually to collect himself, addressed a fervent prayer to our Lady of Aix-la-Chapelle and St. Servatius of Maestricht, and with tottering steps returned to his lonely dwelling.

But the aunt's barbarous malediction did not go unpunished; for a few days after, the castellain to whose safe custody Duke Arent had been intrusted, set his captive at liberty, who was received with loud demonstrations of joy in Bois-le-Duc. At this the wicked woman was so bitterly enraged that she no longer knew what she did, and in her fury laid violent hands on herself.

Of all this Mariken knew nothing. She was quietly staying with Monen at the Tree Tavern in the great market-place at Antwerp. This was a notorious house, where all kinds of rabble were in the habit of assembling: prostitutes, thieves, sharpers, swindling tradesfolk, and the Lord knows what besides, all of whom raved and rioted so that it was horrible to hear. Some of these light gentry soon introduced themselves to Mariken and Monen, being strongly attracted by the beauty of the former. But Mariken turning to her companion, said: "Tell me, my love, is not that geometry, when I count the drops of wine in the can yonder?" Monen answered: "Quite right, child, you have well retained the art I taught you yesterday." The guests were astounded at the young woman's erudition, but their wonder increased when Monen informed them she was mistress of all the seven arts, and among the rest of rhetoric, which was the oldest of all. They wished to have a specimen, and this flattered the damsel, who rising repeated a poetical piece, which was so ingenious that the verses at the end, and in the middle, and everywhere, rimed together; so that a number of persons soon gathered round her, listening to her with open mouths. Monen had in the mean time slipt away from her, and mingled with the listeners, where by giving a push to one and a push to another, he soon set them all

at loggerheads together. This so delighted Monen, who, as every one will see, was no other than the incarnate Satan himself, that he resolved to make a longer stay at The Tree; "For," said he to himself, "if he above yonder puts no stop to me, I shall in a year's time get more than a thousand souls into my clutches."

Emmeken was not pleased with this spectacle, and often thought within herself that Monen was not one of the best of persons; and this thought was the more lively within her, when she called to mind the promise she had made, never to make the sign of the cross. But while she was thus standing and pondering, a pair of jovial companions approached her, and all the good suggestions of her conscience were away, and she amused herself with the two frivolous sparks.

Thus did Emmeken, or Mariken, live during a period of six years, and Monen took more and more delight in her. But now a longing rose in her heart to see once again her uncle Gysbrecht and her other friends and acquaintances, to whom she would gladly have shown how learned she had become. At this wish Monen was far from feeling pleased, and strove to dissuade Mariken from harbouring it; but she said: "I am resolved on going," and he was compelled to comply; so they set out for Nymwegen, and arrived there on the day of the fair. On that day a play in a booth was annually performed there, and Emmeken was desirous of seeing it, for she had often heard her uncle say how delightful it was. But Monen expressed anger at her intention, and wondered how so learned a person could feel an interest in such trifles; for he feared that from the pious drama, which usually had more useful influence on the people than preaching and teaching, she might contract other thoughts, and become unfaithful to him. But Emmeken persisted in her resolution, and he was forced to accompany her to the place.

On their arrival Mascheroen, who had just entered, was saying, "I am Breherio Mascheroen, the advocate of Lucifer, and will call God to account for being more clement to men, who are perpetually sinning, than to us devils, who have sinned but once, and for that once must burn eternally and without hope in the abyss of hell." Having said this, he turned to the Lord and called him to account. Whereupon God said: "I have declared and promised that whosoever repents in time shall find grace to eternity." Mascheroen replied: "But that was not in our time in the Old Testament, and therefore I maintain that we suffer unjustly." Christ now rose and said: "Why then did I die, unless to change all that, and bring all men to grace? You prefer an unjust complaint, Mascheroen, and my father is quite right." "If that is the case," rejoined the advocate, "then God ought now to be much more rigorous towards man than formerly in the Old Testament, and that it cannot be said he is, Sir Christ." Then God the Father spoke: "Yes, that is true, and if mankind do not mend their ways, I will cause my sharp sword of justice to fall upon them."

Then our Lady, who also was present, took this greatly to heart, and besought her son at least to send forewarnings to mankind, such as comets, double suns, earthquakes and the like. But Jesus was inexorable and persisted in his anger, because man only grew worse and worse the oftener he was warned.

"Come, my dear Emmeken," cried Monen impatiently, "what good can you derive from such babble? Come, let us talk on more rational subjects." But Emmeken would not stir a foot's breadth from the spot, and the less so, as Mascheroen having just asked whether God would not allow him to torment mankind, Mary in most beautiful and touching expressions implored him to forgive them. Then did bitter repentance cut through the very heart of

Mariken, and notwithstanding Monen's reiterated proposals to drink a can of wine with him in the finest hostelry in the city, she would not leave the place. Monen now waxed wroth, and vociferated: "By the lungs and spleen of Lucifer, come away from here, or I will carry thee with shoes and stockings to hell!" And with these words he darted with Emmeken, like an arrow, up into the air[1].

Poor Mariken would inevitably have been lost, had the wicked fiend after his falling again been able to grasp her; but he was prevented by her uncle, Master Gysbrecht, who being come to Nymwegen, as a spectator of the dramatic representation, was fortunately close at hand. He recognised her instantly, sprang quickly towards her, and by his powerful prayer scared the furious Monen away from her. When Emmeken recovered and perceived her uncle, she was overjoyed, confessed to him her course of life during the last seven years, and implored his forgiveness, being, as she said, already sufficiently miserable in being condemned to eternity. This, however, Master Gysbrecht would not admit, but with edifying words exhorted her to repentance and amendment, through which she might be sure of eternal happiness.

Monen in the mean time continued standing by her side; for he would gladly have taken his Emmeken with him. But on his once venturing to dart upon her, Gysbrecht put his arm round her, and in a threatening voice said: "Take care of thyself, accursed sprite; for if thou attemptest any violence, I will read to thee something from my breviary that shall soon drive thee hence." Then seeing that all was lost, Monen roared and howled terrifically: "Oh me, wretched sprite! what will become of me! How they will torture me with red-hot tongs, if I lose her! What will become of me!" at the same time

[1] Here some lines seem wanting, the narrative being evidently imperfect.

emitting red, raging flames from his nose, mouth and ears, so that it was appalling to behold. This, however, did not disturb Master Gysbrecht, who calmly taking Mariken by the hand, led her to the dean, who was a very learned and holy priest.

When the dean had heard the recital of Mariken's sins, he said that he could not forgive them, for that they were too great and manifold. At this Gysbrecht was troubled, and proceeded with her to the church, and thence took with him the holy eucharist, being resolved on going to the bishop of Cologne, but fearing violence from Monen on his journey thither. And it was soon manifest that the prudent priest had done well; for Monen was constantly at hand, and from time to time tore down huge branches of oak and hurled at them, though of course without effect, as God protected the pious travellers.

When Magister Gysbrecht had laid the affair before the bishop of Cologne, and related to him every particular, the prelate said: "My dear son! this is a sin of which it is not in my power to grant forgiveness, that can only be obtained from the pope at Rome." Still Gysbrecht despaired not, but full of confidence went with Mariken over hill and dale until they reached the holy city. No sooner was the pope apprized of the affair than he caused Mariken to appear before him, and heard her confession. But on learning that she had been the devil's mistress, and that, on her account and through her, more than two hundred persons had lost their lives, the holy father was horror-stricken, and exclaimed: "O God and Father, how can such things be possible! Great, exceedingly great are the mercy and grace of the Lord, but so deeply I hardly dare dive into the treasure." He then sank in profound meditation, and commanded Gysbrecht to come to him and thus spoke: "My good and faithful son! although I am the holy father, I know not whether I can remit such

frightful sins: but let three rings of iron be made, and close them round your niece's neck and arms. When these shall either be worn out, or fall off spontaneously, then are her sins forgiven.

Gysbrecht did so, and travelled back with Mariken to Nymwegen, where she entered the convent of the Converted Sisters. He there bade her an affectionate farewell, and enjoined her to persevere in her penance, as heaven would then without doubt forgive her her sins.

There Mariken lived for very many years, in the most rigid austerity and retirement, the rings constantly remaining on her neck and arms. But when she was very old and felt that her end was nigh, an angel suddenly appeared by her bed and touched the rings, which instantly fell off. She then piously slept in the Lord.

Her grave was long after to be seen in the conventual church, on the stone of which her whole history was inscribed; and the three rings were hung on the adjacent wall, as memorials and proofs of its veracity.

THE DEVIL OF NEDERBRAEKEL.

The servant of a rich farmer having spent all his money, came towards home one evening reeling with drunkenness. Dark thoughts passed through the brain of the miserable being, who dreaded both the cudgel of his master and the consequences of an empty pocket. In his weak but excited state of mind he resolved to sell his soul to the devil, in the hope of escape from so dreary a prospect; and on reaching a cross-way, he summoned all the devils, and swore that his soul was for sale. A devil came, but told him that he could not attain his object unless he previously offered a black hen to the prince of the infernal realms, which he promised to do. For this purpose, when the clock struck twelve at night was the time appointed. When the awful hour approached the man stood ready

with the black hen, which he had stolen from his master, under his frock, and hardly had the clock struck the first stroke, before all the devils made their appearance. Their chief stepping forwards, took the hen, which the man drew forth trembling. The bargain was now concluded, and as an acknowledgement of the agreement, the man was required to set his signature in blood in a little book that the devil had brought with him.

The man on his return was not reprimanded by his master, and his pockets were never empty. Whenever he put his hand in he drew forth a piece of seventy-five cents, with which he paid his reckoning, when he had been drinking in an alehouse. Once when he was watching his master's sheep, they, through his heedlessness, ran into a neighbour's field, where they did serious injury to the corn. This the peasant, to whom the land belonged, had witnessed, and came running with the intention of inflicting chastisement on the shepherd for the damage done. The latter was too well aware of the bodily strength of the peasant not to feel terrified; but the craft of the devil came to help him out of his peril. Both shepherd and sheep were transformed into dung-heaps before the peasant could reach the spot, where he stood staring about him in the utmost astonishment.

Thus did he continue to live; but the five years, at the expiration of which the devil was to become possessor of his soul, were nearly ended, and the seller dreaded nothing more than that moment. What does he do?—He goes to the priest of Nederbrackel, to whom he makes a full confession. The priest, naturally well-disposed to rescue an erring Christian soul from the fire of hell, causes him first to perform an act of penitence, and then tells him to come to him on the following day, being the dreaded day of settlement. The man had hardly been an hour in the house of the holy pastor, before a great noise of chains

and devilry was heard in the chimney. The man, who was sitting close beneath, was seized with unutterable terror, and not without cause; for he was lifted on high, and seemed for ever lost; but the priest, who had founded his hope on the efficacy of his prayers, cast himself promptly on his knees and repeated the gospel of St. John. The man in the mean while being incessantly cast up and down, fell at length, half dead with fright, miserably bruised and bloody, to the ground, with the little book by his side; and the devil was away and continued away.

THE DEVIL OUTWITTED.

There once lived in Louvain a rich merchant, who had gained all his money and possessions by selling himself body and soul to the devil. With his riches the man possessed also much craft, and could help himself when others could neither advise nor aid; and so it proved, when at the expiration of seven years, the devil came for the purpose of fetching him.

He took the devil in a friendly manner by the hand and, as it was just evening, said: "Wife, bring a light quickly for the gentleman." "That is not at all necessary," said the devil, "I am merely come to fetch you." "Yes, yes, that I know very well," said the merchant, "only just grant me the time till this little candle-end is burnt out, as I have a few letters to sign and to put on my coat." "Very well," said the devil, "but only till the candle is burnt out." "Good," said the merchant, and going into the next room, ordered the maid-servant to place a large cask full of water close to a very deep pit that was dug in the garden. The men-servants also carried, each of them, a cask to the spot; and when all was done, they were ordered each to take a shovel, and stand round the pit. The merchant then returned to the devil, who seeing that not more than about an inch of candle remained, said laugh-

ing: "Now get yourself ready, it will soon be burnt out." "That I see, and am content; but I shall hold you to your word, and stay till it *is* burnt." "Of course," answered the devil, "I stick to my word." "It is dark in the next room," continued the merchant, "but I must find the great book with clasps, so let me just take the light for one moment." "Certainly," said the devil, "but I'll go with you." He did so, and the merchant's trepidation was now on the increase. When in the next room, he said on a sudden: "Ah, now I know, the key is in the garden door." And with these words he ran out with the light into the garden, and before the devil could overtake him, threw it into the pit, and the man and the maids poured water upon it, and then filled up the hole with earth. Now came the devil into the garden and asked: "Well, did you get the key? And how is it with the candle? Where is it?" "The candle?" said the merchant. "Yes, the candle." "Ha, ha, ha! it is not yet burnt out," answered the merchant laughing, "and will not be burnt out for the next fifty years; it lies there a hundred fathom deep in the earth." When the devil heard this he screamed awfully, and went off with a most intolerable stench [1].

THE FREISCHÜTZ.

There was once a fowler who for a long time could never bring down a bird. One day, when wandering about the woods in despair, his employer having threatened to dismiss him, there suddenly stood a well-clad man before him, who asked him the cause of his sorrow. The fowler told him the reason, at which the other laughed heartily. "Why do you laugh at and ridicule me?" asked the fowler; "do so again, and you will get a bullet in your carcase." At this the man laughed yet more and said:

[1] See vol. ii. p. 182.

"A bullet from you? one must be a pretty good shot to hit me at three paces, and you are but a bungler." "You 'll not say that twice," cried the fowler, choking with anger, then levelled his piece and fired. The stranger continued laughing, and said, offering him the bullet: "There, take your bullet back, it 's of no use." The fowler now felt somewhat alarmed, but was soon relieved by the other saying: "Let me have a shot. Do you see that sparrow sitting on the church steeple yonder? I 'll bring it down for you." "Do if you can," said the fowler laughing, and at the same instant the report was heard and the sparrow fell. "You shall shoot so too," continued the stranger, "and hit whatever you wish, without even seeing it; and if you see it, let it be as far off as it will, you shall hit it, if you will only give me your signature and make an engagement with me for seven years. I merely require your soul." "Done," said the fowler, "I agree; but on condition that you always tell me what I shoot at." "Granted," said the stranger. The man then signed his name on a paper with his blood, and the devil disappeared.

For seven years the fowler shot so that it was wonderful to see, and received from his master a stipend such as no fowler in the whole world had ever received. But when the last day but one had arrived, he was very sad, knowing that the devil would come for him on the following morning. His wife observing his affliction, inquired the cause, and, after some hesitation, he told her how he had entered into a compact with the devil, under the condition that the fiend should always tell him what he was shooting at, when the game was somewhat distant. "Then I can help you, my dear man," said the wife laughing; "only go out boldly with your gun, but be careful to shoot at nothing without first asking what it is." The fowler went out, and no sooner was he away than the wife stript

herself naked, smeared her whole body with syrup, and then rolled herself in a feather bed, which she had cut open for the purpose, so that she more resembled a bird than a human being. She then went and sprang about the field. Shortly after came her husband with the devil, when the latter seeing this singular feathered animal, cried out to the fowler: "There, fire!" "But what is it?" asked the fowler. The devil looked and looked, but could not make out what it was, and at last reluctantly said: "I really cannot exactly say." "Ha ha ha! then is our covenant at an end," said the fowler, laughing heartily; and the devil vanished with an intolerable stench. The wife laughed still more, and joyfully embraced her thus rescued husband.

THE BARN OF MONTECOUVEZ.

After an abundant harvest, a young farmer, who had neglected to repair his barn, knew not how to shelter his corn. As he was walking about the fields, in a melancholy mood, and looking at his beautiful grain, a gentleman stept up to him and inquired the way to the castle of Catelet. The farmer undertook to guide him thither. On their way the stranger asked his companion why he appeared so sad, and the latter related to him the unfortunate plight in which he found himself. On hearing it, the stranger offered to assist him, if he would enter into a compact with him to be his vassal after a year, and attend him in his possessions as a serf. With this proposal the poor farmer complied, but with the condition that he should have a home for his wife and children, to which the stranger with a grisly laugh agreed. The farmer then subscribed the contract, according to which the barn must be ready before the first cock-crowing: having no ink, he signed it with his blood. They then separated; the stranger went towards the castle, and soon disappeared from the sight of the farmer, who returned to his dwelling.

The nearer he approached his house, the more suspicious did the contract appear into which he had entered, and still more so when he saw, by the side of the house, the workmen sent by the stranger busily engaged in laying beam on beam and brick on brick, though at the same time not a sound of hammer or plane, saw or axe was to be heard; and yet towering oaks were brought and sawed into pieces, huge piles of stone were hewn and shaped.

Thus amazed and troubled he entered his dwelling, where his wife was sitting in no less trepidation and astonishment; for dog and cat, cocks and hens, ducks and geese were thronging about her and crying, while the horses in the stable were kicking and foaming.

But most terrified of all was a large cock, the finest of the whole neighbourhood, and of all the animals of the place the greatest favourite of his mistress. This bird, when he could find no other refuge from fear and danger, flew into his mistress's lap, but who in her fright pushed him from her, and, crossing herself, cried out for help. No sooner, however, had the cock recovered himself from his fall than he sent forth a loud cock-a-doodle-doo. At the same instant there resounded from the barn a tremendous noise, so that the earth trembled, all the workmen vanished in an instant, and the barn remained unfinished. On the following morning the villagers were not a little surprised at seeing the beautiful barn full of sheaves of every kind; for they could not conceive how they had all come there, and the farmer took good care not to let a syllable transpire of his adventure.

The hole, which remained unclosed in the gable, could not be filled up by any means whatever, and continues open unto this day; from which time also a cock on the farm always crows earlier than every other in the village.

THE DEVIL'S BARN AT GALLEMAERDE.

Some hundred years ago, the occupier of the farm to which the above-named barn belonged was so unfortunate as to suffer the loss of it, whether by wind or fire I cannot say; but so much is certain, that it was in August, and that on the following day he was to carry his corn. In his despair the farmer was wandering about his fields, when suddenly a person appeared before him who asked him the cause of his sadness, whereupon the farmer related to him the whole matter. "O, is that all?" said the stranger, when the man had ended his story; "that I can easily remedy. If you will just write your name in your blood on this parchment, your barn shall be fixed and ready to-morrow before the cock crows; if not, our contract is void." While saying these words the stranger drew from his pocket a slip of parchment, and having pricked the hand of the farmer with a needle, the latter signed his name on it with the trickling blood. The poor man, however, soon repented of having so thoughtlessly sold his soul to the devil, and from sheer anxiety could not sleep; and his wife, when informed of the bargain he had made, could also get no sleep, but was as troubled and terrified as himself.

But woman's craft excels all other craft, says an old proverb, the truth of which was here manifested. For long before the time of cock-crowing, the wife jumped out of bed and ran before the house, where she saw an endless multitude of workmen employed on the barn. But observing that there was still a portion of the side-wall to be completed, she quickly clapped her mouth between her hands, and cried with all her might cock-a-doodle-doo! cock-a-doodle-doo! and was followed by all the cocks in the neighbourhood, each of which sent forth a hearty

cock-a-doodle-doo. At the same instant every workman vanished, and the barn remained unfinished.

Since that time repeated attempts have been made to close up the hole, but the devil always comes in the night and breaks it open again, out of pure spite for having been so tricked by a farmer's wife.

HOW TO BECOME INVISIBLE.

Formerly there were many persons here (in Bierbeck) who could make themselves invisible, by means of a little bone, which they carried about them. This bone they obtained in the following manner. They went at night, between the hours of twelve and one, to a crossway, having on one side a hedge or only a bush. On this they laid a black cat, tied up in a sack, as an offering to the devil. On the following morning the cat would be gone, but a small bone would be found at the bottom of the sack, which possessed the virtue required.

THE TRAVELLING MOTHER.

When a whirlwind rages on the earth, and carries everything along with it, many persons regard it as a natural phenomenon; but it is nothing else than the Travelling Mother, who is making her circuit.

THE LYING-IN WOMAN.

In the neighbourhood of towns there is often to be seen a whirlwind suddenly descending or rising. One may then be quite certain that in that very moment a woman hard by has died in childbed without having by confession previously purified herself from a deadly sin. Into heaven she may not come, and therefore passes down to hell; but there they dare not receive her, because, through the pains she has suffered, she has already made ample atonement; and thus she again ascends, seeking a permanent place.

WANNE THEKLA.

Wanne Thekla is the queen of the elves and witches, as well as of the spirits in general that fly through the air. When the weather is dark and stormy, she plays her part. At night she descends on earth followed by a long train of her companions, and dances, and springs, and drinks on the Pottelberg, where a gibbet formerly stood. On the Leije, which flows through the city, she has a beautiful ship, in which, after the revels of the night, she and her companions sail away at the command of "Wind mit vieren[1]."

THE EVERLASTING JEW.

In the year 1640, two citizens, who dwelt in the Tanners' street at Brussels, met in the Forest of Soignies an old man, whose clothes appeared much the worse for wear, and were besides extremely old-fashioned. They invited him to accompany them to the hostelry, which he did, but refused to sit down, and drank standing. As he walked with the two citizens towards the gate, he told them many things, most of which were relations of events that had taken place several hundred years before; whence the citizens soon discovered that their companion must be Isaac Laquedem the Jew, who refused to let our Lord rest at his door; and they left him filled with horror[2].

ELVES.

Egg-shells may often be observed floating on the water; in these the Elves swim about. It is likewise said that the bubbles, which are frequently to be seen on ponds where there are no fish, are inhabited by them.

[1] Lit. *Wind with four*; probably an allusion to the expression fahren mit vieren (Pferden), *to go or drive with four (horses)*; in other words: *Sail away with all speed*; thus comparing their course by water to a land journey with horses.

[2] See p. 59, and vol. ii. p. 212.

The Elf-leaf, or Sorceresses' plant, is particularly grateful to them, and therefore ought not to be plucked.

There are also wicked Elves, that prepare the poison in certain plants. Experienced shepherds are careful not to let their flocks feed after sunset. "Nightwort," say they, "belongs to the Elves, and whoever takes it must die." Nor does any man dare to sleep in a meadow or pasture after sunset, for he would have everything to fear.

In Brabant there are many little hills, called by the people Elfin-bergs, in which these Elves dwell.

FLABBAERT.

As some young men were returning home from the fair at Kerselaere, one of them, a brother of the priest, and a notorious swearer, began to curse and swear most awfully, and particularly against Flabbaert, a red sprite that haunts that neighbourhood. This went on smoothly for a while, but at length Flabbaert grew tired of it, so seizing the youth by the crag, he dipped him a few times in the water, and then dashed him on shore so that every rib in his body cracked.

When the priest heard of it on the following day, he did not pity his brother, but said he was rightly served; he, however, banished the sprite for a hundred years to the shores of the Red-sea.

WHY THE JEWS DO NOT EAT SWINE'S FLESH.

When our Lord was living on earth, he once journeyed through Flanders, and there were some dozens of Jews standing together, who laughed at and ridiculed him, when they saw him at a distance. "Wait," said one of them, "we'll make a trial of his miraculous power, and see whether he can guess well." And thereupon they placed one of the set under a tub, and when Jesus came up, they asked him to tell them what was under the tub. "That I will tell

you instantly," said Jesus, "it 's a swine." At this the Jews laughed, thinking they had tricked him, and lifted up the tub. But what great eyes did they not make, when their quondam comrade, in the form of a swine, and uttering a most furious grunt, slipt from under the tub, and ran to a herd of swine that happened to be just passing! Then all the Jews ran after it, in the hope of catching their companion, but were unable to distinguish one pig from another, so alike were they all. And to this day the Jews eat no pork, because they are afraid of killing and devouring a descendant of that swine.

THE SPECTRES' MASS.

A woman of Hofstade was going to the city one morning early: her way lay by an old chapel, which within the last ten years has been demolished, in which she perceived a light. On entering, she found the place full of forms with white kerchiefs round their heads; and as she stood gazing, three priests came from the sacristy and approached the high altar; they were followed by the sacristan and choristers, and the mass commenced. But they did not move about like living beings, but seemed to float lightly on the earth; their robes also appeared quite faded. At this spectacle the woman was struck with a shuddering horror, and was quitting the chapel, but the door was closed and she was compelled to remain. When the mass was over, the priests melted into air, the lights went out, and all the white forms vanished. At the same moment the chapel clock struck one.

When the sacristan opened the door in the morning, he found the woman lying on the pavement half dead with fear [1].

[1] See p. 8, and vol. ii. p. 204.

ALVINA.

When the wind loudly howls and whistles, they say in West Flanders: "Hark! Alvina weeps." Alvina was the beautiful daughter of a king, who, in consequence of her marriage, was cursed by her parents to wander about to all eternity. On this tradition there is an old popular ballad, of which I have been unable to obtain more than a few lines; among others, the following:—

Ik voel dat ik moet gaen	I feel that I must go
Vliegen in de winden,	flying in the winds,
Zoo lang de wereld staet,	As long as the world stands,
En nooit geen troost meer vinden.	And never more comfort find.
Adieu Kinders, lieve vruchten!	Adieu, children, dear fruits!
Adieu Man, die de oorzack zijt.	Adieu, husband, who art the cause.
Ummoeden moet voor eeuwig zuchten!	Incessantly must for ever sigh!

ROODSELKEN.

In the great flax fields of Flanders there grows a plant the bright green leaves of which are sprinkled, as it were, with red spots: whence its name of Roodselken. According to the tradition, this plant stood under the cross, and was sprinkled with the Saviour's blood, which was never after washed off, neither by rain nor snow.

THE BURNING LAND-MEASURER.

A land-measurer near Farsum had in his life-time acted dishonestly. When he had a piece of land to measure, he suffered himself to be bribed by one or other, and then allotted to the party more than was just. For which cause he was condemned after his death to wander as a burning man with a burning measuring-staff; and so he yet measures every night [1].

[1] See pp. 11, 158, and vol. ii. pp. 97, 202, 211.

COWLS HUNG ON SUNBEAMS.

In the time of Wigbold, fourth abbot of Adewert, monastic discipline was there in full flower. There is even a tradition that all the monks of that house lived in such holy simplicity, that they frequently hung their caps and cowls on the rays of the sun, not knowing better than that they were long poles. The fame of their holy life was widely spread, and many persons renounced the world, for the sake of serving the Lord in their society [1].

WHITE MAIDENS (WITTE JUFFERS) AND WHITE WOMEN (WITTE WIJVEN) IN FRIESLAND.

At the time of the emperor Lothair there were many ghosts and spectres in Friesland. They dwelt on the summits of small hills, in artificial caverns, but which were the work of no human hands. They were usually called Witte Wijven. Of their figure nothing certain is known. Nightly wanderers, shepherds, watchmen in the corn-fields, pregnant women and children they frequently carried off to their caverns and subterraneous places, from which sighs, crying of children and sobs were often heard to issue. On this account a careful watch was held over pregnant women and young children, that the White Women might not carry them away. One of them still haunts near Bierum, others near Golinse, Eenum, Farsum, etc.[2]

At the present day they are called Witte Juffers, and are distinguished from the Witte Wijven, who are said to be of a quite opposite character. They give aid to women in labour, lead wanderers back to the right road, and in every respect show themselves kind and friendly towards mankind. Their habitations, too, are less repulsive, and are often in the vicinity of towns and villages. They are for

[1] See vol. ii. p. 259.

[2] See page 71.

the most part hills, or caves overgrown with trees, as that near Lochem in Holland, where three Witte Wijven dwell together. In Friesland and Drenthe every child knows them. Whoever approaches such caves or hills, or enters them, will see wonderful things.

THE THREE SISTERS.

Near Louvain are three graves, in which the bodies of three pious sisters are buried. Before the graves three clear springs gush forth, and thither Christian folks frequently go on pilgrimage, particularly to obtain a cure for women who are suffering under disease. But in order to know whether a woman will recover or die of the malady, the custom is to take a hood belonging to her and lay it on the water. If it sinks, no recovery is to be looked for; if it swims, the disease is curable. It is, however, necessary to pray fervently and to bring an offering, which must consist of a needle, a thread of yarn and some corn, all obtained by begging.

ST. GERTRUD'S MINNE (MEMORY).

St. Gertrud had withdrawn from the world, in order to devote her days to the service of God. But a knight, who had previously been in love with her, did not on that account relinquish his hopes, but continued in the neighbourhood of the convent, notwithstanding Gertrud's repeated declaration never to swerve from her vow. Seeing that all his endeavours were vain, he summoned the devil to his aid, and assigned his soul to him at the expiration of seven years, for which Satan promised to help him to attain his object. But the seven years passed, and the aid of the evil one had effected nothing. Nevertheless he insisted on having the soul of the knight, who was compelled to submit to his fate.

Now appeared St. John to Gertrud in a dream, and

announced to her the danger in which the knight was placed; whereupon Gertrud, who had in the mean time become abbess of her cloister, immediately on rising assembled all her nuns, accompanied by whom she proceeded to the convent gate, just as the devil was passing with his prey. Approaching the knight she presented to him a cup of wine, which she exhorted him to empty to the protection of St. John. The knight did so, and had scarcely swallowed the last drop, when the covenant, torn in pieces, fell at his feet, accompanied by a hideous howl of the foul fiend.

Hence St. Gertrud is represented holding in one hand a crosier, and in the other a cup, and from this event originates the custom of drinking to *Sinte Geerteminne*.

THE LILY.

There was once in days of yore a conjurer who cut people's heads off and set them on again. One day, when he was practising his art, a travelling journeyman entered the room as a spectator. On the table before the conjurer there stood a large glass filled with distilled water, out of which grew a white lily every time the conjurer cut a head off, which he called the lily of life. When the conjurer had cut a head off, the traveller quickly stept up to the table, and with a sharp knife severed the stalk of the lily, without being observed by any one; so that when the conjurer would replace the head, the operation failed, whereupon he was seized and burnt for a murderer.

This took place, as I have often heard my father relate, in the year 1528, and that anterior to the French Revolution the judicial acts concerning it were still to be seen.

THE FEATHER HEART.

In a family of my acquaintance the following story has often been related to me.

A young maiden lay sick, and to all appearance incurable. All the physicians had employed their skill on her, but all was in vain. At length the mother went to an old Capuchin friar, to whom she related her case, and who spoke to her thus: "My dear woman, your daughter's malady is not to be cured by physicians, that is impossible, for she is bewitched; but cut open the paillasse and the feather-bed, on which she lies, and in one of the two you will find a heart of feathers, which must instantly be cast into the fire."

The woman followed the friar's advice, and in fact a heart of feathers was found in the feather-bed. No sooner was it burnt than her daughter recovered.

LOVE-MAGIC.

Take a host, or holy wafer, but which has not yet been consecrated, write on it certain words with blood from the ring-finger, and then let a priest say five masses over it. Divide the wafer in two equal parts, of which keep one, and give the other to the person whose love you desire to gain.

Some persons make images of earth, wax, precious stones, or mixtures of certain things. These they baptize with the name of the person whom they wish to inspire with love, and with the same ceremonies that the priests employ in real baptisms; excepting that they call on and conjure the devil, and add scandalous, blasphemous words. They then melt the image, when at the same time the heart of the person, whose name the image bears, will be inspired with love, though it had previously been insensible to that passion.

In a mansion in the town of N— there sat three young damsels, on the eve of a festival, at a covered table, on

which were three plates, and at which so many vacant places were left for the coming bridegrooms. These they expected after the performance of the prescribed ceremonies. But there appeared only two young nobles, who attached themselves to two of the young ladies at the table. The third came not. At this the third damsel, after long expectation, growing impatient, looked out of the window, when exactly opposite to her she saw a coffin, in which lay a young person exactly resembling herself. This apparition so shocked her, that she fell sick and died soon after.

Three maidens were sitting stark naked at a table, each having a glass before her, one containing water, another beer, and the third wine. They were awaiting their bridegrooms. First appeared a serving-man, who took the glass of water and departed. Then came a cooper, who took the glass of beer and went his way. Next entered a village schoolmaster, who snatched up the glass of wine and carried it off.

The result of the process proves its efficacy. The lass, who had a glass of water before her, married a serving-man, with whom she had little bread and plenty of water. The second got a cooper for her husband, with whom she suffered no want, though her life was a miserable one, for she had nothing but pain and suffering. How it fared with the third I never heard, for she went to another country with her husband, who was a schoolmaster[1].

When the girls in Belgium desire to see their lovers in a dream, they lay their garters crosswise at the foot of the bed, and a little looking-glass under the pillow. They then in a dream see the image of their future husband appearing in the glass.

[1] See p. 142.

On the first Friday of every month, they also repeat the following:

Lune, lune, belle lune,
Faites me voir en mon dormant
Le mari que j'aurai en mon vivant.

If a girl finds an entire corn in her bread and butter, she can see her future husband. For this purpose she must stick the corn in a crack of the door, and then keep watch. The third person that passes is the future one.

Others say that the future one will merely be of the same trade with the third person that passes by the house.

If a girl desires to be sure whether her sweetheart still loves her, she must fold her garter three times, over every fold pronounce certain words, then lay it under her pillow, and without uttering a syllable, go to bed. If at midnight she sees her lover looking fresh and well, then all is right, and she will soon be married; but if in his stead a corpse appears, she may give up all hope, for she will never get her lover. In either case the lover has much to suffer during the night.

THIEF'S FOOT.—THIEF'S HAND.—THIEF'S FINGER.

In West Flanders, not far from Bailleul, a thief was taken, on whom was found the foot of one that had been hanged, which he used for the purpose of putting people to sleep.

Two fellows once came to Huy, who pretended to be exceedingly fatigued, and when they had supped would not retire to a sleeping room, but begged their host would allow them to take a nap on the hearth. But the maid-servant, who did not like the looks of the two guests, remained by the kitchen door and peeped through a chink, when she saw that one of them drew a thief's hand from

his pocket, the fingers of which, after having rubbed them with an ointment, he lighted, and they all burned except one. Again they held this finger to the fire, but still it would not burn, at which they appeared much surprised, and one said: "There must surely be some one in the house who is not yet asleep." They then hung the hand with its four burning fingers by the chimney, and went out to call their associates. But the maid followed them instantly and made the door fast, then ran up-stairs, where the landlord slept, that she might wake him, but was unable, notwithstanding all her shaking and calling.

In the mean time the thieves had returned and were endeavouring to enter the house by a window, but the maid cast them down from the ladder. They then took a different course, and would have forced an entrance, had it not occurred to the maid that the burning fingers might probably be the cause of her master's profound sleep. Impressed with this idea she ran to the kitchen, and blew them out, when the master and his men-servants instantly awoke, and soon drove away the robbers.

In the village of Alveringen there formerly lived a sorceress, who had a thief's finger, over which nine masses had been read. For being acquainted with the sacristan, she had wrapt it in a cloth and laid it on the altar, telling him it was a relic. With this finger she performed wonderful things. When she had lighted it—for such fingers burn like a candle—every one in the house where she might be was put to sleep. She would then steal money and everything else that she fancied, until she was at last detected, and the stolen property found in her possession.

THE MAGIC SWORD.

Mynheer Hincke Van Wurben had a magic sword that

had been given to him by a monk. It had been bought at the hour in which Mars ruled; the cross was forged on a Tuesday, and on that day was finished; in the hilt a piece of wood was enclosed that had been struck by thunder. All this was performed in the hour of Mars. A sword so prepared causes the swords of all opponents to fly in pieces.

If a man desires not to be wounded by any one, let him bind on his right arm a serpent's skin covered over with a tanned eel-skin. Then let an iron token be forged from a piece of an executioner's sword, but in the hour of Mars, and set it in a ring. Then if the person be about to fight, let him press the ring against his forehead, and place it on the finger next to the little finger of his right hand. Round the ring let there be engraven the words, "O Castres, prince of arms, through the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob."

WITCHES' OINTMENT.

Sorceresses destroy with their ceremonies both baptized and unbaptized children (especially the former, when a cross has not been made or a prayer said over them), as well in the cradle as by the side of their parents, whence the latter often think that they have smothered the child. When the infant is buried, the witches steal the corpse out of the coffin, put it into a kettle, and boil it until the flesh falls from the bones. From the more solid parts of this decoction they make an ointment, by means of which they exercise their arts, transform themselves, etc. The fluid they pour into bottles, and whoever drinks of it and lets certain ceremonies be performed over him by the sorceresses, becomes initiated in their arts and a master thereof.

MILK-TAKING.—MILK BEATEN.

An old sorceress would from envy take the milk from a neighbour's cow, and for this purpose went with a knife

before the place in which the cow was, placed herself towards the moonlight, and repeated these words:

Hier snyd ick een spaen	Here cut I a chip
In mollekens ghewaen,	In the dairy's wall,
Ende een ander daer toe,	And another thereto,
So neem ick het melck van deser koe.	So take I the milk from this cow.

The owner of the cow hearing this, took a thick cord and ran to the sorceress, whom he beat unmercifully, at the same time saying:

Hier slaen ick eenen slach,	Here strike I a stroke,
Ende eenen andern als ick mach,	And another as I may,
Ende den derden daer toe,	And a third thereto,
So behoud ick d' melck metter koe.	So keep I the milk with the cow.

This was the best method he could adopt.

When a sorceress steals milk, there is no better way to punish her than the one I am about to communicate. When such a woman has by her arts milked all the milk from a cow, the cow must soon after be milked again. Let the milk thus obtained be set on the fire and made warm, and when it is sufficiently warm, beat it with a stick until not a drop is left in the vessel. The milk that is flowing on the ground may also be beaten, for the more the beating the better, as every stroke given to the milk the sorceress gets on her back from the devil. It has often happened here (Lacken) that sorceresses have been confined to their bed for a week and more, from having been so beaten[1].

CORN-STEALING.

A sorceress walked round a field that was full of ripe corn, repeating the verse "Super aspidem," etc. On her return home she instantly went up into the loft, took a

[1] See p. 77, and Grimm, D. M. p. 1025.

tube, and repeated the same verse, when all the corn fell through the tube down before her, not a grain being left in the field.

A SORCERESS CAUGHT.

About the end of the 16th century the following event took place in West Flanders. A peasant was sitting with his son drinking in an alehouse, and, as was the custom, made a mark on his dung-fork with chalk for every jug of beer he drank. When about leaving the house he called for the hostess, and asked her how much he had drunk; but the hostess asked him in her turn, how many marks he had on his fork. The peasant refused to tell her, and the woman grew angry, and said in her rage: "For this thou shalt not reach home to-night, be assured of that, or I'll never come back." The peasant laughed at this, threw the money on the table for what he had really consumed, and went away.

But when he came to the water and entered the boat, he could not move it from the shore, and therefore called to three soldiers who happened to be passing: "Halloo, comrades, will you help me to push my boat off? I will gladly give you a drink of beer." The soldiers came to his aid, but all was in vain, for the boat was and continued fixed. "Wait a moment," said one of the soldiers, panting and sweating with exertion, "let us throw the things out of the boat that are lying there in the middle; then it will no doubt go better." They did so, and scarcely had they thrown out the last piece when they discovered an enormous toad in the bottom of the boat, with eyes like glowing coals. One of the soldiers, drawing his sword, stabbed the monster through the body and cast it into the water, where the others gave it many wounds in the belly; for it swam in the water on its back.

They now again applied themselves to move the boat,

when it went without any trouble, at which the peasant was so pleased, that taking the soldiers by the arm, he returned with them to the alehouse. After he had ordered some beer, he inquired of the maid where her mistress was. "Ah," said she, "my mistress is in bed at the point of death." "Haha," said the peasant, laughing, "dost thou think I am not sober? Why I saw her not a quarter of an hour ago, and she was then quite lively and well, and gave me a precious scolding." "It is so, nevertheless," answered the maid, "you may see her yourself, if you like."

Thereupon the peasant and the three soldiers went into the room where the woman was lying and piteously moaning with pain; for she had many wounds precisely corresponding to those that had been inflicted on the toad. The peasant asked the maid how it had all happened, but she answered she knew not, as her mistress had not been out of the house.

The peasant then hastened to the magistrate, to whom he related the affair, whence it appeared evident that the toad was no other than the hostess, who had assumed the form of that reptile, for the purpose of preventing the man from returning home.

WITCHERY EXPELLED.

Sorceresses melt lead and pour it into cold water, where it immediately assumes a human form. They then ask the person bewitched, into what part of his or her body, who has caused the evil, they wish it to be sent. When the patient has told them this, they make a cut or prick with a knife in that part of the leaden image, at the same time saying where the party is that has inflicted the evil, but without mentioning their name. The perpetrator then gets the evil [1].

[1] See vol. ii. p. 47.

THE GRAVEDIGGER.

It was on All-Saints' day, and the gravedigger was ill with a fever, and his gossip came to see him. "Is it not unlucky," said the gravedigger, "that I am ill, and must go to-night in the cold and snow to dig a grave?" "O, I'll do that for you," said the gossip, "that's but a little service." The gravedigger gladly accepted it.

The gossip having provided himself with a spade and pick-axe, and warmed his inward man a little at the ale-house, went about ten o'clock to the churchyard, and had finished his job by half-past eleven. But just as he was about to return home there came a long procession of white friars, each bearing a taper in his hand, who made the round of the churchyard, and as they passed by the gossip let their tapers fall before him, and the last threw him a large ball with two wicks.

The gossip thought within himself, "Haha, the gravedigger said nothing about the monks. The wax will pay me for my labour. In a month or two I will sell it and get a pretty bit of money out of it, which my wife need know nothing about." He then gathered up all the pieces, wrapped them in a cloth, and hid them under his bed.

The next day was the festival of All-Souls. The gossip had gone early to bed, but could not sleep. As the clock was striking twelve, three knocks were heard at his door. The man instantly jumped up, opened the door, and behold, there stood the white monks of the preceding night, only that they had no lights. They marched into the house two and two, then into the chamber, walked round it, and ranged themselves round the bed, on which the gossip had fallen backwards through terror. On a sudden their white mantles fell from their shoulders, and the gossip saw from under the bed-clothes in which he had wrapped himself up to the ears, that they were all skele-

tons, but to each of which one or other part was wanting, to one an arm, to another a leg, to another the back-bone, and to the last the head. At the same time there was a movement under the bed; the cloth came forth spontaneously, and unfolded itself in the middle of the room, when the gossip saw that the supposed wax lights were all bones, and the large ball with two wicks a grinning skull. The skeletons now cried out all together: "Give me my leg-bone," "Give me my arm-bone," "Give me my back-bone," "Give me my rib:" all of which the gossip was obliged to give back even to the last piece, which was the head, and which he replaced on the last one; but who had no sooner got it on his shoulders, than seeing a violin hanging on the wall, he took it down and handed it to the gossip, that he might play on it, at the same time placing himself behind him with extended arms, as if he would beat time. The other skeletons then, taking each other's hand, began a dance, and made a most appalling clatter. As to the poor gossip, he lost all sense of hearing and seeing, but durst not leave off playing; for every time he slackened he got a box on the ear from the skeleton behind him. And all this lasted till morning, when the skeletons put on their cloaks and went away.

The gossip and his wife never uttered a syllable in their lives about this adventure until their last confession, when they related the whole to their spiritual father.

THE COFFIN.

Dr. Abraham Van der Meer, an upright and zealous Reformer, relates in his Memorabilia, that his grandmother, while residing at the Hague, being one summer night unable to sleep, placed herself, about four o'clock in the morning, at the window, and there saw a coffin coming up the Spui Straat, but without any one else seeming to notice it. It moved on until it stood up erect before a

house, where it vanished in an open window. Before six weeks had expired every inmate of that house had died of the plague.

ZEVENBERGEN.

Before arriving at Dort, there is to be seen by the high road a large body of water, in the middle of which a lonely church tower raises its head.

There stood formerly the rich and populous city of Zevenbergen, the inhabitants of which made use of gold and silver as if they had been copper. All the latches of their doors, all the hasps of their windows were of pure gold; all the nails in their houses, all their kitchen utensils were of silver. In short their riches are not to be described, and were attended with an arrogance still less susceptible of description.

At one time it happened that every night a mermaid came flying, and seated herself on the top of the tower of the church, which was dedicated to St. Lobbetjen, and there sang:

Zevenbergen sol vergaen,	Zevenbergen shall perish,
En Lobbetjens toren blyven staen.	And Lobbetjen's tower remain standing.

This song every one heard, but no one heeded it, or, in consequence of it, turned from his arrogance. At length God grew weary, and in one night there arose so frightful a storm of wind and rain, accompanied by thunder, over the city, that it perished in one instant, all except the church, which remained standing and yet remains, as the mermaid had sung. Over the site of the city an expanse of water spread itself.

Fishermen who navigate the lake assert that they have frequently seen the glittering gilded roofs of Zevenbergen; but no one has ever ventured to descend into its mysterious depths.

HOW COUNT BALDWIN OF FLANDERS MARRIED A DEVIL.

When Count Baldwin the Ninth of Flanders had disdainfully refused to marry the beautiful princess Beatrix, daughter of the king of France, the emperor of Constantinople came and sought her hand and obtained her from her father. At this Baldwin being much discontented, took leave of the most potent and noble king of France, and returned to his town of Noyon, where he remained three days. On the fourth day, having a great desire to hunt in the forest of Noyon, he assembled his huntsmen and followers, and went out with staff in hand accompanied by his hounds. In the forest they lighted on a wild boar of extraordinary size and power, and quite black. On hearing the dogs it fled, with the hunters close after it, but it killed four of the best hounds that were at the chase. At this the count was bitterly vexed, and swore that he would never return until he had slain the boar, which then ran out of the forest of Noyon and fled into that of Mormay, and hastened to reach a spot where it could rest in peace. But the count pursued it with his staff, leaving his attendants far behind, and now springing from his horse and grasping his staff with both hands, said: "Boar, turn hitherwards, for it must gratify thee to encounter the count of Flanders." The boar instantly rose and rushed on the count, who struck it with such force that it fell stunned to the earth. He then killed it, and placing himself upon it, fell into deep reflection, emerging from which he was greatly surprised that none of his followers had joined him. After sitting thus a while, he looked round and saw a young damsel coming towards him, quite alone and mounted on a jet-black palfrey. The count instantly rose to meet her, and taking hold of the rein of her palfrey, said: "Lady, you are right welcome to me." And the lady in a soft voice returned

his greeting. The count then asked her why she rode so entirely unattended, and she gently answered: "Sir, such is the will of the Almighty Father. I am the daughter of an Eastern king, who would bestow me in marriage against my will; but I swore and made an oath to God that I would never take a husband, unless it were the richest count in Christendom. I therefore left my home, attended by a numerous suite, but have now no one with me, having parted from them, as I feared they might conduct me back to my father; for I had made a vow that I would never return until I had met with the count of Flanders, whom I had heard so highly praised."

While the count looked on the lady, he thought much of what she had said, and she pleased him beyond measure, so that he felt an ardent passion for her, and said: "Fair damsel, I am the count of Flanders whom you seek, and I am the richest count under heaven, having fourteen counties subject to me; and as you have been seeking me, I will, if it be agreeable to you, take you to wife." At this the lady expressed her satisfaction and willingness, provided he were what he represented himself. The count then asked the lady her name, also that of her father, and over what realm he reigned. She answered him that her baptismal name was Helius, "but," continued she, "the name of my father you shall never know; such is the will of God, and you must not inquire further, for it may not be otherwise." The count then, who was possessed by the evil spirit, setting his horn to his mouth, blew a loud blast, for his people to come to him; and there came Henry count of Valenciennes, Walter of St. Omer's, and many others. They asked him whether he had taken nothing, and he answered: "Yes, I have taken the noblest boar in the world, and God has also sent me this fair damsel whom you here see, and whom, as she is willing, I mean to make my wife." At this the count of Valen-

ciennes gazed on the lady, who was very elegantly attired, and rode on a palfrey than which none could be more beautiful. Notwithstanding all this, the count greatly blamed the count of Flanders for his intention of making her his lawful wife, and said, "Sir, how do you know who she is? she is perhaps a young damsel who might be yours for money. If she pleases you, retain her as long as it may be agreeable to you, and then let her go; for so great a prince as you must act wisely." Then said the count of Flanders to the count of Valenciennes: "Speak more discreetly, for my heart bids me to marry this damsel." At this his followers were much afflicted. The count then went away, taking with him the head of the boar, and proceeded to Cambray, accompanied by the lady, whom he married, and celebrated their nuptials with great feastings. She soon became pregnant, and at the end of nine months gave birth to a daughter, who at her baptism received the name of Jane, and had afterwards a second daughter, who was named Margaret. In the thirteen years, during which this woman lived with Baldwin, she laid heavy burthens on the people and did much evil in the country, for which the count was severely blamed. She went, indeed, to church and heard divine service, and also partook of the holy sacrament, until the elevation of the host in the mass; but then she would leave the church, at which the people greatly wondered and expressed themselves very mysteriously.

At this time the emperor of Constantinople was in great trepidation, because Acquillan, Sultan of Sura, had laid siege to Constantinople with a hundred thousand Saracens, and laid waste all the surrounding country. The emperor therefore summoned all his friends, and assembled an army of forty thousand Christians. But one day, making a sally and engaging with the Saracens, he was slain in the conflict; whereupon his army returned, bearing the body

of their emperor, whom they honourably buried, and then proceeded to adopt measures for the further defence of the city; for the Sultan Acquillan had sworn not to depart before he had taken Constantinople; but the Christians, nevertheless, still found means to defend it.

During this time, Baldwin with his wife Helius was in the county of Flanders. There it befell that, on Easter day in the year of grace 1188, the count of Flanders and the countess Helius with a noble train were at their palace of Wynandael, and thither many counts and barons, vassals of the count, were summoned and came accordingly. On this day the count held a splendid court, and when the hour of repast arrived, he placed himself with his guests at table. While thus sitting, there appeared before him an aged hermit leaning on a staff, and apparently a hundred years old, who prayed the count, in the name of God, to give him a dinner. The count graciously granted his request, and bade one of the attendants take care of the old man, and a place was assigned him at a table opposite to the count, but apart from the rest. The countess had not then entered the hall, but she came shortly after, and seated herself by the count, as was her wont. When the hermit saw her he was struck with fear, and instantly began to tremble, and repeatedly crossed himself, and could neither eat nor drink. And when the lady saw the hermit, she was sorely disquieted, for she feared he would cause her some great calamity, and therefore prayed the count to send him away, saying: "Sir, he knows more artifices than any one besides, and I cannot look upon him; I therefore beseech you to order his departure."

At this the count said: "Wife, it is good to bestow alms on those that ask them; but he who receives and needs them not is foolish; therefore it is my pleasure that the hermit be served and recruit his strength." The count then turning towards the hermit, who sat apparently lost

in thought, and neither ate nor drank, said to him: "My good man, why eat you not? Conceal it not from me, if you desire aught else; ask for it, and it shall be given you." The hermit then rose, and addressing the count and all the nobles present, exhorted them to cease from eating and drinking, for that they were in great peril, and then continued: "But dread not before it is time to dread, for that which ye will soon see will inspire you with great dread. Nevertheless, put your trust in God and it cannot harm you." At this address all were wonder-struck, and every one sat silent and still, and ceased from eating and drinking. The hermit then conjured the countess in the name of the Almighty, and said to her: "Thou devil, who sojournest in the body of this woman, I conjure thee, in the name of the Lord, who for us suffered a painful death on the cross, who drove thee from his holy paradise, with all the evil spirits who had sinned through their pride; and by the holy sacraments, which God hath appointed; and by his great power, which will endure for ever, that thou depart from this company, and that ere thou goest, thou confess before all these lords why the count of Flanders hath been seduced by thee, that all may know it; and that thou go to the place whence thou camest, without touching aught with harmful hand, whatsoever it may be."

When the lady heard herself thus exorcised, without the power of resistance, or of doing further injury to the count, or of remaining longer in Flanders, she began to speak and confess before all, saying: "I am one of the angels that God cast from paradise, from which circumstance we suffer more misery than any one can conceive, and would gladly see every one treading in our path, that God might, together with all others, also forgive us. Nor for thus seeking help can any one justly blame us. The count in this case could but ill guard against us when he

yielded to the sin of pride, and refused to marry the daughter of the king of France. God then permitted that I should enter the body of a royal maiden of the East who had died, and was one of the fairest on earth. I entered her corpse in the night and raised it up, and it had no other soul than me; for her soul was where it was destined to be. And the count could not withstand the temptation to make her his wife, and I left him but little enjoyment of life for thirteen years, and have inflicted much evil on the land of Flanders; and yet more dearly would he have paid, had he not been ever mindful of his Creator, and crossed himself on rising and on lying down to rest. His two daughters I have lost, in consequence of their having been baptized. I have nothing more to say, but now return to the East country, to give this body back to its grave." Having thus spoken she vanished without doing injury to any one, only carrying along with her a little pillar from one of the windows of the hall. At this the count and all present were struck with amazement, and rose from table, and the count bending his head to the good hermit, prayed him to say what it were best for him to do; when the hermit counselled him to go to the pope and from him obtain pardon for his sins; and then took his departure.

For three days the count continued lost in reflection within his palace; on the fourth he proceeded to Bruges. While there he was much ridiculed and insulted; the people pointed at him in the streets, and the children cried out: "Come and see, there is the count that married the devil." The like took place also in Ghent and Arras. Seeing this, he made a vow to go to Jerusalem, and provided for the administration of his dominions; but he first went to Rome, where the pope received him with great honour, and took him into his private chamber, where the count confessed to him his sins. At his con-

fession the holy father was much astonished, and imposed on him, as an atonement, to journey to Constantinople and aid the noble empress, the daughter of the king of France, who was besieged by the Sultan Acquillan. The pope then remitted all his sins, and Baldwin proceeded on his way to Constantinople.

The count of Flanders, to whom the foregoing legend relates, was the same who was raised to the dignity of emperor of the East, and who perished so miserably, having been taken prisoner by the Bulgarians in the battle of Adrianople (a. 1205), and after the mutilation of his limbs, left a prey to the beasts of the forest. His wife was not a devil, but Mary of Champagne, a daughter of the sister of the French king, Philip Augustus. The story of his escape from prison, return to Flanders, and execution, as an impostor, at Lisle, is well known. Tieck's tale, 'Der Griechische Kaiser,' is founded on this tradition.

THE POACHER OF WETTEREN-OVERBEKE.

At Wetteren-Overbeke there was a poacher who had been out the whole day but shot nothing. His ill-luck made him obstinate, so that he stayed in the field, in the hope of meeting with some game, and not being obliged to return home without having taken something. It was just midnight, when by the moonlight he saw a hare frisking about among the clover. He aimed at the animal and fired, but the recoil of his piece against his shoulder was so strong that it felled him to the ground. On rising and examining the piece, he found that the barrel was become quite crooked. This seemed very unaccountable to him, as he had not loaded it with a heavier charge than usual. At the same instant, the animal, that he thought dead, started up, and, instead of running away, came towards him. What sees he next? The hare was transformed to a black ball slowly rolling along! The poor poacher took to his heels in terror, fully convinced it was no other than the devil himself that was in chase of him. The ball in the mean while continued rolling after him,

and grew bigger and bigger. At length, with the sweat pouring from him through fear and running, he succeeded in climbing up a tall tree, where he hoped to be in safety; but the black ball came rolling on to the tree, and was now become so great that it darkened all before the eyes of the poacher. Deadly terror now seized him; "this monster," thought he, "can be no other than a warning from heaven, because I have transgressed the laws of my superiors." Then falling on his knees, he made a vow never to poach again, when the black ball instantly disappeared.

THE BLOODY COACH AT ANTWERP.

This is a wonderfully beautiful carriage with four horses. In it sits a lady richly clad, who carries with her many sweetmeats and dainties, for the purpose of enticing such children as are out playing late in the streets; to whom she also promises that she will give them at her castle her little daughter for a playmate. If her artifice fails, she will drag them into the carriage by force, and stop their mouths, to prevent their crying out. She then conveys the poor little creatures far away to a great castle, where their great toes are cut off and they are suffered to bleed to death. Their blood is used as a bath for a great king, who is suffering from a grievous malady. It is observed that the children, whose blood can cure him, must all be under seven years of age.

THE SAND-GATE AT MECHLIN.

In the sixteenth century the Sand-gate at Mechlin was used as a powder-magazine. In the night of the 7th August, 1546, a terrific storm burst over the city, and the lightning struck the Sand-gate. A tremendous stroke shook the whole earth around, the tower flew in a thousand fragments in all directions, a shower of hot stones

fell on the city, and several hundred houses were either shattered to pieces or greatly damaged. The city ditches were dried up, and the fishes were found lying about boiled or roasted. Above four hundred persons were instantly struck dead, many others died afterwards of the injuries they had suffered; while others, as cripples, bore to the end of their lives the marks of this calamity.

Shortly after this event some merchants from Friesland arrived at Mechlin, who anxiously desired to see the spot where the Sand-gate had stood. Having been conducted thither, they related that at the very hour when the Sand-gate was shivered to atoms, they were near a mill in Friesland, where they saw many devils in the air directing their flight towards Mechlin. Of these one was heard to call to his companion in a horrible voice: "Ha, Krombeen (Crooked-leg), take the mill along with you." To which Krombeen answered, "I can't, I can't, I must hasten to Mechlin; Kortstaert (Short-tail) is behind us; the mill is left for him." And in fact, the mill was struck down on the same night.

During this storm, which did injury not only in Mechlin, but in the whole country around, the sacristans of the village churches ran to sound the alarm bells. The sacristan of Putte would also do the like; yet notwithstanding all his efforts, the good man could not get into the church, but was twice held back. In his vexation he exclaimed: "Surely here must be more than one devil at work." A devil, who was sitting in a tree close by, hearing the words, answered: "No, there you are wrong, I am here quite alone, the others are all off to Mechlin."

CHESS WITH THE DEVIL.

In the forest of Clairmarais, near Cambray, are to be seen the ruins of a convent of the same name, concerning the origin of which there is the following tradition:—

On the spot where it stood, a magnificent castle once raised its lofty towers, but that was long, very long ago, more than seven hundred years having passed since that time. In this castle dwelt a powerful knight, who had a beautiful wife, but who was exceedingly haughty, and too proud to associate with any person that was not, like herself, noble. The knight had once ridden out, and when evening came had not returned. In the mean time another knight begged for admission into the castle, which the lady readily granted, and let him come into her bedchamber. There the stranger soon began with flattering words to gain the lady's favour, and at length told her, that out in the forest he had met with an old man, who loudly swore he would be revenged on her for having driven him from the castle. He had also declared that he was father to the lady of the castle, and that she was not of noble blood, but that he had exchanged her for a dead child with her supposed father, while she was yet in the cradle. With such and other discourses the stranger, who called himself Brudemer, so instigated the woman, that she hurried with him to the gate, and there stabbed her father. They then hurried back into the castle, and sat down to a game of chess.

After some time the door flew open, and the lord of Clairmarais entered the apartment with looks of fury. At the sight of him Brudemer burst into a loud laugh, while the noble lady was ready to sink into the earth, and grew deadly pale. But the knight approaching her, cried out, at the same time raising his sword: "Let the devil fetch thee, thou parricide, thou adulteress!" But before he could strike, Brudemer seized her by the head, saying: "I accept her," and vanished with her accompanied by an appalling clap of thunder.

Not until late on the following day did the knight wake out of the state of stupefaction, into which these

dreadful occurrences had thrown him, and then he resolved on having no more intercourse with the world. He afterwards entered into the monastery of the holy St. Bertin, where he died a happy death.

The castle was then forsaken, no one being willing to dwell in it; for every night an awful tumult was heard there, nor did any one return who ventured to enter it.

At length a pious Benedictine had the courage one evening to explore the castle. After having passed through many apartments, he sat down to rest in a small cabinet. Shortly after his entrance the door flew open, and a tall personage, on whose breast hung an escutcheon bearing the name of Brudemer, and with a deadly pale lady on his arm, stept in. Behind them came a brilliant train of servants, and these were followed by eight young men, bearing heavy chests on their shoulders. The knight pointed to a table, on which there was a chess-board, and then to a chair standing by the table, in which the monk immediately placed himself. The knight sat down in one opposite, and both began to play. The monk played with the utmost caution, and calculated every move most carefully, and soon felt confident that he should overcome his adversary, when the lady pointed to a pawn, which the knight immediately moved. This changed the entire face of the game, and placed the monk in the greatest jeopardy; for he well knew that his soul would belong to the evil one, if he lost. At this move, too, the whole company gave a loud laugh. The monk now began to repent of his temerity, but resolved on making a virtue of necessity, so after a fervent prayer, pushed a pawn against that of his opponent. The knight seeing this became thoughtful, for the game was now again in favour of the monk, and every move improved the position of the latter, let him do whatever he might. When both had now made some further moves, and the game was manifestly in the hands of the

pious ecclesiastic, there came at once a violent shock, the monk was thrown down, and everything vanished.

On the following morning the fortunate player found a female skeleton in rags and tatters lying by the side of the overthrown chess-table, and at the door eight chests full of gold and silver. He buried the dry bones in the castle yard, and then transformed the castle into a cloister, attached to which he erected a beautiful church, and became the first prior.

FALKENBERG.

At the old castle of Falkenberg, in the province of Limburg, a spectre walks by night, and a voice from the ruins is heard to cry: "Murder! murder!" and it cries towards the north and the south, and the east and the west; and before the crier there go two small flames, which accompany him whithersoever he turns. And this voice has cried for six hundred years, and so long have also the two flames wandered.

Six hundred years ago the beautiful castle stood in its full glory, and was inhabited by two brothers of the noble race of Falkenberg. Their names were Waleram and Reginald, and they both loved Alix, the daughter of the count of Cleves. But Waleram was the favoured lover. His mother and the father of Alix readily consented to their union, and shortly after, the ceremony was performed with a splendour becoming their rank.

But Reginald meditated dark vengeance both on his brother and Alix; and when the feast was over and the young pair were about to be led to the bridal chamber, he hastened before them and concealed himself behind the bed. Lost in sweet dreams of love and happiness, the youthful couple thought not on their cruel brother, and hardly had they ascended the nuptial couch, when Reginald rushed forth and planted his dagger first in the breast

of Waleram, and then in that of Alix. Waleram's first impulse was to clap his hand on his flowing wound, his next to grasp the murderer, with whose face his bloody hand came in contact; but his strength failed him, and he sank back lifeless. Reginald fled, after having cut a lock from the head of the unfortunate Alix.

On the following day there was loud lament and deep sorrow in the castle of Falkenberg; for every one loved Waleram on account of his kind and benevolent heart, and Alix, whose soul was as beautiful as her body. No one doubted that Reginald was the assassin, and men were sent in every direction to seize him, but he was nowhere to be found.

At this time there dwelt in a forest near Falkenberg a holy hermit, who day and night lay in prayer before the altar of a little chapel that stood near his hermitage. It was near midnight, when some one knocked at the door of the chapel, and in the name of heaven prayed for admission. The recluse rose from prayer, opened the door, and recognised Reginald, who, shedding bitter tears, instantly fell at his feet, and besought him to hear his confession. The hermit raised him and led him to a seat, and Reginald confessed all, and as a proof, showed him the form of a hand stamped with blood on his countenance, and which he could not with any water wash away. When the man of God had heard all, he said, shuddering: "It is not granted to me to absolve from sin so enormous; but pass the night with me in prayer; it may be that God will then give me to know what you shall do in order to obtain his forgiveness." With these words he knelt before the altar, and Reginald knelt by his side: they both prayed.

When day began to dawn, the hermit rose and said: "This is the behest of heaven. You shall go hence a

humble and pious pilgrim, and ever journey towards the north, until you find no more earth on which to tread: a sign will then announce to you the rest." Reginald answered: "Amen," craved the holy man's blessing, stept to the lamp at the altar, where he burned the lock he had taken of Alix's hair, as he had been commanded by the hermit, then left the chapel and journeyed as a pilgrim on and on, and ever towards the north. And with him went two forms, one white on his right hand, one black on his left; and the black figure whispered in his ear much about his youth and the joys of the world, while his white attendant exhorted him to repentance, and to continue his journey, and set before his soul the everlasting joy of the blessed.

Thus had he journeyed for many a day, and many a week, and many a month, when one morning he found no more earth under his feet, and saw the wide ocean before him. At the same moment a boat approached the shore, and a man that sat in it made a sign to him, and said: "We were expecting thee." Then Reginald knew that this was the sign, and stept into the boat, still attended by the two forms; and they rowed to a large ship with all her sails set; and when they were in the ship, the boatman disappeared and the ship sailed away. Reginald with his two attendants descended into a room below, where stood a table and chairs. Each of the two forms then taking a seat at the table, the black one drew forth a pair of dice, and they began playing for the soul of Reginald.

Six hundred years has that ship been sailing without either helm or helmsman, and so long have the two been playing for Reginald's soul. Their game will last till the last day. Mariners that sail on the North Sea often meet with the infernal vessel.

THE MONK OF AFFLIGHEM.

Towards the close of the eleventh century a most extraordinary event took place at the abbey of Afflighem.

It was one day announced to the pious Fulgentius, who at that time was abbot, that a stranger monk of venerable aspect had knocked at the gate and been admitted, who said he was one of the brethren of the cloister. The abbot caused him to be brought before him, and asked him who he was and whence he came? whereunto the monk answered, that he had that morning sung matins with the rest of the brotherhood; that when they came to the verse of the 89th Psalm, where it is said: "A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday," he had fallen into deep meditation, and continued sitting in the quire when all the others had departed. A little bird had then appeared to him, which sang most sweetly, and which, because it had so delighted him, he had followed into the forest, from whence, after a short stay, he was now returned, but found the abbey so changed that he no longer knew it. On Fulgentius asking him about his abbot, and also the name of the king that reigned at the time, it was found, to their great astonishment, that both had been dead three hundred years before.

The monk was startled, and said: "Verily I now see that a thousand years are as yesterday in the sight of the Lord." He then prayed the abbot to impart to him the holy sacraments, and, after partaking of them, died a holy and edifying death.

A similar legend is related of the abbey of Heisterbach, opposite Bonn, and of some other abbeys. The story has been well paraphrased in German verse by E. Wegener. See Nordischer Telegraph, No. 31.

ST. JULIAN THE FERRYMAN.

Many hundred years ago there lived in the province of Saintonge a young and rich nobleman, whose name was

Julian. His chief delight was in the chase, and he found little pleasure in prayer and exercises of piety.

One day, when following a hart, he penetrated far into the deep forest; but when he seemed to be on the point of capturing it, the animal suddenly stood still, turned its head, and in an audible voice said to Julian: "Stop, Julian, and cease from pursuing me. Think rather of averting thy appalling destiny; for I announce unto thee, that with thy own hand thou wilt slay both father and mother."

Julian was horror-struck at this dreadful prediction, and turning his horse, rode home, firmly resolved to flee from his native country and never to return, that he might avoid the fate which, according to the words of the hart, hung over him. Without saying a word to his parents, without considering how he was to support himself, he let his horse go whithersoever it would, until from fatigue it could proceed no further. Having no money, he sold it and bought a lute, with which he continued his journey, ever straight forwards; for his sole remaining wish was to withdraw himself from his paternal abode as far as possible.

A year had passed, when one evening, faint and ill, he reached a castle in the Ardennes. The lord of the castle, a man of kind disposition, received him hospitably, and desired his daughter, whose name was Basilissa, to take charge of the poor minstrel; for he was an enthusiastic lover of music, both instrumental and vocal. But when the beautiful maiden brought him the cup to drink, and manifested such tender solicitude for him, his heart was seized with a glowing passion, and he seemed at the same moment to be perfectly recovered. When, however, he called to mind that now, without name or rank, he could never aspire to the hand of Basilissa, his heart was ready to break. For a long time he knew not what course to follow, but at length resolved on parting from her and

again setting out on his lonely wandering. On the third day, therefore, after his arrival he went to the lord of the castle, for the purpose of taking leave; but the good knight would not allow him to depart, pressing him to prolong his stay, a request in which Basilissa joined, and which Julian found himself quite unable to withstand.

Some days after, there was a great feast at the castle, and Julian sang at the table and played such sweet melodies that all were enraptured. On the following morning a splendid joust was to be held, of which, when Julian was apprized, his old passion rose within him, and he prayed the lord of the castle to be allowed to break a lance. The permission was granted, and he bore himself so gallantly that the prize was awarded to him in preference to every other. With equal bravery he conducted himself in a feud, in which his host was shortly afterwards engaged, and who at length conceived such a regard for him that he gave him his only daughter, the beautiful Basilissa, in marriage. Shortly after these events his father-in-law died, and Julian became lord of the castle and surrounding country.

The remembrance of the dreadful prediction was, however, never absent from his mind, and fervent as were his longings to see his parents again, he never ventured even to ask tidings of them, fearing always that the words of the hart might prove true. To free himself from this depressing thought, he had recourse to his former pastime, the chase.

To Julian's parents the loss of their son was a severe blow. Their happiness was at an end, and they finally resolved to seek him, and not to return till they had found him. Clad as pilgrims, they set out on their wanderings; they went from province to province, from city to city, from village to village, everywhere inquiring after their lost son, but no one could give them any tidings. At length they arrived in Belgium. When straying in the

forest of Ardennes, they inquired of a rustic whether he could inform them of a shelter, and he directed them to the neighbouring castle, where they arrived faint and helpless in the morning. The castle was their son's. They knocked and were admitted by the porter. Julian had been out in the forest since sunrise; the servants therefore waked Basilissa, who soon came forth and gave the aged couple a friendly reception. When they had recruited their strength they related their history to the lady of the castle, and how they had been wandering for four years in search of their son. Basilissa immediately knew them for the parents of her consort; for he had frequently spoken to her of his departure from home, though without divulging the cause. Overjoyed at the thought of bearing such glad tidings to her husband, and at the same time of so agreeably surprising the venerable pair, she kept silence, and caused them to lie down in her own bed, that they might rest their weary limbs. Awaiting Julian's return, she then went to church, there to render thanks for the happy event.

Julian's horse had in the mean time wounded itself by stumbling over a stone, through which accident he was compelled to return. On arriving at the castle, he instantly proceeded to his bedchamber, where he expected still to find his wife, when seeing in his bed a man with a woman dressed in Basilissa's clothes, he instantly thought that she was faithless, and grasping his sword, in his blind fury he stabbed both the sleepers.

Could he have a presentiment how terribly he had fulfilled the prediction? for scarcely had he done the deed when he was seized with bitter repentance. Pursued by the wail and last groans of his victims, he was rushing from the castle, when the pious Basilissa returning from church stept up to him. Julian started as one who trusted not his own eyesight. She wished to draw him into their

bedchamber, that he might enjoy the pleasure of again seeing his parents; but he held her back, requesting only an answer to the question, who the sleepers were that he had found there? When Basilissa had informed him what they had related to her, he fell to the earth as if struck by lightning. Trembling with a dreadful presentiment, she hurried to the chamber; she shook them both, but she shook two corpses, and with a cry of horror she threw herself on the blood-stained bed.

It was long before Julian recovered his recollection. He then with tearful eyes confessed all, and communicated to her the hart's prediction. "And now," said he, "farewell, beloved of my heart, and pray for me and forgive me; for I go from this place to atone for my sins." Basilissa then falling on his neck answered: "No, that you shall not do, my beloved husband; but if you persist in doing so, I will be your companion whithersoever you go." And she was so, and on the following morning left the castle with Julian, and they continued their journey till they came to a little river called the Dender, and to the spot on which the town of Ath now stands. At that time pilgrims, on their way to the image of our blessed Lady of Hal, had, at the risk of their lives, to ford the river, there being no bridge there. For which reason Julian formed the resolution to build a hut on the bank and buy a boat, in which to ferry the pilgrims across, by which pious work he hoped to obtain forgiveness of his great sin.

For seven years he had ferried from one bank to the other, when one dark, rainy night, after he had retired fatigued with Basilissa to their bed of straw, they heard from the opposite bank a person in a mournful voice begging to be ferried over. Julian instantly rose, dressed himself, and, in spite of wind and weather, turned his boat towards the left bank of the river. Basilissa knelt by his

side in the frail skiff and prayed; for the water raged so wildly that they expected to sink at every instant. On reaching the other shore they found an old pilgrim with dripping garments, lying on the earth and groaning piteously. They immediately threw their cloaks over him and bore him into the bark, which now appeared to push itself off, and rapidly yet tranquilly to steer towards the hut; though the waves were angrily dashing around it, and the winds awfully raging. When they reached the bank, Julian fastened the boat, while Basilissa prepared their straw bed for the pilgrim, they themselves lying by him on the hard, cold earth, having previously kindled a fire and refreshed the aged man with some warm milk.

But suddenly a brilliant light diffused itself in the hut, the pilgrim rose, his wet garments fell off, and he stood in divine majesty and splendour. It was the Lord Jesus himself. Julian and Basilissa fell on their knees trembling; but Jesus said: "Thou hast made sufficient atonement, Julian; thy sin is forgiven thee, and I await thee and thy faithful wife." With these words he vanished.

On the following day, as some persons were fishing in the neighbourhood, they heard melodies of heavenly sweetness issuing from the hut. On approaching and opening it, they found husband and wife kneeling, dead, encircled with a heavenly light. They buried them honourably. At a later period many miracles have taken place at their grave, and on the spot where the hut had stood was erected the beautiful church still existing of the hospitable, holy Julian.

LOHENGRIN AND ELSA.—LOHENGRIN AND BELAYE.

Many hundred years ago there was a duke of Brabant and Limburg, who had a beautiful daughter named Elsa. When this duke lay on his death-bed, he commended his daughter to one of his vassals, whose name was Frederic of

Telramonde, and who was everywhere known and honoured as a valiant warrior, but was particularly esteemed, because at Stockholm in Sweden he had overcome a fierce dragon, and thereby acquired a hero's fame. But Frederic soon became proud and presumptuous, and would make Elsa his wife, and even falsely asserted that she had engaged her word to be faithful to him. But Elsa charged him with falsehood, and gave no ear to his suit. At this Frederic was bitterly exasperated, and more resolved than ever to compel her to give him her hand. With this object he laid a complaint before the emperor Henry, surnamed the Fowler[1], and obtained from him a decree that Elsa should choose a champion, who in honourable combat should engage with Frederic, that the voice of God might decide either for or against him. But Elsa would select no champion, placing her sole hope in fervent prayer to the Lord, from whom alone she expected help and support.

One day at Montsalva on the Graal the bells were rung which are always a token that some one is in need of immediate aid, and Lohengrin, the son of Parcival, was chosen as deliverer of the oppressed. While his horse was standing ready for its rider, who was in the act of setting his foot in the stirrup, behold, a swan appeared on the water, drawing a little boat after it. Lohengrin regarded this as a sign from heaven, and ordered his horse to be led back to its stable, for he would enter the boat and follow the swan. And he did so, and commended himself to God, and in firm reliance on him, took no food with him. After the swan had conducted him for five days, it plunged its bill into the water and drew out a small fish, which it shared with Lohengrin, and then continued its course. But let us now return to Elsa, the daughter of the duke of Brabant and Limburg.

Elsa had in the mean while called all her vassals to-

[1] He reigned from 919 to 936.

gether; for one day passed after another, and no one came forward in her cause. But when these had assembled, there came the swan with the boat swimming up the Scheldt, having Lohengrin on board, sleeping on his shield. When the swan reached the bank, Lohengrin woke, sprang on shore, and was received by Elsa with unutterable joy and gratification. His helmet, shield and sword were then brought from the boat, when the swan disappeared, returning by the way it came.

When the first demonstrations of joy were over, Lohengrin asked the duchess under what evil she was suffering, and learned from her how Frederic was striving to ensnare her, and had falsely accused her to the emperor, and that now her cause was to be decided by the judgement of God. Lohengrin then assured her that he would be her champion, when Elsa immediately assembled all her kindred and subjects, who came to Saarbrücken, whence in a body they proceeded to Mentz. The emperor, who was keeping his court at Frankfurt, came also thither, and the day for the combat was fixed, and the lists erected. After both champions had asserted the justness of their cause, the conflict began; but Lohengrin proved victorious, and Frederic of Telramonde fell, and confessed that he had falsely accused the duchess Elsa, in punishment for which, according to the usage of the time, he suffered death by the axe. In reward, Lohengrin obtained the hand of the fair Elsa of Brabant, and their nuptials were celebrated with suitable magnificence. But Lohengrin at the same time besought his wife never to ask his name nor whence he came; for if she did either the one or the other, he could no longer continue with her.

Lohengrin and Elsa had long lived together in peace and happiness, and he proved a wise and just prince in the territories of Brabant and Limburg; but it chanced that in a tournament he dangerously wounded the duke of

Cleves in the arm, at which the duchess being exasperated, and at the same time envious of Elsa, said to her: "Your Lohengrin may be a doughty hero, and possibly a Christian also; but no one knows either whence he springs or who he is, so strangely did he make his appearance here."

At these words the fair Elsa was sorely troubled, and at night, when lying in bed with her husband, she wept bitterly. Lohengrin observing this, said to her: "My dear wife, why do you weep?" To which Elsa answered: "The duchess of Cleves has caused me bitter affliction." Hearing this, Lohengrin was silent and inquired no further. The following night the same question was asked and the same answer given, but Lohengrin still preserved silence, refraining from all further inquiry. But the third night the fair Elsa, quite unable longer to preserve her compliance with her husband's injunction, thus addressed him: "My beloved lord and husband, I beseech you to tell me where you were born and from whom you spring; for my heart assures me that you must be of a very noble race."

At daybreak Lohengrin rose and disclosed to her where he was born and from whom he sprang, and that Parcival was his father, that God had sent him to her from the Graal, and also that he could no longer live with her. Causing then his two children to be brought to him, he kissed them affectionately, gave them his horn and his sword, exhorting them to make a good use of it. To Elsa he gave a ring which he had formerly received from his mother. When all this was done, the swan came again with the boat, into which Lohengrin stept and glided away down the Scheldt. Elsa had sunk in a swoon; when she recovered, she was afflicted and wept bitterly for the loss of her beloved consort, which she never ceased to deplore.

But Lohengrin arrived in the land of Lyzaboria, where he espoused the beautiful Belaye, who loved him beyond

measure, and was particularly cautious not to make any inquiry respecting his descent, and was always sad when he was not with her, being in constant fear of his proving inconstant. But Lohengrin could not always sit at home, and therefore went frequently to the chase; at which time the fair Belaye would utter no word, but would sit as if life had taken its flight, and she was under the influence of some evil spell.

One of her women then advised her, that, in order to attach Lohengrin more closely to her, she should cut a piece of flesh from his side and eat it. But Belaye was indignant at the suggestion, and declared she would sooner suffer herself to be buried alive than hurt even a finger of her husband: she at the same time withdrew from her woman all her favour and confidence. Hereupon this treacherous woman went and uttered her base falsehoods to the friends of the beautiful Belaye, who immediately resolved to cut off from Lohengrin a piece of his flesh, in order that Belaye might recover. Therefore, when the hero had one day returned fatigued from the chase and had fallen asleep, they proceeded to their nefarious work. But Lohengrin at the same time had a dream, in which he saw thousands of swords directed against him, when starting from his sleep, he darted such fierce looks on those base men that they all trembled; then raising his hand, he laid about him and slew more than a hundred of them. But they, recovering courage and helping one another, succeeded in inflicting an incurable wound in his left arm. On seeing this, they felt in their hearts overcome by the valour he had displayed, and fell at his feet.

When Belaye was informed of this, she died of grief and horror, and was embalmed with Lohengrin, placed in a coffin, and buried with great solemnity. At a later period a convent was erected over their grave, and the bodies of both are there still shown to pilgrims. And all this hap-

pened five hundred years after the birth of our beloved Lord [1], and from that time the country of Lyzaboria has, after Lohengrin, been called Lothringia.

THE KNIGHT AND THE SWAN.

Duke Godfrey of Brabant died leaving no male heirs; but had in his testament provided that his territories should devolve on his duchess and his daughter. To this, however, his brother, the powerful duke of Saxony, paid little regard, but, in defiance of the complaints of the widow and orphan, took possession of the country, which according to the German law could not be inherited by a female.

The duchess hereupon resolved to lay her case before the king, and as Charles came shortly after into Belgium, and purposed holding a diet at Nymwegen, she appeared there with her daughter, and demanded justice. The duke of Saxony was there also, for the purpose of answering the complaint.

It happened as the king was looking through a window of the court, that he observed a white swan swimming towards him on the Rhine, drawing after it, by a silver chain, a little boat, in which lay a sleeping knight; his shield was his pillow, and near him lay his helm and hauberk. The swan navigated like a skilful seaman, and brought the boat to land. At this spectacle Charles and his court were greatly surprised; every one forgot the complaint of the two princesses, and ran down to the river. In the mean while the knight had woke and quitted the bark. The king received him courteously, took him by the hand, and led him towards the castle. On leaving the boat the young hero said to the bird: "Proceed prosperously on thy way back, dear swan! When I again

[1] A singular anachronism. See p. 303, *note*.

require thee I will call thee." The swan instantly began its course, and with the boat was soon out of sight. Every one regarded the strange guest with eager curiosity; Charles returned to his tribunal, and assigned a seat to the young knight among the other princes.

The duchess of Brabant, in the presence of her beautiful daughter, now gave a full statement of her complaint, after which the duke of Saxony made his defence, finally offering to do battle for his rights, and calling on the duchess to name a champion to oppose him in defence of her cause. At this she was overcome with fear, for the duke was a renowned warrior, against whom no one would venture to contend. In vain did she cast her eyes round the hall, no one appeared ready to offer himself. At length the knight, who had been brought thither by the swan, arose and offered to be her champion; whereupon both sides armed for the conflict, when after a long and obstinate strife, victory declared herself on the side of the knight of the swan. The duke of Saxony lost his life, and the inheritance of the duchess was again free.

Then the duchess and her daughter made obeisance to the hero who had so gallantly fought in their behalf, and who accepted the offered hand of the daughter, though under the condition, that she should never ask whence he came, nor from what race he sprang; for if she did, he must forsake her.

The duke and the young duchess had two children, who were both amiable and well-nurtured; but their mother was ever more and more weighed down by the reflection that she knew not who was their father; till at length she ventured on the forbidden inquiry. The knight was fearfully affected and said: "Now hast thou destroyed our happiness and seen me for the last time." The duchess repented, but it was too late; all the people fell at his feet and implored him to remain. But the warrior

armed himself, and the swan came swimming with the same little boat. He then kissed both his children, bade his wife farewell, and gave his benediction to all the people; after which he entered the boat, went his way and never returned. The duchess was sorely afflicted at her loss, but, nevertheless, educated her children with great care. From these children many noble races derive their descent,—the houses of Gelderland and Cleves, also the counts of Rheineck, all of whom bear the swan in their coat-armour.

GODFREY OF BOUILLON AND THE SWAN.

While the valiant duke Godfrey of Bouillon lay with his army of crusaders before the holy city of Jerusalem, he one day looked towards heaven and perceived a flying swan. Four times it flew round his head, and having so flown, it rose a little, then flew towards Jerusalem, to a tower, where it descended: and that was the tower through which Godfrey, in storming the city, forced an entrance.

THE KNIGHT WITH THE SWAN.

In the kingdom of Lillefort, which lay in Flanders, there lived in days of yore a king whose name was Pirion, and who had a wicked woman for his wife, named Matabruna. By this woman he had a son, named Oriant, who, on the death of his father, was crowned king of Lillefort.

It happened that King Oriant with his nobles rode out to the chase, and saw a hart, which they pursued for a considerable time. At length it sprang into a brook and thus escaped from the hunters. Oriant on seeing this turned his horse and came to a fountain where he dismounted, and sat down under a tree to rest. While thus sitting there came a beautiful and noble maiden with four female attendants, a knight and two man-servants. Ad-

dressing Oriant, who was sitting with his dogs by his side, she said: "Sir, why do you hunt in my domain, and who has given you permission so to do? I saw how the hart you were in chase of escaped from you and leapt into the water; but had you taken it, it would not have been yours. I desire that you will withdraw from hence."

When King Oriant heard the fair Beatrix speaking so wisely, he formed the design of making her his wife, and said in a soft voice: "Beautiful damsel, I would not willingly act in opposition to your will, but here I may lawfully hunt, for I am Oriant, king of Lillefort, and all things hereabout are at my disposal." When the knight, who was named Samari, heard this, he sprang from his horse, fell on his knees, greeted the king and said: "Sir king, forgive my lady for that wherein she has erred towards you; for she knew you not, and is now fully sensible of her fault." "It is already forgiven," answered the king, "but she must, nevertheless, atone for it." Then addressing himself to the lady, he said: "Fair maiden, if you will be my bride, I will crown you as queen of Lillefort." And having made this promise and confirmed it by oaths, he conducted the beautiful Beatrix to his palace, where the marriage should be solemnized with great pomp and rejoicings.

When Matabruna heard that Oriant was about to marry the damsel that he had met while hunting, she went to him boiling with anger. But Oriant laughed when he saw her, and said: "Rejoice, for I have found the most beautiful female that lives on the earth." Matabruna filled with rage answered: "My dear son, it causes me unutterable grief, that you, who could have to wife the greatest lady in the world, should marry a simple individual." But Oriant persisted, and the wicked mother also appeared content, though in her heart there rankled the bitterest malice against Beatrix.

When Oriant had for a time enjoyed the love of the fair Beatrix, she became pregnant. At this time an enemy having invaded the territory of Lillefort, the king with his chivalry prepared to take the field; but previous to his departure, he commended his wife to the tender care of his mother, which she promised to bestow, and then with many tears bade them farewell.

But scarcely had the king departed when Matabruna began to carry her wicked designs into effect. She summoned the midwife to her presence, and caused her to swear never to divulge that which she was about to impart to her. When the midwife had so sworn, Matabruna said: "You are well aware what a detriment my son's marriage has been to the country; for which reason I would fain estrange him from his wife, which it will be easy to effect, as she is pregnant." To this the woman answered: "If it seem good to you, I will destroy the child." "That is not enough," replied Matabruna; "Beatrix is very large, and will, therefore, most probably bear twins: these you shall put aside, and in their stead show her two young dogs. I will then give the children to one who will carry them away, so that they shall no more be heard of." To this plan the midwife agreed and promised to carry it out.

When the time for Beatrix's delivery drew near, these wicked women held two puppies in readiness. Instead, however, of two children, as they had expected, Beatrix bore seven, six sons and a daughter, all of whom had silver chains round their necks, as a proof of their mother's nobility. But this in nowise deranged Matabruna's plan: she took seven puppies, and caused them to be laid in the place of the children, when the midwife exclaimed: "O queen, what is this? you have brought forth seven young dogs!" Then in haste came Matabruna, feigning to be greatly horrified, and said: "Make away with the animals and bury them, that the king may preserve his honour

and the affair be no more spoken of." Beatrix in the mean while lay weak and senseless, and when she recovered, Matabruna came, and with cruel words reproached her for having given birth to seven dogs; and when Beatrix desired to see them, they were brought to her. At the sight of them she was horror-struck, and conscious that the king would now withdraw his love from her and put her to death. The midwife with her hypocritical words pretended to console her, saying that the king should know nothing of the matter; but Beatrix was not to be comforted, and saw in death alone the end of her sufferings.

Matabruna in the mean time called to her a servant named Marcus, and said: "Friend, thou must do me a service, but must keep it a secret. The queen has given birth to six sons and a daughter, all of whom bear silver chains round their necks, a sign that they will all one day be great thieves and murderers. Therefore must they be destroyed, lest they bring disgrace on the king. This office thou shalt execute; for the queen believes she has brought forth seven puppies." Marcus promised to perform her will, took the seven babes in his cloak and rode with them into the forest. But when he saw how beautiful they were, he was struck with compassion, and resolved to let them live; therefore having kissed them and shed many tears over them, he rode back to Lillefort, where he told Matabruna that he had destroyed them, who was overjoyed at the intelligence, and now resolved to accomplish the death of Beatrix.

While the children lay piteously moaning in the forest, they were heard by an old man who dwelt hard by, and who on coming to them and seeing them so forsaken, burst into tears, and having wrapt them in his cloak, carried them to his hut. There he purposed warming, and, as far as it was in his power, feeding them; but that was rendered needless, God having sent a white goat to

the hut, which offered her teats to the babes and allowed them to suck; and this continued until they grew large and ran with the goat into the thicket. Then the old man, who was named Helias, made them clothing of leaves, to cover their nakedness.

King Oriant had in the mean time overcome all his enemies, and was on his way home; for he longed greatly to know how it had gone with his beloved wife. But when Matabruna heard that he was coming, she hastened to meet him, and no sooner were they together than she began to weep, and said: "Ah my dear son, I rejoice that you are here again, although my heart is oppressed on account of your wife." On hearing this the king was overwhelmed with surprise and apprehension, and asked what had taken place, whether Beatrix were dead or alive? To which Matabruna replied: "No, she is not dead, but what has occurred relating to her is so shocking that I cannot express it." The king then urged her, and insisted on knowing what had happened, when Matabruna informed him that Beatrix had been delivered of seven puppies, and called the midwife as a witness. This news afflicted Oriant beyond measure, and he went with one confidential knight into a chamber and wept bitterly, until overcome with the weight of his sorrow, he fell asleep; while the noble lady Beatrix was in another apartment no less afflicted than her consort.

On the following day King Oriant assembled his council, ecclesiastic and secular, and said: "I have caused you to meet here that we may deliberate on what is to be done with my queen." He then laid the whole case before them. A wise man thereupon rose, and turning towards the king said: "Sir king, at your desire I will answer you in the name of all these lords, and say what seems good to us. You shall not put the queen to death, but keep her in honourable custody, and leave the rest to God,

who will make the truth manifest." This counsel greatly comforted the king, for he ardently loved Beatrix, and he therefore adopted it, although a wicked knight arose and proposed that she should be burnt. So Beatrix was conducted to an apartment by two knights and honourably served.

The old man in the mean time took the most affectionate care of the children; in one of the boys he took especial delight, and named him after himself Helias. It once happened that one of Matabruna's huntsmen, named Savari, came into the forest and found the children with silver chains round their necks, just as they were eating apples with their bread. The huntsman found great pleasure in them and followed them into the hut, that he might learn who they were. On seeing the huntsman, the old man was alarmed lest some harm might befall the children; but the huntsman having dispelled his fears, he related to him how he had found and reared them.

At this recital the huntsman was astonished, and on his return related the whole to Matabruna, who instantly felt convinced that these were Oriant's children, and therefore ordered him to destroy them, threatening him that, in the event of his non-compliance, she would have him put to death. Surprised and terror-struck the man promised to execute her command, at which Matabruna was tranquillized, and going to those who had conveyed the children to the forest, she caused their eyes to be put out.

The huntsman Savari, taking seven men with him, went out for the purpose of destroying the children. On their way they came to a village where a great number of persons were assembled, in consequence, as they were informed, of a woman having just been burnt for the murder of her child. This touched the heart of Savari, who said to his associates: "Behold a mirror for us: this woman has been burnt for having killed one infant, and we are to

destroy seven." On which the others said: "No, we will not destroy them, but only take their chains from them and carry them to Matabruna, as a token of their death." They then entered the forest and came to the hut, where they found only six of the children, the old man having taken the seventh with him to the village, to fetch bread. Seeing the strangers, the children cried piteously from terror and surprise; but Savari said: "Be still, dear children, we will not harm you," and took the chains from their necks, when at the instant all the six were transformed into white swans, which flew up in the air, and mournfully wailed and screamed. At this Savari and his companions were so terrified that they fell in a swoon, and on recovering trembled with fright and said: "Let us quickly leave this place, we have already been here too long: we will take the six chains to Matabruna, and say we have lost the seventh."

But when they brought only six chains to Matabruna, she was bitterly enraged, and would not be pacified until they offered to pay her the value of the seventh, which they accordingly did. This wicked woman then sent the chains to a goldsmith that he might make a cup of them. When the goldsmith had placed one of the chains in the fire, to prove whether it were good silver, it became so heavy that it outweighed all the other chains together. He therefore gave the others to the custody of his wife, and made of the one two silver beakers, one of which he took to Matabruna, and kept the other for himself.

In the mean while the old man with Helias had returned home, and sought for the six children without finding them. On the following morning Helias came to the pond in which the swans were swimming, and was not a little surprised when they came to him. He gave them bread which they ate, and allowed him to caress them.

And this he repeated from day to day, and never entered the thicket without first going to the pond.

But God heard the prayer of the unhappy mother, Beatrix, and let it be announced to the old man, that the six boys and the girl were the offspring of king Oriant, and also that six of them had been transformed. Whereupon calling Helias to him, the old man told him all, and Helias then took leave of him, recommending the swans to his tender care. He then went to the king, clad in leaves, barefooted and bareheaded, with a club in his hand, for the purpose of asserting his mother's rights and innocence.

The foes of the hapless Beatrix had in the mean while prevailed on the king to pronounce judgement on her and cause her to suffer death. She was, consequently, one day brought from her prison and conducted before Oriant, that she might in his presence defend herself; for a false knight, suborned by Matabruna, had preferred new charges against her. On entering the hall, Beatrix made humble obeisance to the king, fell on her knees, and prayed so fervently for grace, that every one, and the king above all, felt profound pity for her. Oriant then asked the false knight of what he accused her, and the knight answered, that she had wished to give him poison, for the purpose of destroying both the king and Matabruna. Thereupon the king rose and said: "Wife, you are heavily accused; what say you? Tell the truth, and if you are guilty, you shall die a shameful death, if no one will defend your cause." But Beatrix again falling on her knees said: "My dear lord, I know that I shall find no one who will do so; nevertheless, I swear to you and all these lords, that I have never harboured such a thought, so true as God is almighty, to whom I leave all vengeance on my enemies."

When sentence of death was about to be pronounced, the young Helias with his club just reached the royal court, when a man stepping towards him, inquired his business. "I seek the false knight, Marcus," said Helias. "I am he," answered the man in jest, whereupon Helias, raising his club, struck him dead to the earth. At this another attendant came up and attempted to seize him, but Helias defended himself and said: "Away from me, for I will not rest until I have slain that false knight, Marcus, who has unjustly accused my mother." When one of the attendants heard this, he whispered to Helias that Marcus was then in the hall, that he had accused Beatrix of much, but that no one gave credit to the charges, as the queen was greatly beloved. When Helias heard the man speak thus, he embraced him, and the man conducted him to the hall, where many a heavy heart sighed for Beatrix. And Helias entered the hall, and appeared before the king, who immediately asked him whom he sought. "I seek Marcus," said he. The false knight, Marcus, being pointed out to him, he sprang to him, crying aloud: "Thou false traitor! I challenge thee to battle, and thou shalt engage with me," at the same time striking him such a blow with his fist that Marcus fell to the earth, and would have been slain outright, had not the other knights stept forth and parted them. On seeing this, the king said to Helias: "What makes thee so daring in my presence?" The youth answered: "Sir, I am come hither to tell you truly all that has taken place." "Do so," said the king, and Helias proceeded: "My dear mother, cease now to weep and mourn, for I will restore you to happiness." When the king heard these words, he was greatly astonished; but Helias, turning towards him, said: "Sir, be it known to you that it is your mother Matabruna alone who has caused so much evil to my mother." And thereupon he related to the king every

thing, from beginning to end, and offered to remain as a prisoner at the court, until the truth of his account should have been confirmed by witnesses. At this the king was still more astonished, and demanded of Beatrix what she knew of the matter, who answered: "Sir, I know nothing; for when I was in travail, I was overcome with pain, and knew not what took place. Whether your mother has done good or evil will be made to appear. Into the hands of God and this stripling I give the defence of my honour, and pray you to supply him with whatever he may require for the conflict."

The queen was then led to a fair apartment, and the king proceeded to his mother, Matabruna, to whom he related all that had passed. She changed colour on hearing it, but hoped by smooth words to conceal her treachery. The king, however, gave no heed to them, but went and ordered Marcus to be committed to prison. He then caused beautiful armour to be prepared for Helias, and afterwards went, as if going to the chase, to visit the old man in the forest, that from him he might hear a confirmation of what the youth had related. The old man's narrative tallied in every particular with what he had heard from Helias, and the king was bitterly grieved on account of the injustice Beatrix had suffered at his hands.

On his return he instantly set the queen at liberty, and ordered Matabruna to be cast into prison and to be guarded by four attendants. He then ordered Marcus before him, that he might do battle with Helias. Marcus, on entering the lists, felt weighed down with apprehension, though he would not let it appear, but with a loud voice called to Helias: "Come, thou foolish stripling; it shall soon be seen what thou canst do against me." Helias answered: "O, thou false traitor, I rejoice in having to contend with thee, to avenge my mother, and defend her honour!" They then rushed to the encounter, and Helias struck the

false knight together with his horse to the earth, whereat Marcus enraged and astounded, exclaimed: "Stripling! though such be thy prowess, thou shalt, nevertheless, soon feel the strength of my arm." To which Helias replied: "Come boldly on, I fear thee not." Helias having now somewhat lowered his lance, Marcus took advantage of the circumstance, and treacherously wounded him in a place that was unprotected, so that the blood flowed. The people were struck with apprehension at this mishap, but God did not forsake Helias. On seeing his blood flow, he became yet more embittered, and cried to Marcus: "O, thou false traitor, was it not enough for thee to attempt the destruction of my mother, but thou must deal treacherously by me? But with God's aid I will requite thee!" Then rushing a second time against each other, Helias struck his adversary's helmet from his head, and grasping his sword, so assailed him that he could not move a limb, and smote off his right arm. When the traitor found himself overcome, he yielded himself to the mercy of Helias, and said: "Youth, thou hast conquered me, I yield, tell me who thou art." Helias answered: "I am a son of King Oriant and his faithful queen, Beatrix, and must see thee dead before I quit these lists." "Grant me my life and make me thy captive," said Marcus, "that I may confess all; and send for the goldsmith who had the chains." While he was thus speaking, the judges of the field approached, and adjudged the victory to Helias, who desired them instantly to summon King Oriant, his queen and all the lords; and when this was done, Marcus related all that had taken place, and when he had finished his confession, the king, clasping his beloved wife in his arms, with tearful eyes implored her forgiveness. They afterwards all proceeded to the palace, and rendered thanks to God for the victory of Helias; but the false knight was hung by the legs on a gibbet.

After these events had taken place, and great feastings and tournaments had been held, the king summoned Matabruna's goldsmith before him, that he might ascertain the truth respecting the silver chains. The goldsmith brought with him the five chains and the beaker, and related to the king the story of the sixth. When he had finished, the king said: "You speak like an honest man, and therefore all is forgiven." The king and the queen then took the chains, kissed them, and wept for their children, who had been turned into swans. Then came the other Marcus, whose eyes Matabruna had caused to be put out, and Oriant asked him how he came by his blindness, when Marcus gave him a full account of his having, by the order of Matabruna, conveyed the children away and left them in the forest. When this was told to Matabruna, she gave the men that had been placed over her as a guard so much to drink that they fell asleep, and then fled to a strong castle, where she believed herself secure against all. The attendants were severely punished.

Helias having been informed that the king had five of the chains, went to him and prayed to have them, and swore that he would enjoy no rest until he had found his brothers and sister. Scarcely had he uttered these words, than it was announced that six beautiful white swans had come out of the forest and settled in the castle moat. At this intelligence Helias with the king and queen hurried forth. When the swans saw Helias they flapped their wings for joy, and he stroked their plumage. He then showed them the chains, at the sight of which they pressed round him, and he hung a chain round the necks of five of them, when they were instantly turned to a human form, and ran to their dear parents to kiss and embrace them. When the last swan saw there was no chain for him, he was much afflicted, and strove to pluck every feather from his wings; but Helias mourned with him, and sought to

comfort him, and the swan, as in gratitude, bowed down his head. There was now great rejoicing at the court, and King Oriant summoned all his knights and nobles together, and bestowed his kingdom on his son Helias, and left him at liberty to take what vengeance he thought proper on Matabruna. Helias then stormed and took the castle to which she had fled, took her prisoner, and ordered her to be burnt alive.

When Helias had long ruled over the realm of Lillefort in peace and tranquillity, he saw one morning, when looking through the window, the swan, his brother, drawing after him a little boat. Helias in this recognised a sign from God, and ordering his armour and silver shield to be brought, took leave of his parents and friends, and entered the boat. Hereat the swan was overjoyed, and beat with its wings, and departed with the boat, which in a short time was far far away from Lillefort.

At this time the emperor, Otto the First[1], was holding an imperial diet in the city of Nymwegen, at which the count of Ardennes preferred a complaint against the duchess of Billoen[2], whose inheritance he would unjustly seize, and uttered gross calumnies against her, that she had poisoned her husband, and during his absence of three years beyond sea, had given birth to an illegitimate daughter, whereby the territory of Billoen now fell to him, the count of Ardennes. The emperor said: "Woman, these are heavy charges, and if you cannot prove your innocence, you must die." The count of Ardennes proceeded, and said: "Sir emperor, in proof of the truth, I cast down my glove, and will engage in combat with any one, be he who he may." On hearing this, the emperor commanded the duchess to seek a champion to fight for

[1] He reigned from 936 to 973.

[2] Bouillon.

her. The good woman looked on all sides, but found none.

Then on a sudden the clear notes of a horn were heard from the Rhine, and the emperor with all who were there assembled hastened to the windows, from whence they saw the swan with the boat, in which Helias stood completely armed, as was befitting a gentle knight. The emperor was greatly astonished at seeing the swan depart with the boat, after Helias had landed, and caused the knight to appear before him; while the duchess, who had observed the whole, felt her heart comforted, and said to her daughter: "I this night dreamed that I was contending against the count, and that I was condemned to be burnt; but that there came a swan which brought water to quench the fire, and that from the water there sprang a fish, at the sight of which every one trembled. Therefore do I believe that this knight will deliver me."

When Helias appeared before the emperor, he greeted him courteously, and the emperor did the like to him, and inquired of him who he was and whence he came. Helias answered: "I am a poor knight, and go out seeking adventures, and will faithfully serve you, if you require me." The emperor replied: "If you are a knight in search of adventures, you have found one here, and can fight for the honour of the duchess of Billoen, who is accused of a heinous crime." Helias then turning, cast a glance on the duchess, who appeared to him an honourable lady; but when he looked on her daughter, his heart was smitten with love. He then requested permission of the emperor to speak alone with the duchess, which was readily granted. He asked her whether she were innocent or guilty? and the duchess answered in a firm tone, "I am innocent." Helias answered: "Lady, you have then found a champion; I will defend your honour."

Thereupon Helias, again approaching the emperor, said:

"Sir emperor, let him now enter the lists who accuses this lady, for the purpose of compassing her death; for I am ready to engage with him." When he had so spoken, the count came forwards and said: "Friend, what is it you desire? You appear very bold in a cause which in no wise concerns you." To which Helias answered: "There lies my glove, which I cast down for the honour of God, of these noble ladies, and of myself, and you shall this day see what a knight of adventure can perform." The count then took up the glove, and the emperor inquired when they would fight, which Helias was desirous of doing on that day. The lists were therefore quickly made ready, and Helias appeared in armour with his silver shield, and the count in arms no less excellent. The emperor with his nobles, the duchess with her daughter, and an innumerable body of people, were spectators.

The knights encountered each other with such impetuosity that their lances were shivered, and then had recourse to their good swords, when Helias plied his weapon so vigorously that the count with difficulty could defend himself, and addressed his adversary thus: "O, noble knight of the swan, make peace with me, so that I may attain my object, and I will bestow on you my daughter with the fertile land of Ardennes." This address exasperated Helias, who answered: "Do you imagine that I will imitate you in your treachery? Rather would I allow myself to be hewed limb by limb; therefore say no more; for I swear to you that I will grant you no grace, and in your despite will marry the duchess's daughter." At this the count was filled with rage, and struck Helias with such force on the arm that the sword fell from his hand; but instantly springing from his horse, he seized the count, tore the shield from his neck, and wrenched his sword from him. The count prayed for grace, but Helias heeded not his prayer, and with his sword struck off his head.

Having thus overcome his adversary, Helias presented himself before the emperor, who received him nobly. The duchess also came with her daughter, and thanked him, and said: "Sir, you have restored to me my lands; I give them back to you together with my daughter." At this Helias was highly gratified, and on the following day the marriage was solemnized with great pomp and splendour. When the feastings had lasted for a fortnight, the new duke took leave of the emperor, after having sworn fealty to him, and departed with his consort for Billoen, where he soon arrived and was received with great joy, after having gallantly defended himself on the road against the friends and kindred of the count. Shortly after his wife became pregnant, and when the time came, she gave birth to a daughter, who was named Ida, who grew up in virtue, and was mother of the noble prince Godfrey, and his brothers, Baldwin and Eustace.

One day when the duchess was riding out with her husband, she asked him of what country he was, and what friends and kindred he had. But he would not answer her, and desired her never to repeat the question, for that if she did he must part from her. She said no more on the subject, and both lived in great harmony for six years.

But gradually the duchess lost all remembrance of the prohibition, and one day, when alone with Helias, she said to him: "My beloved husband, I would fain know of what descent you are." Helias was much troubled hereat and sorrowfully answered: "I have told you that you should never know, and therefore should never inquire. I must now leave you, and shall go to-morrow to Nymwegen and take leave of the emperor." The duchess wept bitterly and called her daughter, that she might add her entreaties to her own, and thus divert him from his purpose. But Helias told them that it might not be; and having assembled his nobles, he commended to them the mother and

daughter, together with the territory of Billoen. He was yet speaking when the swan appeared, making a great noise with its wings, as if calling Helias, who now took a sad leave of all, and followed by the tears of the inhabitants, entered the boat, and was instantly drawn away by the swan.

But the duchess and her daughter hastened to Nymwegen, at which place they arrived before the knight of the swan. There they related to the emperor all that had taken place, and prayed for his intercession and aid. While they were thus speaking, the sound of Helias's horn was heard from the Rhine, and shortly after he himself appeared before the emperor. But earnestly as the emperor besought him not to forsake the duchess and her beautiful daughter, it was all in vain. Helias now prayed the emperor to aid and protect the two ladies, and having received that prince's assurance that his prayer was granted, again entered his boat. The swan beat with its wings on seeing him, and soon both found themselves in Lillefort.

King Oriant was sitting at table with his queen and their five children when the boat arrived. At the lively notes of Helias's horn, they all rushed to the windows of the palace, and on seeing the two brothers, they hastened down to embrace and kiss them. Their mother's first question was: "My son, where hast thou been so long?" To which Helias answered: "My mother, that I will tell you at another time." She then asked what was become of the swan, and Helias informed her that it had remained in the water; upon which the mother said: "I this night dreamed that the swan would recover its human form, if the two beakers were shown to it." This seemed good to all, and when the swan saw the two beakers which the goldsmith had made of its chain, it was instantly restored to its human figure, and received the name of Esmeri;

and there was consequently great rejoicing in the whole court.

Some time after Helias assembled all his friends and relations, and recounted to them his adventures, and when he had finished, said: "I now bid all of you farewell; for I am about to leave the world, that I may expiate my sins and pray for all of you." At this the whole court wept, though no one ventured to utter a word against his resolve. Helias then went, with a staff in his hand, to a monastery which his father had founded, and was received by the monks with much gladness. He afterwards caused a beautiful and spacious castle to be built in the Ardennes, exactly resembling that of Billoen, and to which he gave the same name. On the monastery he bestowed great franchises, and placed in it thirty monks, to pray day and night, and lived himself according to the rules of the monastery.

The duchess of Billoen and her daughter lived in the mean while in constant grief and affliction for the loss of Helias; for all the messengers that she had sent out, to get tidings of him, had returned without success. She at length despatched a servant, named Pucius, to Jerusalem, in search of Helias, who, finding no trace of him there, resolved on wandering to Rome. On this journey, however, he and his companions lost their way, and came to the Ardennes, and to the very castle that Helias had caused to be erected. At the sight of it Pucius said: "Behold, here we are in my country, for this castle appears to me exactly like that of Billoen." They then went to an inn in the village that was adjacent to the castle, and inquired where they were, and received answers to all their questions, and were, moreover, informed that King Oriant and Beatrix had left Lillefort and taken their abode at Billoen, that they might be near their beloved son Helias. When Pucius heard this he was overjoyed and thanked God.

On the following morning he went to the castle of Billoen, and the king and queen with their children came to meet him, when Esmeri, recognising his clothes, asked him whence he came. Pucius answered, that he was in search of the knight of the swan, by whose wife he had been sent out. At this intelligence Esmeri was rejoiced, and announced it to the king and queen, to whom Pucius must then relate all concerning the duchess: he, moreover, told them that her grand-daughter, Ida, was married to the count of Bonen [1]. Pucius was now conducted into the castle and nobly entertained. On the following morning he accompanied Esmeri to Helias, whom they found on his knees at prayer. On recognising Pucius, the knight of the swan fell on his neck and kissed him, and inquired after the duchess and his daughter. Pucius informed him of everything, and received from him his wedding ring to take to the duchess as a token, and also many costly presents for Ida.

Pucius immediately set out on his way home, after having taken leave of King Oriant and Beatrix, from whom he likewise received precious gifts for his mistress, and shortly after arrived in Billoen, just as the duchess with her daughter and son-in-law were sitting at table. Having presented the ring to the duchess, together with the other presents, he recounted all his adventures. At his narrative the duchess was highly gratified, and with her daughter immediately made preparations for their journey; but the count of Bonen remained at home with his three sons, Godfrey, Baldwin and Eustace.

When the two ladies arrived at the castle of Billoen, they learned that Helias was lying in his bed sick, and were sadly grieved thereat. But Helias called them to him, and they all wept for joy at seeing each other again so

[1] Boulogne.

unexpectedly. A few days afterwards Helias became worse, and his malady at length so increased that he died. This event caused such affliction to the duchess that she fell sick and soon followed her consort to the grave. Ida then, reluctant to remain where she had suffered such heavy losses, returned to her husband, and the people mourned bitterly for a long time.

POPULAR BELIEF [1].

1. If a bride tears her bridal dress, it is not good: she will undergo much trouble.

2. A person should never give away the rings of dead friends or relatives: it is a sure sign that the giver will also soon die.

3. If a loaf lies topsy-turvy, it is not good.

4. If a knife lies the wrong way (verkeerd), it forebodes quarreling.

5. If fire springs out on the hearth, you may be sure of soon receiving a visit.

6. To see lady-birds forebodes good luck.

7. Those who do not like cats will not get handsome wives.

8. Monday's haste is seldom good.

9. If the skeleton of a horse's foot be placed in the stable, the horses cannot be bewitched.

10. To recover from an ague, let a person tie his garter round the gallows.

11. Between Easter and Whitsuntide the unfortunate make love.

12. The eggs of Maundy Thursday (Witten Donderdag) are good against thunder and lightning [2].

[1] From Wolf's Wodana, Gent. 1843, pp. 110–114, and pp. 221–225.

[2] In Denmark on this day (Hvid-torsdag) the peasants put nine kinds of herbs in their soup. The Germans have a similar superstition.

13. St. John's wort gathered before sunrise is good against lightning.

14. To be lucky at play, a person should carry about him a clover leaf of four lobes.

15. It is not good to comb the hair or cut the nails on a Friday.

16. A spider seen in the morning forebodes good luck; in the afternoon bad luck.

17. For an ague it is good to enclose a spider between the two halves of a nutshell, and wear it about the neck [1].

18. To cure the toothache, rub the teeth with a bone from the churchyard: it is an infallible remedy.

19. If the bed of a dying person stands in a cross direction with the rafters, he will have a long and painful death.

20. Two forks across forebode strife or enmity.

21. To overthrow a saltcellar is not good: strife will follow.

22. When an egg is eaten the shell should be broken.

23. To be secure against ague, eat on Easter-day two eggs that were weighed on Good Friday.

24. To eat no flesh on Easter-day is good for the toothache.

25. If a person feels a tickling in the palm of the hand, he will receive money.

26. The howling of a dog forebodes the death of a person in the neighbourhood.

27. If on Christmas eve you take a piece of fir and stick it in the fire, but let it not be quite burnt out, and put what remains under the bed, thunder will never fall on the house.

28. Three candles burning in one room forebode a marriage [2].

[1] See Ashmole's Diary.

[2] In such case the Danes say, "O there is a bride in the room."

29. Rain on Friday rain on Sunday.

30. It is not good to be married on a Friday.

31. To get out of bed with the right foot first forebodes good luck for the whole day.

32. Eggs laid on Whit-Sunday should be carefully preserved. If there be a fire, let one of them be cast into the flames, and the fire will have no more power.

33. If a bride desires to have good luck and prosperity in her wedded state, she must, on coming out of the church from her wedding, enter her house under two sabres laid crosswise over the door.

34. Eggs laid during the twelve days of Christmas should be carefully preserved; and if a hen is about to sit, place them under her, when all the other eggs under her will produce beautiful, large chickens.

35. On Christmas night, at twelve o'clock, all the cattle rise up and continue standing for some time, and then again lie down.

36. Nothing that is sown on Christmas eve perishes, although it should be sown on the snow.

37. If the sun shines on Candlemas day (Feb. 2), the flax will prosper.

38. That which is sown on Shrove Tuesday will always continue green.

39. As many fogs as there are in March, so many bad fogs will come also after Easter, and in August.

40. On St. Andrew's day place a glass full of water on a table: if it runs over spontaneously, a wet year may be looked for; but if it continues full, that indicates a dry year.

41. To wash the hands well in the morning is a powerful means against witches and sorceresses.

42. If the sun shines while it rains, the witches are baking cakes.

43. Mistletoe hung over the bed is good against the nightmare.

41. If a woman desires to have a compliant husband, let her take old iron nails, of which let a ring be made on a Friday during mass, and afterwards lay the gospels upon it, and say a Pater noster daily. Then if she wears that ring on her finger, she will have a husband ready to grant her wishes for a year.

45. If a woman wishes her husband to love her, let her take a portion of her hair and offer it on the altar thrice with a lighted wax taper. As long as she carries that on her head, he will cherish a fervent love for her.

46. When a cold trembling creeps over the limbs, it is usual for a person to say: "They are riding over my grave."

47. When it rains while the sun shines there is a fair in hell.

48. Two knives laid across forebode misfortune.

49. When a child falls into the fire, you must, before taking it out, turn the loaf, if it lies topsy-turvy. In Dendermonde and thereabouts they make a cross on the loaf with a knife.

50. Unlucky at play, lucky in marriage.

51. He has a mole's foot in his bag, is said of one that wins at play.

52. When the cats sit with their backs turned to the fire, it will rain.

53. If a person has long had the ague, to get rid of it he should tie a wisp of straw to a tree at the moment when the fit is coming on, and then run till the fit is past.

54. To turn a chair round forebodes fighting.

55. Mariners promise to eat no flesh on Easter-day, that they may be safe from storms at sea.

56. A tickling in the palm of the hand betokens the getting of blows.

57. In Furnes nobody will hire a maid-servant on a Friday, nor will a maid enter her service on that day.

58. The person towards whom at dinner the point of a knife, that lies with the edge up, is directed, will be married within that year.

59. If two persons in a company, at the same moment, begin telling the same piece of news, they will be married at the same time.

60. Boiling dish-water betokens that the person who has to wash the dishes will not be married within seven years.

61. For thirteen to sit at table it is ill-boding. The person that then sits under the beam is a traitor. Of the thirteen one will die in that year.

62. To see lambs when out walking is good; pigs and crows bad. To see a crow flying over the paternal roof signifies bad news—misfortune.

63. Dandelion. Children blow off the feathery seeds and ask: "How old shall I be?" As often as they blow before the last are blown off, so many years will they live. The girls ask on the same occasion: "Does he love me? Yes—a little—much—no." The word that is uttered when the last seeds fly off is the sentiment which they imagine to be in the breast of their lover. The same operation is performed with the dandelion, in order to know what o'clock it is.

64. Many persons, when their leg, their arm, their hand or their foot is *asleep*, make a cross on it with the thumb, to make the tingling cease. Others, when they gape, make a cross before the mouth.

65. When a drowned person is touched by a near kinsman, he begins to bleed at the nose.

66. When the ducks dive, bad weather may be expected. The rain will soon cease when the chickens take shelter.

67. A sorceress cannot rise from sitting if a woman clandestinely places her wedding ring under her chair[1].

[1] See a similar superstition at p. 239.

68. When after cutting the hair you throw the cuttings into a fire of green wood, the hair will never grow afterwards.

69. Hair that is cut off should never be thrown into the street: it may be taken up by a witch, who by its means can bewitch the person to whom it belonged.

70. When a person sneezes and no one says "God bless you," a witch has power to bewitch the sneezer.

71. If a woman loses her wedding ring, she will soon be separated from her husband by death or otherwise.

72. Neither a knife nor scissors may be given to a friend: they cut love.

73. Let no one take a bone home with him from the churchyard: the dead will torment him till he returns it[1].

74. If a knife be thrown off the table and fall on the back, it betokens an approaching wedding.

75. When the priest during mass turns and says *orate fratres*, he closes his eyes, that he may not see the witches, who then stand all with their backs towards the altar.

76. If a little spark shines on the wick of a candle, it betokens unexpected news. When many such sparks shine round the flame, forming a circle, then will a person triumph over his enemies.

77. In conjuring the devil it is necessary to have a light; words spoken in the dark having no power.

78. If a damsel cannot endure a dog, she will never get a good husband.

79. If a person is troubled with ague, he should stand naked opposite to the rising sun, and at the same time repeat a certain number of Pater nosters and angelical salutations.

80. St. Lupus's Cake. They bake a triangular cake in honour of the Holy Trinity, making in it five holes, in remembrance of the five wounds of Christ. This they

[1] See p. 280.

give as alms, in honour of St. Lupus, to the first beggar that presents himself by chance, not intentionally; in the belief that their flocks and herds are thereby rendered secure from wolves (lupi). This custom is common about Tirlemont and Louvain.

81. It is a custom to immersé the images of saints in water, in order to obtain rain.

82. If a person has an ague, let him go, early in the morning (in der uchte), to an old willow, make three knots in a branch, and say: "Good morning, old one; I give thee the cold; good morning, old one[1]!"

[1] Westendorp, N. Myth, p. 518. See also p. 164.

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THE END.

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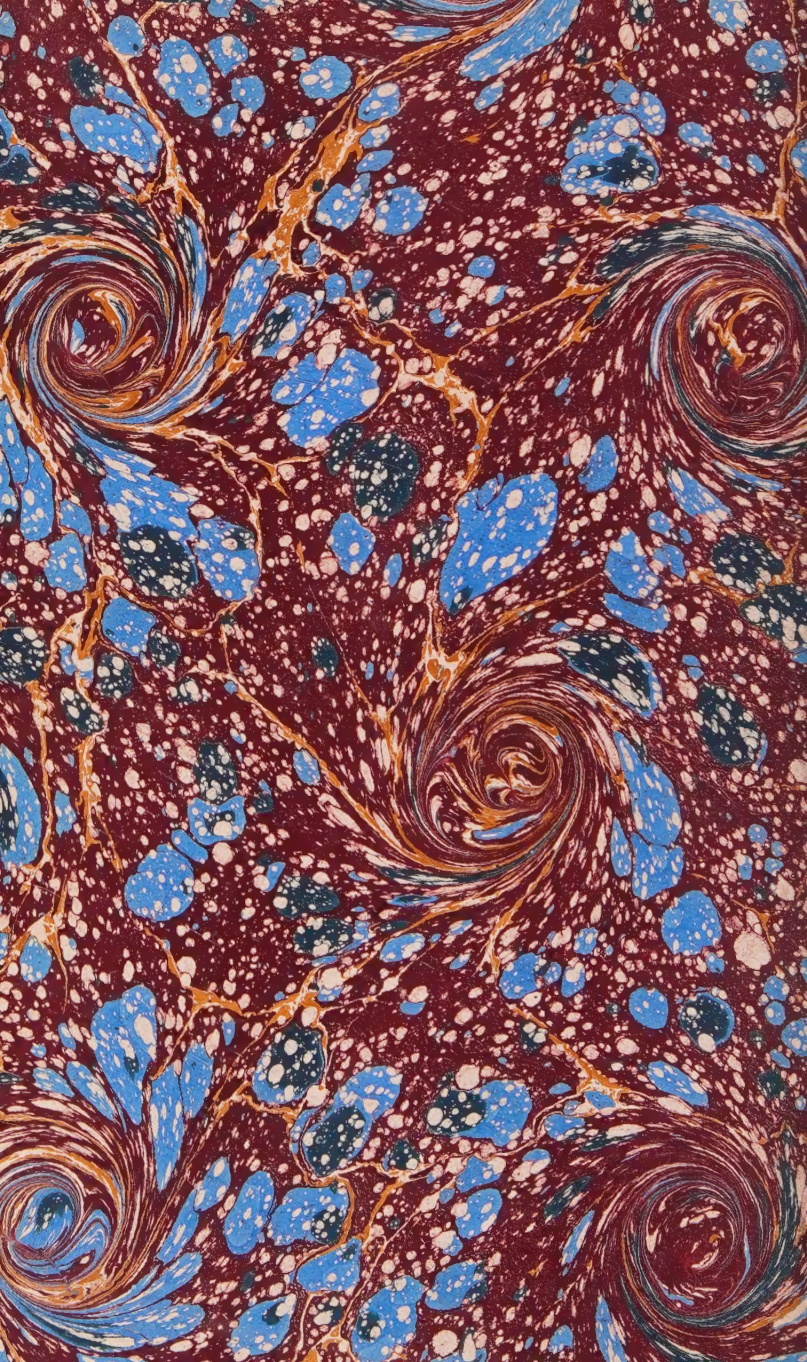

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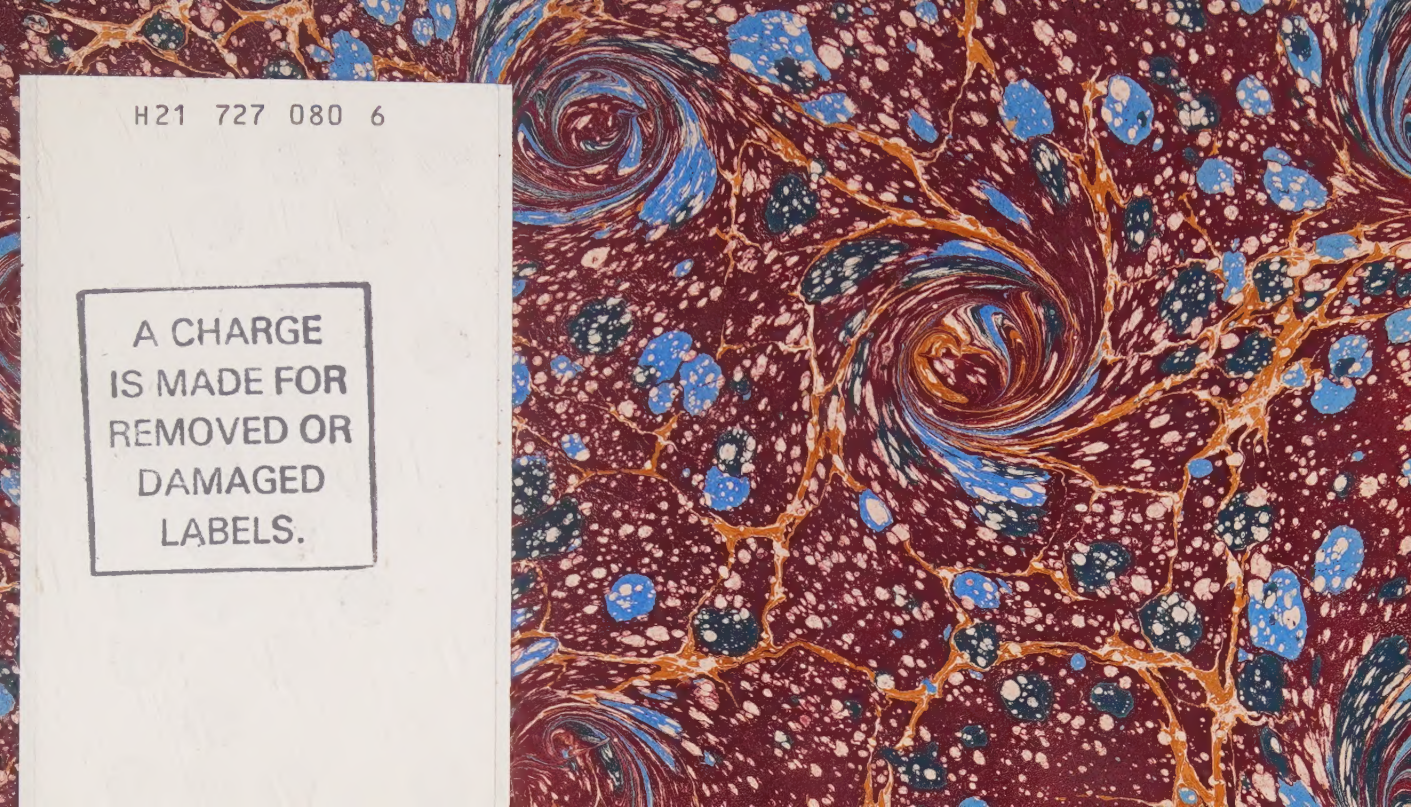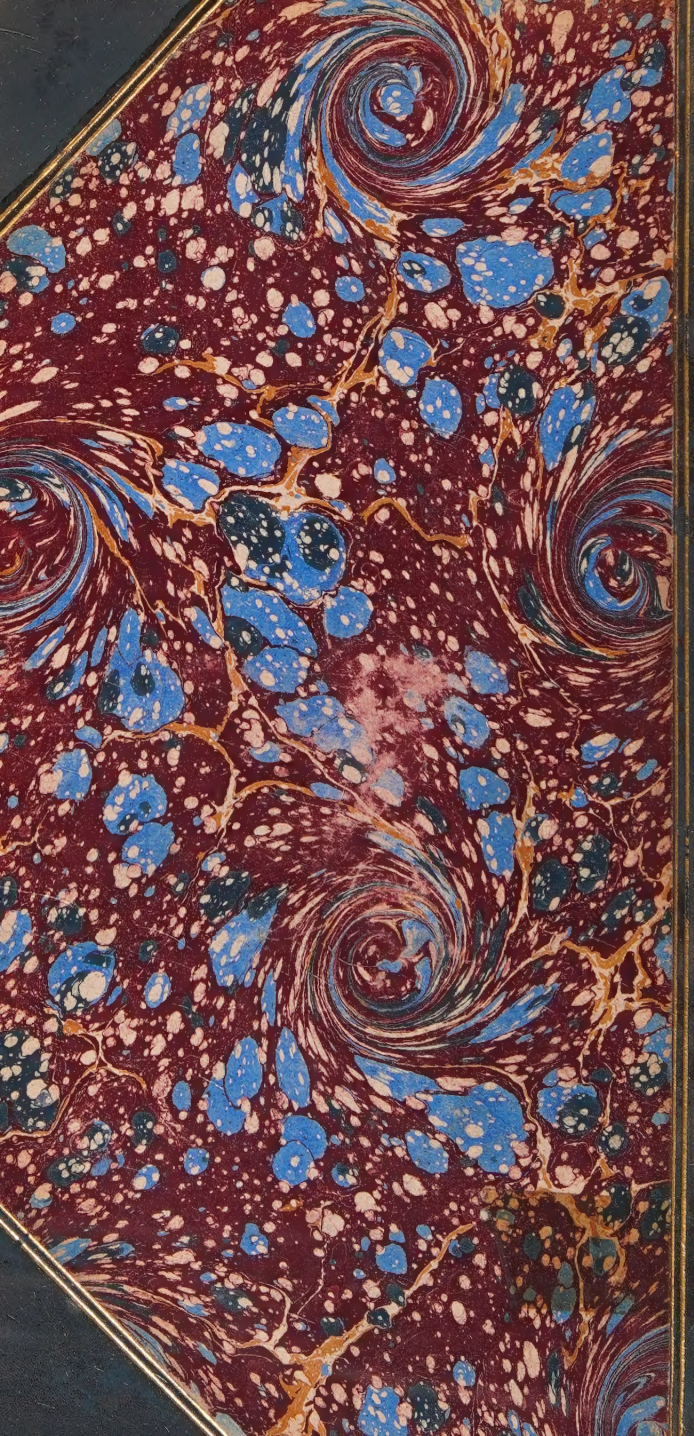
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